2/6 IN LONDON

50¢

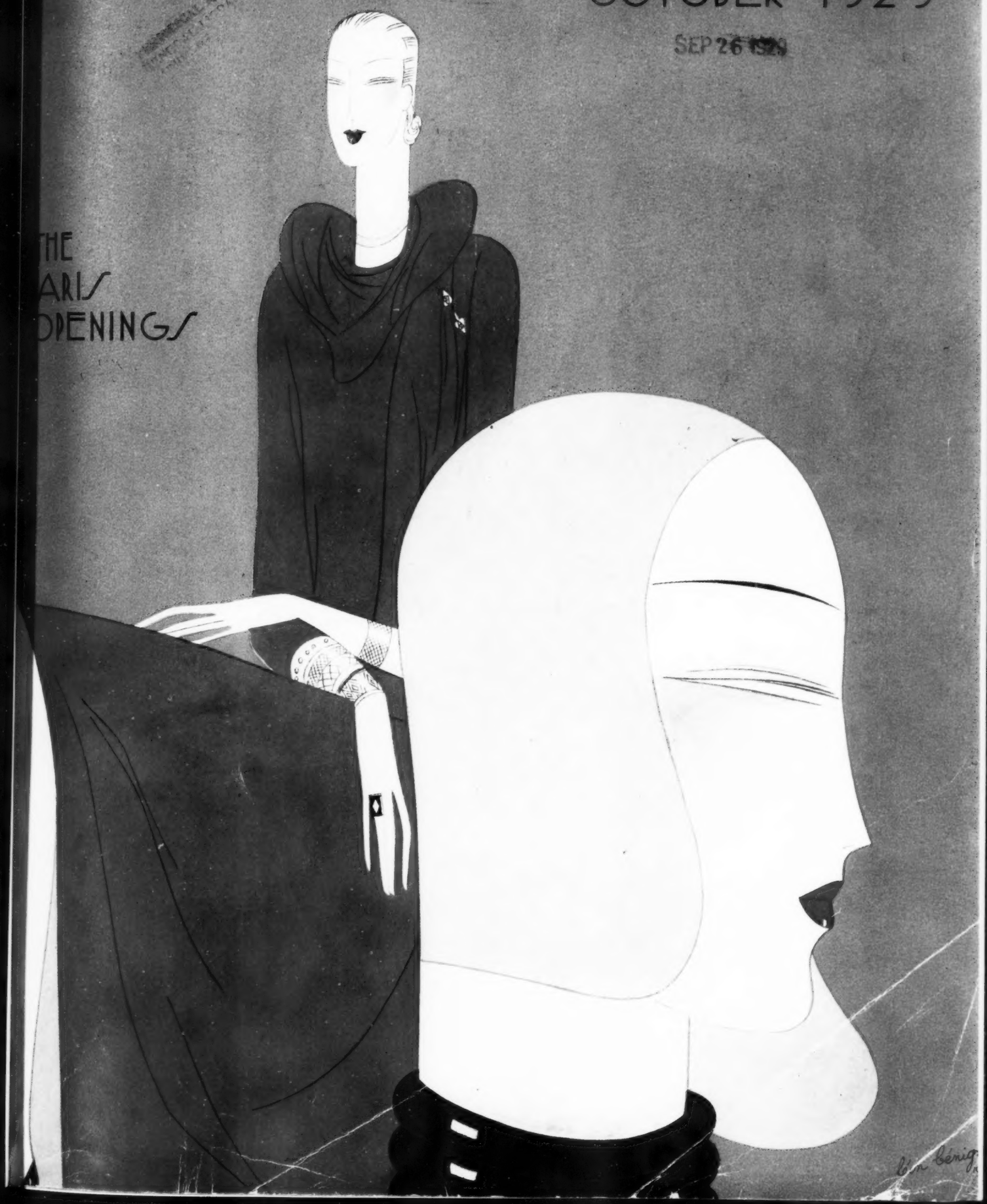
15 FR. IN PARIS

HARPER'S BAZAR

OCTOBER 1929

SEP 26 1929

THE
ARIS
OPENINGS



TANGEE

The world's most famous lipstick

Natural color . . . smartest vogue of today . . . subtle individuality . . . this is the gift of Tangee to every woman. ¶ In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . to the blush-rose of youth and beauty . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion—whether blonde, brunette or titian. ¶ Lips of Tangee . . . no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips . . . and as permanent as the day is long. ¶ Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base that is soothing and healing to the lips. *Ask for Tangee, and be sure you see the name Tangee.*

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick in gun-metal case $1, in superb gold and black enamel case $2.50, Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge $1, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, Tangee Face Powder, including the smart new shade, Tangee Tan $1. 25¢ more in Canada.

Beauty . . . for 20 cents!

Twenty cents brings the miniature Tangee Beauty Set —all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. H. 10, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

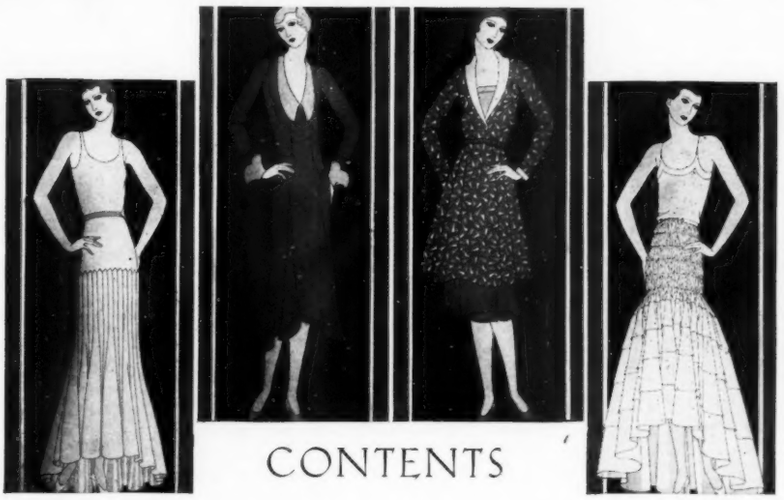
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

HARPER'S BAZAR

OCTOBER
1929

64th Year
Number 2604



CONTENTS

Paris Openings Number

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

Fashions

EUROPEAN SUGGESTIONS FOR AMERICAN BEACHES
By KATHLEEN HOWARD 63
Drawings by DYNEVOR RHYS

WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1930 ..... 66 to 75
BARON DE MEYER *Reviews the Paris Openings*
Photographs by BARON DE MEYER

PARIS PROPOSES ..... 78 to 93
MARJORIE HOWARD *Discusses the many new Details of the Winter Mode*
Drawings by REYNALDO LUZA, BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL, CHARLES MARTIN *and* DYNEVOR RHYS
Drawings in color by REYNALDO LUZA *and* ANDRÉ MARTY

PARIS SENDS US NEW HATS AND COIFFURES 100
Drawings by ENID ENGEL

FUR-TRIMMED TWEEDS FOR AUTUMN 102, 103
Drawings by GRACE HART

WINTER COATS EMPHASIZE THE FITTED SILHOUETTE 104, 105
Drawings by MALAGA GRENET

TWEED-MIXTURE FROCKS FOR COOL-WEATHER WEAR 106, 107
Drawings by MALAGA GRENET

VELVET AND LAMÉ FOR EVENING 108, 109
Drawings by MARY MACKINNON

FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS 110, 111
Drawings by VERONICA KELLY

FALL SHOES OF DISTINCTION 112, 113
Drawings by FLORENCE BLECKER

LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS 118, 119
Drawn by ENID ENGEL

Fiction

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE 76, 77
There Was a Ship: *Continuing the Adventures of a Brave Gallant*
Illustrations by ERTÉ

NIGEL HUGHES 94, 95
Sables: *A clever satirical Tale of an Investment in Love*
Illustration by JOHN LAGATTA

COSMO HAMILTON 98, 99
Nothing in Return: *The Story of a Man who Thought he knew all about Women*
Illustration by EVERETT SHINN

HARFORD POWEL, JR. 116, 117
Married Money: *The Social Career of Two Young Moderns*
Illustration by WALLACE MORGAN

Society and Special Features

TO-MORROW: *By the* EDITOR 65
Drawing by GRACE HART

THE BRITISH HOUSE-PARTY: *By* LADY KITTY VINCENT. 96, 97
Illustrations by FISH

PORTRAIT STUDY OF THE MISSES KATHERINE AND MARIE LOUISE O'BRIEN 101

SWIMMING AND TENNIS IN PRIVATE LIFE 114, 115
Photographs by SHERRIL SCHELL

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE AGAIN: *By* MICHAEL ARLEN. 120
Drawing by FERDINAND H. HORVATH

POEMS: *By* MARY CASS CANFIELD, FAIRFAX DOWNEY, CHARLOTTE BECKER *and* LOUIS GOLDING ..... 95, 99, 130 and 190

INDEX TO HARPER'S BAZAR ADVERTIZING 49

THE COSMETIC URGE 122

BREAKFAST TRAYS: *By* FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN. 129

ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES: *By* HAROLD NICOLSON 132

SOCIAL CALENDAR 138

WEDDING PARTY: *By* GRACE GIERIN 176

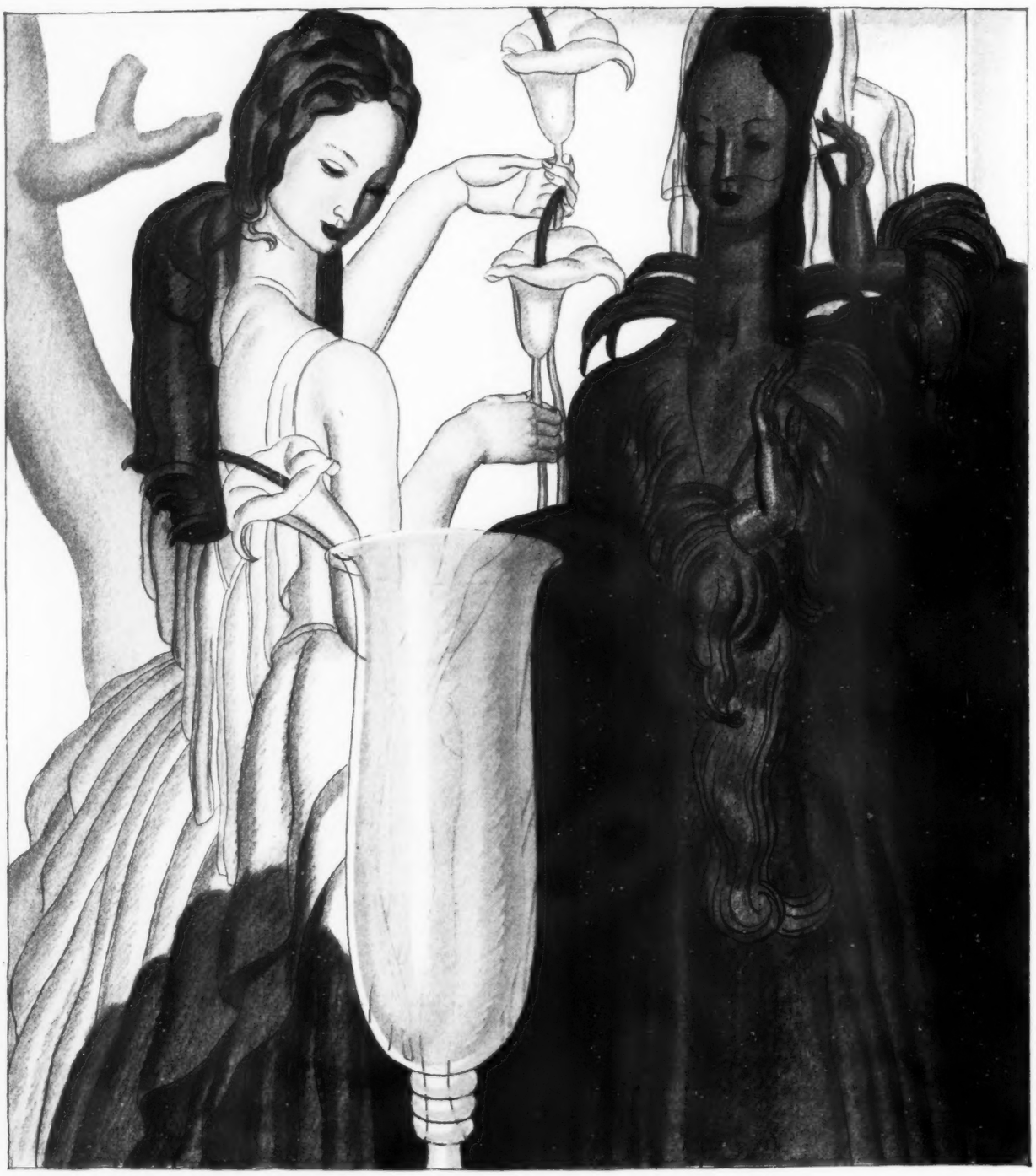
THE INCOMPARABLE GRAND BALLET RUSSE: *By* IVAN NARODNY 202

COVER ..... *By* LÉON BÉNIGNI

Published monthly by Harper's Bazar, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City

JOHN R. HEARST, President — FREDERIC DRAKE, Vice-President — AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer — FRANKLIN COE, Secretary

Copyright, 1929, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. All rights reserved under terms of the Fourth American International Convention of Artistic and Literary Copyright. 50 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, $4.00 a year; Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Harper's Bazar is fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.



We Moderns and Our Evening Fashions . . .

. . . the fall collection of evening gowns and wraps is as different in silhouette and treatment as we heard it would be . . . and twice as beautiful!

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

EUROPEAN RESORT SUGGESTIONS FOR AMERICAN BEACHES

BEACH life is now unthinkable without pyjamas. But flamboyant, theatrical effects are out of place outdoors. At Antibes some of the most delightful pyjamas were of natural tussore, with accents of bright dark blue or of black. Coats were flared and tailored, trousers ample and long, or short and wide. They covered one-piece jersey swimming suits. With them were worn huge Nowitzky hats of burned or white straw.

A sunburned girl wore a white jersey swimming suit, cut to nothing in the back. A pair of white corduroy extreme shorts were slipped over this when she sunned herself on the rocks.

Stretched in the sunny crannies, which edge the glorious bathing and diving arrangements at this resort, were slim brown bodies, outlined on brilliant yellow denim beach mattresses. Yellow bathing-suits and pyjamas, or white ones showed up best in that high-keyed atmosphere. To be sure one girl held her own in a canary suit worn with an apple green cap and cape.

Mary Nowitzky slings the indispensable bottle of oil, which one is so apt to leave out of reach, or to knock over, in a yellow oilcloth shoulder strap, for all the world as binoculars are slung on shoulders at races.

Bérets compliment slim athletic figures in bathing-suits, and were much seen at all resorts in dark blue, white or yellow.

A new green or copper gold diving cap of rubber boasts the chin strap beloved of the serious diver and gleams enchantingly in the swallow dive or when its wearer swims.

The Palm Beach Casino at Cannes, with its turquoise swimming-pool and chairs painted to match the unique dazzle of the Mediterranean, offers its patrons the best of food and an open door of welcome to pyjama-clad figures, morning, noon and night.

At the Lido the Marquessa de Somme invariably wore black pyjamas. Her black eyes, hair and un-sunburned skin made her a striking figure.

Otherwise Lido pyjamas were light in color: mauve, turquoise, chartreuse, and lavender. As one famous lady said, "un déjeuner de soleil." White is always good under the sun.

Never a trace of artificially created sunburn did I see. In fact three of the "Famous Forty" were notoriously careful *not* to burn their skins at all. Still, there is no denying that the youthful bronze limbs were entrancing.

The Comtesse Robilant was very chic at the Lido in a blue jersey bathing-suit, a red sash, and, for a change from the eternal pyjamas, a short blue bolero, sleeveless.

I saw, occasionally, a tall straw hat, like a Mexican sombrero gone a bit mad, made of green and natural straw. It looked dramatic and amusing rising above a bronzing back, silhouetted on the point of a rock.

A thin white woollen pyjama was seen at Deauville, made with gob trousers. For the northern beaches woollen pyjamas are excellent, and Irene Dana makes one in a very thin tweed with a short velveteen jacket.

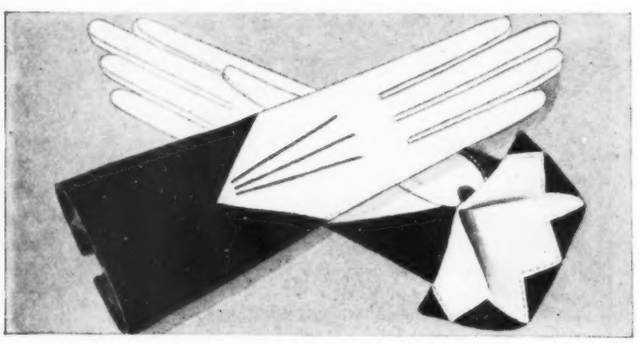
Jean Patou shows a new pyjama of crêpe de Chine in pastel colors, worn with a coat of camel's hair cut like a man's dressing-gown and lined with matching crêpe de Chine.

A clever idea it is to put flap pockets with buttons on pyjama trousers, half way between hip and knee. Into these may be slipped the necessary hanky, comb and lipstick, without which no woman is happy.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

YOUR FOWNES GLOVES FOR AUTUMN, madame, STRAIGHT FROM JANE REGNY

AND WHO, in all Paris, could design gloves half so charmingly as this brilliant young couturiere whose suave little street and sports frocks are found every year in the smartest American wardrobes! Very knowing gloves, these are, with a sophistication of detail which only the clever scissors of your true Parisienne could give. They are wearable, they are feminine—two qualities which consistently distinguish the collections of Mme. Regny. And they are smart as the Bois de Boulogne on an autumn afternoon. It is unnecessary to add that they have, as a matter of course, the fine workmanship, the superior materials for which Fownes Gloves have been noted since 1777. . . . Illustrated is a new model of supple, fine, white kid, with cuff and stitching embodying a triangular motif in black. The reverse of the cuff, which may be worn either up or down, shows incrustations of white. Also four other harmonious color combinations. When you buy the Regny-designed glove, you are buying an original. The Fownes label is your guarantee. Fownes Bros. & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.—Also Paris and London.



FOWNES

Wherever you go you hear it:

"What is this new 'silk-sealing'

that makes the sheerest hosiery wear so amazingly?

ONE woman is telling another. Wherever you go . . . at luncheons, teas, soirees . . . you hear it—that at last there is a kind of hosiery that *will really wear.*

Perhaps you have even already heard the magic phrase "Silk-Sealing".

Before the discovery of this now famous Dexdale process, one pair of hose was more or less like every other—tiny silk fibers spun into threads, the threads knitted, in a standard way, into the stocking itself. But silk can never be more than silk. With all its charm and beauty, it frays, breaks, spots, and all too quickly wears out.

"Silk-Sealing" makes hosiery wear longer

Now comes "Silk-Sealing"—an entirely new process whereby each tiny pure silk fiber is "sealed" in an invisible protection. So greatly does "sealing" strengthen each thread that "runs" are largely eliminated and the life of hosiery is doubled.

More than this, "Silk-Sealed" stockings resist staining—repel fabric-destroying perspiration acids. Dirt, too, cannot penetrate the fibers, and washing "Silk-Sealed" Dexdales is both rapid and easy.

Hosiery beauty, too, has been enhanced. Unusually rich qualities of luster, sheerness, and clarity of color are to be found in Dexdales. And these qualities will last through many, many wearings.

The easiest way for you to *prove* it is to buy a few pair of Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery today, and convince yourself of what "Silk-Sealed" hosiery can mean to you in the course of a year.

Remember, only Dexdale Hosiery is "Silk-Sealed". *You cannot get this longer wearing quality in any other hosiery.* Dexdales come in all weights—in all the new season's smartest shades; each pair full-fashioned and stylishly heeled. Popularly priced: $1.35 to $2.75.

If you cannot find Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery in your city, write directly to us and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

DEXDALE HOSIERY MILLS · LANSDALE, PA.

Send today for a copy of "Beautiful Hosiery . . . That Wears". It tells how "Silk-Sealing" brings long wear to even the filmiest Dexdale stockings. When writing, request the name of your nearest Dexdale retailer.

Dexdale
Silk-Sealed
HOSIERY

Whitman's
CHOCOLATE COVERED
FRUITS and NUTS
A Jolly
Hallowe'en
Whitman's
CHOCOLATE
FRUITS and
Pineapple
Picked ripe from the Hawaiian crop. In a shell of chocolate with a center of syrup.
Cherries
Favorite of all fruits in chocolate. An Italian tid bit floating in a fondant cordial.
Pecans
Perfect whole nuts from Texas, in clusters, imbedded in chocolate.
Walnuts
Pick of the Chabertes from France—sweet, sound, whole nuts uniform in flavor. In clusters wrapped in chocolate.
Strawberries
With the matchless flavor of the soil and the climate of Hood River Valley in Oregon. Also a liquid center.
Raisins
Selected giant clusters from California Dipped in fondant and then in milk chocolate—forming a liquid center.
Almonds
Crisp and sweet, genuine Aetna nuts from Sicily. A perfect cluster of delights.
Brazil Nuts
A tropic favorite imbedded directly in the famous Whitman chocolate, without fondant.
Filberts
Delicately flavored nuts from Turkey where the best filberts grow. Clusters in chocolate.

Whitman's

CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS *and* NUTS

The gardens, groves and orchards of all the world give of their best to fill this luxurious box of chocolates.

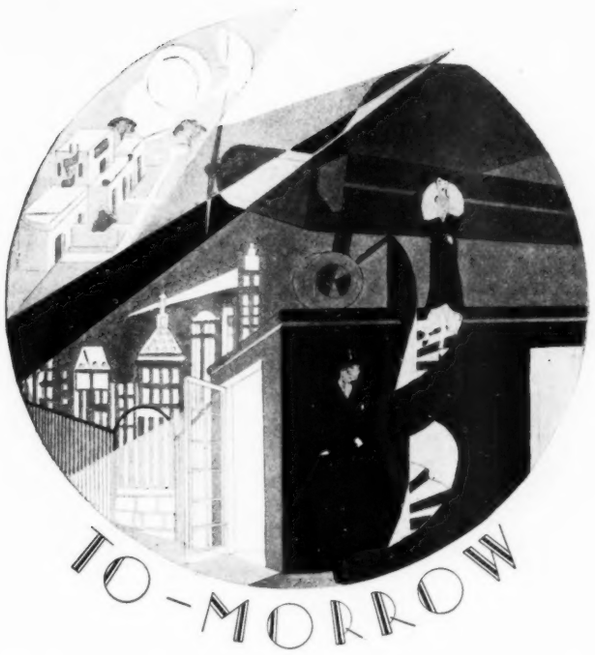
Each individual piece has a character of its own.

Each won a place in this very precious collection by its peculiar excellence and popularity.

Out of all the Whitman line (The Quality Group) this is the one selected to carry the jolly Hallowe'en wrap—

An Ideal Gift *for* Hallowe'en

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.



CERTAIN timid people, living in an age of unbelievable inventions, grow frightened at the rush of events, and actually come to believe that danger looms ahead.

They fear, in a changing thoroughfare like Fifth Avenue, that when old, aristocratic homes make way for glowing shops, the very pivot of American family life will be assailed. But things have a way of adjusting themselves, and "new occasions teach new duties."

Book-sellers trembled when the radio came in, lest people would no longer read. Yet there has been no diminution in the sale of volumes. Rather, they have increased; and with the growth of education — in part due to the menacing radio—people now read history and biography more than ephemeral fiction.

In the same way, the drama feared the invasion of the movies. And now come the talkies, seemingly pushing aside the silent drama. Yet the theatre has survived. And opera will survive. There will always be enough people who would rather hear a singer "in person" than as a wraith on the screen. Television, fast becoming a miraculous fact, may cast the movies and the talkies into the shadows. Indeed, so rapidly are new inventions perfected, that anything may happen.

Tomorrow! It is a wonderful word. Tomorrow we may fly from New York to Chicago to keep a dinner engagement. Or we may project ourselves through the air to San Francisco or New Orleans—wherever we wish—to drop in, literally, on a friend.

I remember when the vacuum-cleaner came in—and how we take it for granted now, marveling how we ever managed with merely a broom or the old sweeper!—the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox said it was the greatest gift which had ever been handed to weary women. Mrs. Wilcox has been gone from this earth only a decade, but how she would wonder, if she could look down now on this seething planet, at the forces at work for the good of humankind. What strides have been made, and what passionate adventures we experience in the realms of science and medicine!

There is nothing to fear. There is everything, on the contrary, to cause rejoicing.

If one is rich enough to dwell on Fifth or Park Avenue and ruthless Trade invades one's territory, one will probably be able to do what so many wise people are doing —build a house in the country and have in town only a *pied-à-terre:* a few rooms where personal effects may be kept, and where simple meals may be served. There is always a solution for any problem of daily living. It may not be convenient to move on, yet it can be done; and, once accomplished, often the change is for the better—in a world of constant change. Nothing remains static long—not even the radio. Indeed, to be static is to be dull—in a universe that is far from dull in these breathless days.

THE EDITOR.

HARPER'S BAZAR IN LONDON

IT IS with the greatest pleasure that we announce the début in October of Harper's Bazar in London. From that time forward, smart women, resident or sojourning in England, may have their own special edition. The date for the début of this new member of the Bazar family is singularly opportune at this fashionable time of the year. Harper's Bazar in England will have the same beautiful wardrobe of unsurpassed fashions, and will appear with the equally artistic illustrations and typographical perfection of her American sister. Our Paris office for several years has offered invaluable service of all kinds to American visitors. Now, in London, there will be a similar effective service. The London offices are at 9, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, W. 1, where Harper's Bazar will be only too happy to give advice and offer suggestions to any of our readers.

VIONNET

DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT
(née Ruspoli)

Vionnet gown of flesh satin

DEMEYER

WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1930

A CENTURY AFTER THE 1830 PERIOD

AN APPRECIATION:

BY BARON DE MEYER

VIONNET'S new styles for 1930 show a predilection for slanting lines. This is the result of whimsical seams, crazy panels, slanting necklines from the left shoulder downward.

Strange to say, Vionnet's really straight gowns have somehow outlived themselves, those apparently straight being in reality cut on the bias.

Most cloth and velvet coats are belted, wrapped tightly above the figure, the right front part of the coat generally edged with fur slanting upward, reaching, wrapped over, as far as the back.

Cossack inspiration for coats is new. It consists of a lower part cut umbrella shape with a belt placed very high.

All Vionnet gowns mould the figure very closely, belts being placed well above the hips.

Woollen skirts are even hemmed. Only the more dressy kind of frock is irregular of hemline. Evening dresses reach to the ground and are mostly full skirted.

Dark jersey dresses have the neck part and sleeves in light-coloured crêpe, cut all in one.

Dark brown jersey is combined with peach or black with contrasting yellow.

Madame Vionnet's famous black satin and marocain models show the all-pervading Vionnet novelty, "The slant." Also traces of the new "wrapped around the figure" style.

A few models have their superfluous material drawn into one central point, generally on the right hip.

Evening gowns are mostly very full of skirt. Hardly décolleté at all. Shoulders swathed in scarves and quantities of net.

Two favourite colour combinations are dark blue net or chiffon over flesh and brown transparencies over lavender blue.

Rose-red in every shade is represented. So are strange blues and deep indigo.

White, "pure white," runs throughout the entire Vionnet collection.

A few beautiful evening dresses noticed.

4042—Sheer black velvet gown. The clinging waist part ends in long, narrow, velvet points over much black chiffon fulness over pink.

4048—Quite long, even length white georgette gown. More transparent towards the feet than above. The entire gown encircled by horizontal lines of silver tubes.

4053—Even length, long lavender crêpe romain gown moulds the figure above, with fulness increasing below the hips. The skirt is composed of myriads of frills.

4060—Ample full-skirted black satin gown, the bodice part cut almost like a bathing-suit, leaving both arms and back uncovered. The front part of the bodice is drawn up to the neck and ties in a bow.

JEAN PATOU

PATOU

THE name "Jean Patou, *le grand couturier*," is synonymous with "luxury."

His new winter collection is most comprehensive. It is replete with richness and of unprecedented magnificence.

The Patou silhouette is new and significant, bound to exert a widespread influence.

His evening gowns are the most salient feature of his presentation. They combine extreme length of skirt with fulness. Result—elongated height.

The sports presentment in this house is, as usual, quite excellent. Sports and morning clothes are dominated by practical considerations. They are short waisted and fairly short skirted.

English fabrics, jersey and diamond squared, small checked textures, are used a good deal. Many of Patou's woollen materials are rough surfaced.

In his afternoon and evening clothes Patou, past-master in achieving chic and modern slouch, gives full play to his exuberant artistry.

He uses velvet and, after a protracted period of rest, figured, small-patterned metal lamés. For these, he has staged a triumphant come-back. They reappear in the guise of neat little plaited dresses or as tunics to be worn under fur coats. They also form the basis of the glorious series of brocaded evening ensembles.

His newest evening gowns are, in most cases, quite long in front, slightly less long at the sides, but end in trailing fish-tails at the back.

Greek statuary must have served as inspiration for so enchanting a series of satin, crêpe romain and georgette creations. For these, however, perfect Galateas seem essential.

The goddess-like, ultra-modern young women presenting these models are, however, all of them divinely tall, ethereal, at times romantic.

Patou's evening coats are masterpieces. Almost every trailing evening gown has its trailing velvet wrap.

Some coats are carried out in brocade edged and collared with valuable silver fox, blue fox, red fox, sable, mink or ermine.

Astrakhan is used in all its variations. Black astrakhan as well as the grey kid, broadtail, black, brown, white caracul, and Gaillac in great profusion. Also an astonishing quality of beaver.

M. Patou in a booklet called "Advice to my clients," suggests their giving ermine and chinchilla wraps "a rest."

A few impressions, carried away from my visit to the rue St. Florentin:

"Fleurs en folie"—Surprisingly lovely gown. Quite long black crêpe, brilliant flowers printed all over. "Fugue"—Slim, clinging ensemble of red and gold brocaded gauze. The short wrap is edged with bands of sable.

"I love you"—Black velvet, sheath-like frock, shown with an all black hat from which depend low-hanging bunches of ospreys.

Three evening wraps of surpassing beauty.

The first: "Reverie"—Moss-green velvet with blue fox borders.

The second: "New style"—Long trailing evening wrap, of finest black breitschwanz, severely plain.

The third: "Le songe d'un jeune abbe"—An endlessly long, fish-taily *manteau du soir* in dahlia velvet, edged all around with bands of silver fox.

MADAME S. ROLLO

Black Chiffon Evening Gown

MOLYNEUX

MOLYNEUX'S new winter models are narrower looking than ever. The slimmest silhouette to be found in Paris this season. They exemplify this designer's partiality for the slender line. His aim is "accentuating feminine slimness."

In a season of shortened waists and lengthened skirts Molyneux's unquestionably youthful style stands out as individually perfect. His exquisite silhouette expresses poise.

It forms a contrast with much that is shown elsewhere, still struggling for its place in the sun.

Typical Molyneux models are uncompromisingly straight, their almost invisible demarcation (on, or close to the hip-bone) apparently hardly interrupting an unbroken line.

Narrow, almost vanishing belts, appear to be placed an inch or so *higher* than last season, Captain Molyneux, so far, not being in favour of the waistline raised to its normal position. Not for the present, at least.

His day skirts are abbreviated, reasonably short. Those for the afternoon slightly longer. They decidedly droop in the back.

Evening skirts droop even more, accentuating the irregular hemline.

Whatever their apparent length, produced by outstanding net ruchings, chiffon panels, not to mention "crisp taffeta's exuberant flare," their foundations remain an expression of true Molyneux slimness and are short slips of satin or crêpe.

The demand for sports clothes is on the decline. Molyneux is showing very few sports costumes, and hardly any sweaters. Mostly suits and suit-like gowns in tweedy fabrics (disguised jerseys). His new "trick dresses," as they are termed on the programme, are a detachable skirt and short box-coat worn over a plaited crêpe frock. Combined with the detachable skirt, the frock becomes a blouse.

Tête de nègre is Captain Molyneux's favourite shade. It is much used for both suits and afternoon ensembles. With a *tête de nègre* georgette gown is shown a beautiful brown wrap. It is elaborately trimmed with silver fox, a Molyneux "best seller."

Tête de nègre (nigger brown) is expected to become a substitute for black.

Short gowns of metal brocade and "velours façonné," almost tailored in style, are a novelty. They have an air of splendour when worn beneath gorgeous fur wraps. They are shown with metal brocade, turban-shaped hats.

Some Molyneux evening wraps reach to *no* lower than just below the hips. Others of three-quarter length are straight and carried out in elaborately embroidered velvets. They have splendid fur collars —fox, sable, chinchilla.

Pink velvet, with an all-over design of silver roses and their green foliage, is most effective worn over a pale green velvet frock.

Among successful features of the Molyneux collection are a series of black net evening dresses, their sliplike part, in several instances, in beaded or spangled fabrics. Shimmering surfaces. Much beflounced and beplaited fulness.

A few of these net gowns are shown with black satin or net foundations. These are combined with short, long-sleeved boleros. Black net, embroidered in an allover design of sparkling white flowers.

MOLYNEUX

H. H. THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF MONACO

White Crêpe Satin

LADY MENDL
Mauve Chiffon and Ostrich

LOUISEBOULANGER
DEMEYER

LOUISEBOULANGER

THE Louiseboulanger collection is, as usual, remarkable for inspirational use of new materials, and for a colour-palette used by no one else in the *couture*. Madame Boulanger does not wish to change the existing morning mode. She has slightly lengthened its skirts, and raised its belts to the normal position, in accordance with the dictates of 1930, but it remains practical, trim, and easy to wear. She delights in the short fur coat, which she makes in beaver, flat furs, caracul, and Hudson seal. These coats have big cravattes of plaid velvet, and the frock is of the same velvet, a plaid that is woven, not printed. The gown, here, comes into its own. Even in tweeds, gowns without accompanying coats are shown.

For the afternoon, there are gowns reminiscent of the period just before the bustle, one of Madame Boulanger's favourites. These gowns, in all kind of materials, some of them very rich, are moulded to the figure, as far as the hipbone, with flat tucks, or folds placed across the body, and a plaided skirt below.

For the evening, her mode is rich, varied, and luxurious. Her newest pouf gowns are in warp-printed taffeta, moulding the figure, with the puffed part running across the figure in the back, set rather low, and long trailing panels below that again. Her own favourite evening gown is in black net and big black spangles. Very new are the shortish evening gowns in lamés of colourful design, slim, complicated toward the hem, without sleeves, but high to the collarbone both front and back.

The *clou* of the collection is the series of what Madame Boulanger calls "studio gowns," picturesque affairs, sometimes with long full, lacy skirts, sometimes with full romantic-looking gowns open over slim satin pyjamas. These she suggests for wear in the modernistic studios and severe living-rooms of present-day interior decoration by the receiving hostess.

Her choice of materials is always individual. This collection includes, for evening, printed chiffon lamés of floral design, to replace the printed chiffons of summer; printed taffetas, often in combinations of pink and blue; satin gowns, one bright buttercup yellow, trimmed with bands of quilted satin; lamé and gold tulle; ciré chiffon embroidered with silver wheat-ears; lunasol broché with a tiny dot in silver or gold; chiffon with raised velvet designs; heavy black net; faille; all-over jet beading, and ciré lamé. In a season in which almost everyone has abandoned Lyon's velvet, Madame Boulanger has used it for several splendid evening gowns.

AUGUSTABERNARD

DEMEYER

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE MUÑOZ

Coat of Turquoise and Blue-mauve Velvet. Gown of Blue and Silver Lamé

AUGUSTABERNARD

THE Augustabernard collection for 1930 contains "wearability interpreted with true Parisian smartness."

Every one of this clever designer's new models is carried out in perfect taste. Up and down an extraordinarily slim silhouette her waistline wanders. It might be called a movable proposition —placed wherever it benefits the line—at its normal position as often as possible.

Augustabernard clothes are suggestive of height. They make women look tall.

Woollen gowns in this establishment are trim, neat and short skirted. Practically no sports clothes are shown. Nothing but a variety of street gowns and coats.

Excellently cut, smart because of novel detail work, well established and beautifully carried out.

Some of the Augustabernard models are completed by boleros. Others by slim-looking three-quarter length jackets. These have a tendency to rise in front. They are worn over long satin blouses, almost tunic-like in effect. They are finished off by the typical Augustabernard tie—elongated triangles.

Street gowns shown in this house are mostly of plain or figured jersey. Greys and browns are a popular combination, worn with sleeveless box-coats of a plain material and a straight overcoat, trimmed with either badger fur or fox. A bow of the figured texture is tied at the throat.

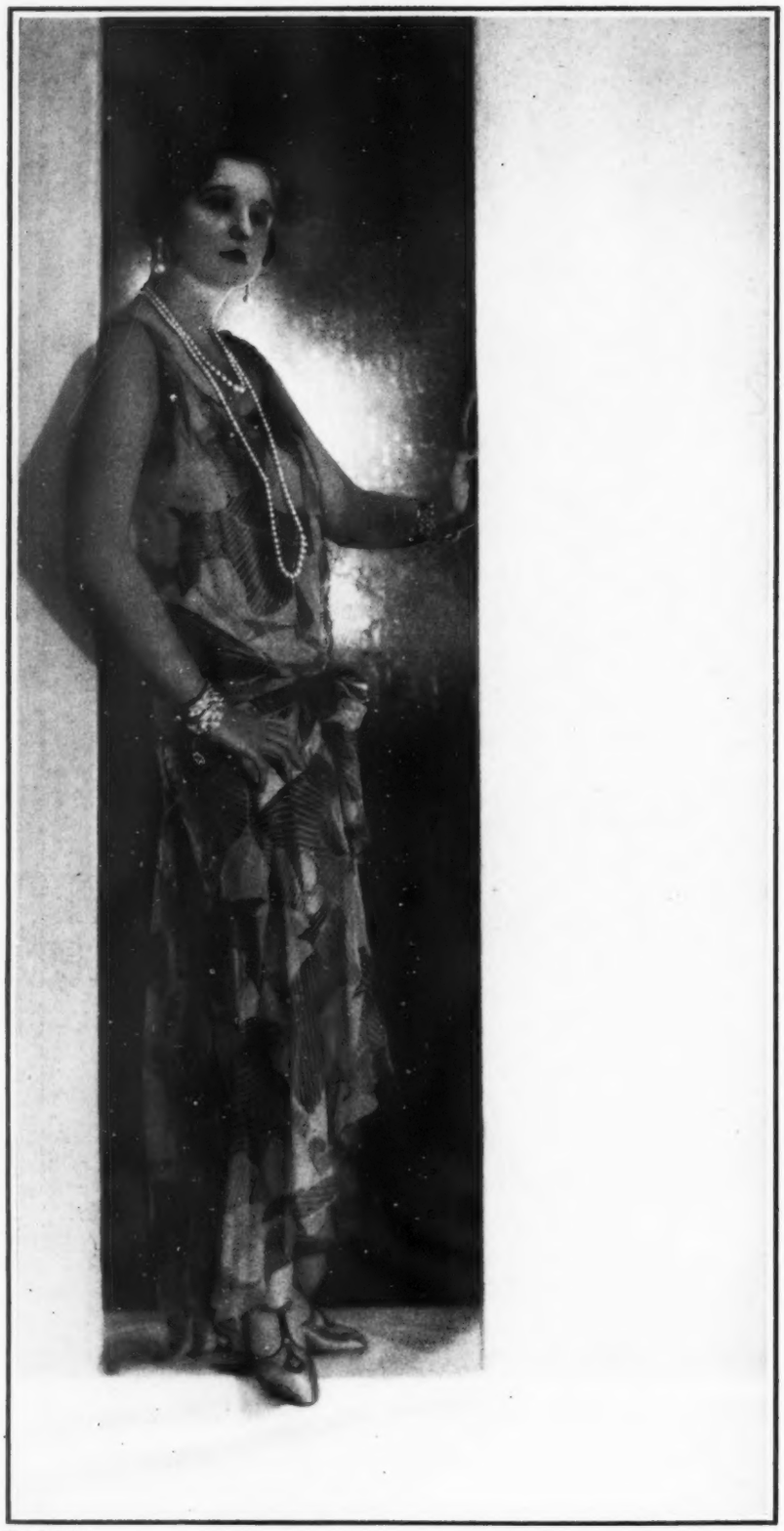
For afternoon purposes and the dinner hour, black mousseline de soie is a prime favourite. Treated with much lightness, it has a delightful quality. Floating grace.

Most afternoon skirts are short. Some of them droop to one side or in the back. Few afternoon models have sleeves.

The Augustabernard evening gowns deserve the term "supremely elegant." A perfect expression of what modern imaginative elegance should be. Narrow-looking skirts with interesting additions —such as trains—on the fish-tail order. Some of these trains reaching out to great lengths.

Two trains, instead of one, are used in many instances. Apparently superposed materials, panels and flounces, producing undulating grace when in motion.

On a tubelike gown of white crêpe, narrow crosswise draperies are looped across the skirt. They remind one of a series of tunics. They are slightly raised and fastened at one side only.



WORTH

DEMEYER

MRS. HONORÉ PALMER

Printed Chiffon in Tones of Green

WORTH

THE great, world-renowned Maison Worth reverting to its well established, individually developed traditions, features "luxurious elegance." It shows a winter collection brimful of revolutionary fashions. Many of them are suprisingly new.

Since, during a number of seasons following the prevailing Mode, waistlines had been allowed to slip downwards, it needed Mr. Jean Charles Worth's firm grip to reinstate the wandering line in its most natural position.

Doing so, he altered proportions. Changed the silhouette. He had, therefore, not merely to raise the waistline, but also to mould the bust, as well as to lengthen his skirts.

All Worth clothes are cut straight. This in contrast to many of the leading houses, featuring the bias only.

Mr. Worth says, "My fulness is the result of gores and godets. Never by any chance of the circular cut."

He treats his "Princess type" of gown differently from anyone else. Combines it with a revival of bygone days, "The umbrella shaped skirt."

Tweed suits and woollen top coats are admirably presented.

New for travelling and country wear is South American kid skin. Equally new is tan suède. Made into smart leather coats it is shown with gloves and a "bèret basque" in matching suède.

This being a season of high waists, the irrepressible bolero takes on the aspect of a much abbreviated Eton jacket.

Textures used in the "Maison Worth" are: Light weight woollens, soft surfaced jerseys, panne, new lamés, and velvets with a georgette foundation.

Featured is indestructible net (used even for pull-overs and tucked-in blouses). Beaded fabrics of every variety. Spangled textures and sparkling laces. For evening use only. Much diamente and a fair amount of scintillating embroidery.

Colourings: Every shade of brown. Green, including the sensational "pea-soup." Battleship grey, cobalt blue, and black and white. For sports: Mocha brown and café au lait.

This season's Worth evening dresses are more distinguished than ever before. They have acquired an additional, lengthened elegance. Jewelled embroideries accentuate rich-looking fabrics. Evening wraps follow suit. They reach to the lowest line of the gown worn beneath it and hide it entirely.

Sensational is an evening dress which Mr. Worth himself has named "the most immodest looking gown in the world." It consists of flesh satin knickers worn beneath a full sparkling black lace overdress, even-hemmed, covering the feet.

Metal lamés, with cashmere shawl palm-leaf patterns, are made up into magnificent "ensembles."

Gowns and wraps richly decorated with fur.

A white panne almost classical gown, presented with a coral lined cape, is shown by a mannequin wearing long coral gloves.

Glittering mahogany coloured surfaces combined with gold embroidered brown net are a stunning Worth innovation.

"*My tailor-made gown pour le soir*" is of white "Lunasol" satin. Mr. Worth calls it "his favourite model."

LELONG

SPORTS clothes in Lelong's beautifully planned new winter collection are distinctly in the minority. He claims that since afternoon gowns are reinstated, elaborate sports outfits for the tea hour are no longer required.

To show them would be wasting one's time. They are démodées.

The kind of sports clothes shown he calls "rational," and are meant to serve a specified purpose.

"Styles in woollen garments," Lelong says, "begin with the thread, be it loose, finely woven, or rather rough and coarse."

The combining textures of different weaves into one ensemble is a "this season" novelty. So is the assembly of tweed in different patterns in matching shades.

Lelong points out that his newest satins have a distinctly metallic reflection and that he uses the less brilliant side of his lamés, "the back being so much more attractive."

New colourings at Lelong's are a mauve-looking grey-violet which seems blue, and a green tending to yellow.

Further new shades are: chestnut, mahogany, prunella, indigo, dark, rather inky tones.

Printed and what in Paris is called "façonné" velvets are much used for afternoon dresses. With plain velvet wraps, richly trimmed with fur, they form very attractive ensembles. The favourite pattern of such velvets seems to be a small starlike white flower, used like a polka-dot on a dark ground.

The most delightful features of this very comprehensive collection are undoubtedly the series of Lelong evening gowns. They seemed to me surprisingly new.

They show intensive research work, much beautiful handwork, a quest after Novelty.

The tube silhouette predominates, with or without completing bolero effects.

Skirts are widely flaring, the expanse in most cases starting from below the knees.

There are chiffon waterfalls, fireworks in net, frilly exuberances of all kinds. There are panels, and limp bows developing into trains. There is much that is beautifully new, much that takes time to get used to.

All of it most satisfying, in every instance thoroughly successful.

Wraps are most distinguished looking. So is the series of new clinging capes reaching with their points and floating panels to the lowest part of even the longest evening skirt shown.

With their clinging backs of last century inspiration they remind one of Grandmother's 1880 "Visite."

A few unusual evening gowns:

"Caline"—Heavy white net, moulded hips, closely shirred normal waistline. The skirt is barrel-shaped, the barrel plaits starting where the shirring ends. Very irregular of hemline.

"Isabelle"—Very full, closely gathered black net skirt, stiffened out by narrow circular velvet bands as far down as the knees, ending in billowy net transparencies below.

"Enchantéresse"—A tube-like pink gown, with a fan-shaped train. The train starts at the side of the knees and droops to the back in heavily plaited barrel folds. These deep looking barrel plaits are a Lelong specialty.

LELONG

DEMEYER

MADAME LUCIEN LELONG
(née Princesse Nathalie Paley)

New Large Mesh Black Tulle

CHÉRUIT

DEMACHY

MADAME LA COMTESSE
S. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Black Taffeta

CHÉRUIT

CHÉRUIT'S new winter collection is one of the most original shown in Paris at present. Brimful of Parisian chic, it has distinction and individuality.

It contains no sports costumes. Madame Wormser calls her "trotteurs" and woollen clothes "shopping and travelling dresses." All of them are interestingly conceived and absolutely wearable.

The Chéruit line for 1930 is rounded, curved, entirely feminine in aspect (indications which seem to be heading straight towards the hour-glass figure).

This in contrast to the work of some of the other designers who are featuring the long tube-like silhouette, which, in its turn, seems to lead the Mode towards the "pre-war hobble."

Chéruit bodices follow the line of the normally built woman, the waistline being, of course, placed high up.

Day gowns are reasonably short, two distinct types of dresses being shown. One of them, the short-waisted, full-skirted gown with belt, the other, called "La robe Princesse," having a clinging bodice moulded to the figure with bell-shaped skirt consisting of rounded panels. This kind of gown is being presented in soft faille, supple moire, as well as in printed velvet. In several instances with short "culottes" (for comfort) hidden beneath the skirt.

Chéruit evening gowns are famous the wide world over. At times quite daring. They are an expression of modern colour schemes.

Here are some colour notes jotted down whilst visiting No. 23 Place Vendome:

Novel chiffon scarves in two contrasting tones, neither of them matching the frock in shade.

Sashes of coloured ribbons, with ends reaching to the floor.

On a yellow satin gown, nasturtium tones, with mauve.

Blue, pink, and yellow on brown.

Green and orange on pale blue.

An almost high-necked, long-sleeved evening gown in raspberry-red velvet, the shape of a "redingote," the entire gown apparently lined in liquid gold.

A buttercup-yellow moire gown, much fitted above with a tremendous flare below.

A series of yellow pompons tumbling down the front of this gown; among them a touch of bright jade-green.

Lovely is a rose-red velvet dress, quite daring because of its leaf-green sash. Daring! Yes, but, oh! so beautifully new!

Almost as original, a shiny, black net ball-gown trimmed with any number of cerise satin bows and by two pale green sash-ends.

Wonderful and unique are the Chéruit capes. They flare, undulate, and are inimitable. They cannot be copied by any one. The most beautiful of all is a monumental affair of crisp black faille and ciré satin. A ship in full sail. Another of shiny cloth of gold has rounded panels, like angels' wings.

A gorgeous Venetian-red velvet cape is lined with burnished gold. And yet another, a flowered brocade, resembles a flower garden.

CHANEL

ONE of this season's most important events is the transformation of the Chanel silhouette.

Mademoiselle Chanel definitely adopts the normal waistline. She makes it appear suitable for almost every figure. Lengthens her day skirts, and gives them width. (Thereby doing away with a propensity to tightness across the back of the skirt.)

Evening skirts are more than ankle length. The dipping down in the back effects are discarded.

Skirts are universally even-hemmed and round. No trailing panels to be seen anywhere in what is undoubtedly one of the most significant collections of Mademoiselle Chanel's entire career.

Many of the suits shown are suits only in name. They are, in reality, gowns in suit materials completed by hip-length capes or by waistcoats with short cape-like additions, cut in one with the backs of sleeves. This is an effect repeated throughout the collection, be it in velvet, fur, in jersey or tweed. A style replacing last season's bolero.

Three-piece suits consist of a skirt combined with a satin or jersey waistcoat to be worn under a short cape or box-coat.

Belts are in every instance placed across the waistcoat and much *above* the lowest button.

Men's shirt-like blouses are tucked into skirts. Black jersey into a red horizontally striped rough-surfaced skirt, or beige tricot into brownish tweed. Chanel's woollen textures are mostly exclusive. "Woven on the premises," so to speak.

Figured jerseys are disguised as rough-faced fabrics. They are ravishing! In unexpected colour harmonies. Most suitable for what is nowadays known as a "Chanel kind of model."

Variations of red are among this season's favourite shades most popular in the rue Cambon establishment.

The newest series of black marocain morning and afternoon dresses (Chanel classics) mould the figure far less than they did. They seem more flowing, less tight fitting. Excellent detail work is their principal feature.

Pale blue velvet, two-tiered, with ankle length 1830 fur-edged pantalettes, is one of the most striking evening gowns shown for the 1930 winter season. It produced quite a sensation.

Evening skirts are universally long. Regular of hemline. Not all of them are transparent about the feet as in most other houses.

Frocks in beautiful shades of velvet are trimmed with fur. They are shown forming an ensemble with the new short capes, are rich in substance, wearable, and in excellent taste.

Stiffened out pink lace reaching down to the ankles is eminently youthful and feminine.

So are tier upon tier of white net or chiffon flounces, lace ruchings, gathers and long sashends. Long flounced skirts with frills starting from below the hips, the waist part moulded, and the belt high up, are typical of this season's Chanel evening dresses.

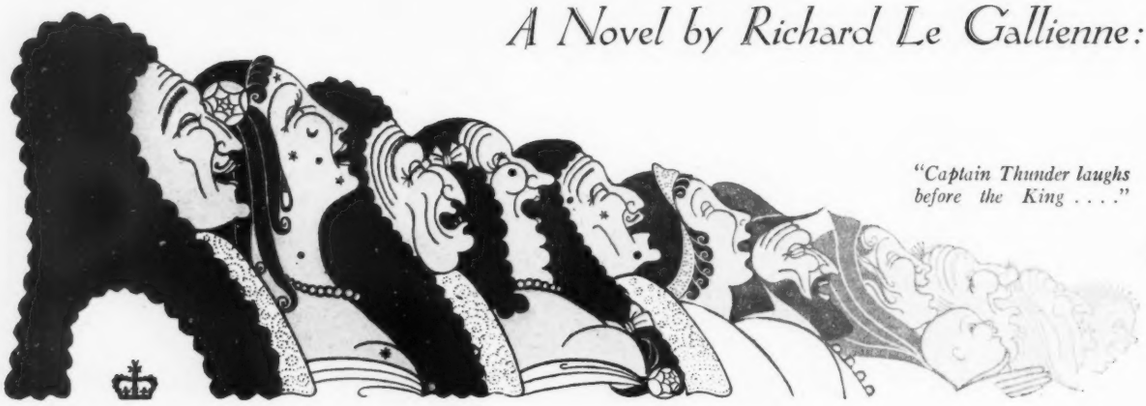
CHANEL

DEMEYER

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SAN CARLOS DE PEDROSO

White Lace and Tulle Gown with Rose-red Velvet Wrap

A Novel by Richard Le Gallienne:



"Captain Thunder laughs before the King . . . ."

THERE WAS A SHIP

A brave Gallant goes Adventuring for the Greater Glory of his King

Illustrations by Erté

Part II: Chapter IV. In which Captain Thunder laughs before the King

PUNCTUALLY next day, after they had partaken of their "morning" of sherris-sack together at the Devil Tavern near Temple Bar, Mr. Pepys conveyed Captain Thunder, for all the world like a gig-boat with a frigate in tow, to the Duke's lodgings in Whitehall. There, in his Grace's ante-room, they found Dionysus already awaiting them. With him were many other gentlemen whose faces wore the preoccupied look of those whose business with a great man is more their concern than his.

Mr. Pepys' own genial countenance was not without its cloud of anxiety. He knew the Duke's temperament and was not unprepared to find that the conversation of the evening before had entirely passed from that brilliant but capricious mind. However, though the Duke was always ready to neglect some important matter of state and leave some prosy councillor kicking his heels by the hour, he seldom postponed a pleasure. Captain Thunder had captured his volatile fancy. Moreover, the expense of his lavish way of life making it necessary for him constantly to replenish his coffers from any and every source, the confidential information dropped into his ears by Mr. Pepys, the evening before, had further deepened his interest in his "Sir Orson" of the seas.

Thus our little party had scarcely been announced by the magnificent usher in attendance, than they were conducted, with much deference on that functionary's part, into the Duke's private chamber. There they were received with all that charm of welcome which was more natural to Buckingham than the hauteur he usually affected.

"I hope you have not mislaid your laugh overnight, Sir Orson," he said, playfully smiting that giant on his shoulder; "it is of great importance to our enterprise."

"At your service, Your Grace," answered Thunder, broadly smiling, and bowing with an ease surprising in one of his bulk and calling. But he was evidently on his dignity, and the expected jovial reverberation did not follow.

"Mark you!" said the Duke, turning with a whimsical shrug to the two others, "how thrifty he is, this morning! Saving his laugh for the Presence. Well, let us away. His Majesty is expecting us."

Thereon, revealing a door concealed behind a rich tapestry which hung across one end of his chamber, he led them down a private staircase and through several long covered ways till they entered a corridor where a sentry in the royal livery paced to and fro. As he saluted the Duke, for whom there was never need of such formality, Buckingham laughingly called out "Odds-fish," as though it were a pass-word. The man, to whom it was one of his Grace's familiar jests, smiled respectfully, and, throwing open the door before which he stood, announced:

"His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, Your Majesty."

Thereupon they entered a long wainscotted room, with windows looking out on pleasant gardens stretching down to the Thames, on which busy sun-lit sails passed to and fro. It was known as the King's Workshop, and along its walls were models of ships of every variety. The unfinished model of a racing yacht, undergoing construction at the royal hands, stood on a carpenter's bench in one corner of the room, amid a litter of tools and shavings. Near by was a turning lathe. Another corner was occupied with a collection of chemical and other scientific apparatus. For Charles was a gifted ship-builder; and no member of the Royal Society of which he was the enthusiastic patron was more interested than he in the dawning science of the time.

As the Duke and his companions entered, the King was standing with his back against a great carved mantelpiece, in conversation with a gentleman who had evidently brought him one of those natural curiosities he delighted in; which he was at the moment examining with an absorbed scrutiny. His tall athletic form was clad in brown, lined with orange, and tricked out with many black ribands. He had but just returned from walking in Whitehall Park, and still wore a large flapped hat over his dark wig. He wore, too, a point cravat, but no waistcoat; and a tasselled handkerchief hung from a low pocket.

To look at him was to realize that the courtly term "the Presence" was true for him as it had seldom been for any king. For all his friendly nonchalance of manner, he exhaled a profound distinction which combined royalty and romance with a singular charm and impressiveness all his own. The rich swarthiness of his skin gave him an exotic gipsy look. Though the large lean face filled with idle strength, wearing in repose an air of lordly sternness, with its deep trenched lines furrowing down to the large inscrutable mouth, might have been pronounced ugly and even sinister at a first glance, there needed but a smile to kindle in his great smouldering eyes, solemn with a profound melancholy wisdom, to transform it to a captivating handsomeness.

A strangely magnetic being was this dark, weary, brotherly laughing king, who valued only the deep seriousness of pleasure, and with the amused cynicism of an antique philosopher looked down upon the vain folly of power.

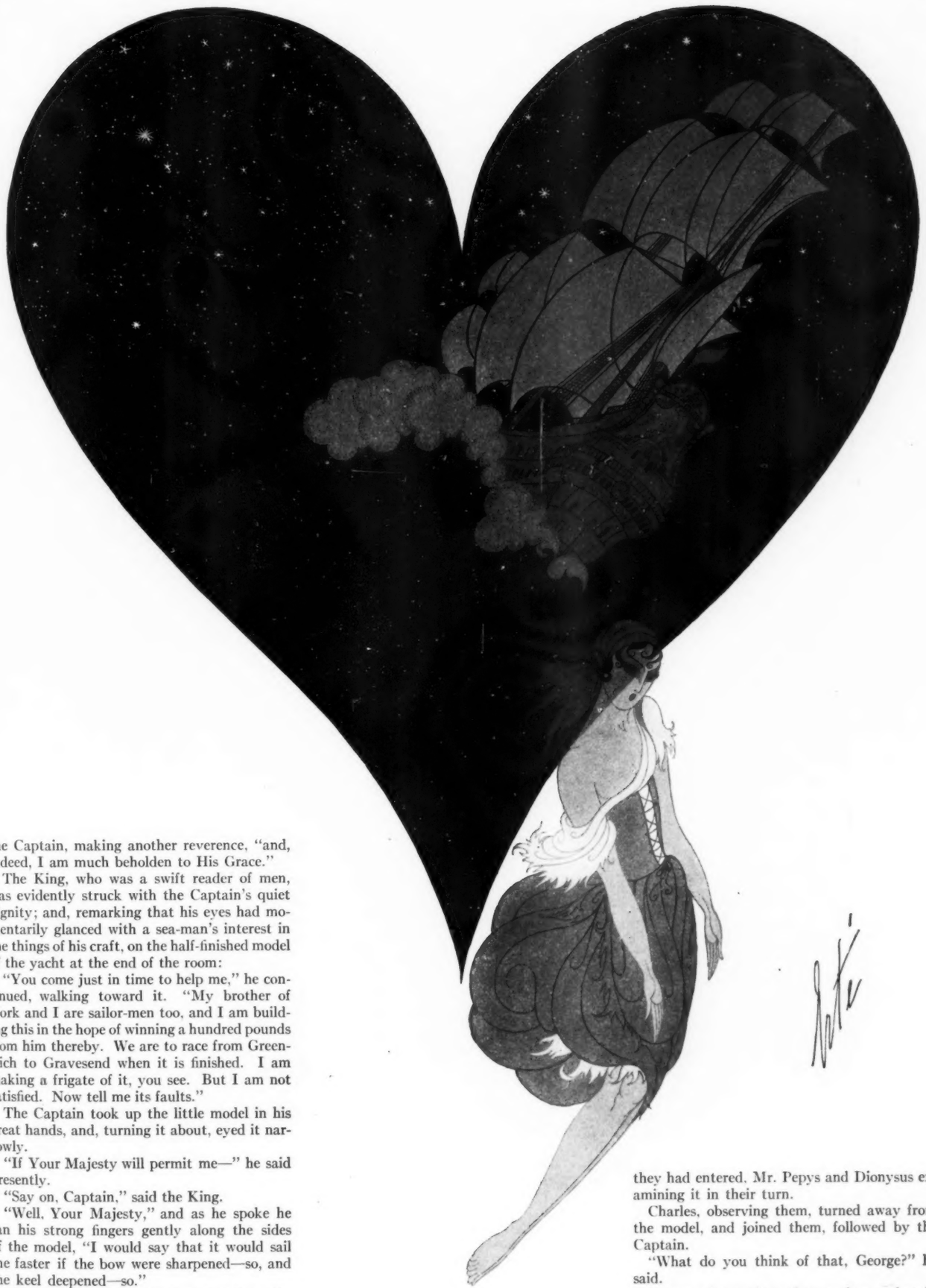
Dismissing the gentleman with whom he had been engaged with some pleasant words, and placing the object of his scrutiny upon a massive table near by, the king turned to greet the Duke and his companions, acknowledging their reverences with a graceful bow.

"Good morning, my good Mr. Pepys," he added.

"Your servant, Di," a smile lighting up his deep melancholy eyes, as he laid his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder.

"And ah! Captain Thunder. You are welcome, sir. His Grace has already spoken of you to me; and if you knew him as well as I do, you would know what it means for him to leave his bed at so early an hour. His King has no such power to rouse him, I assure you."

"Your Majesty is very gracious," answered



"What lovely woman could compare with this noblest excitement of strength against strength? What white arms around his neck could match this wild love-affair between Dionysus and the seal"

the Captain, making another reverence, "and, indeed, I am much beholden to His Grace."

The King, who was a swift reader of men, was evidently struck with the Captain's quiet dignity; and, remarking that his eyes had momentarily glanced with a sea-man's interest in the things of his craft, on the half-finished model of the yacht at the end of the room:

"You come just in time to help me," he continued, walking toward it. "My brother of York and I are sailor-men too, and I am building this in the hope of winning a hundred pounds from him thereby. We are to race from Greenwich to Gravesend when it is finished. I am making a frigate of it, you see. But I am not satisfied. Now tell me its faults."

The Captain took up the little model in his great hands, and, turning it about, eyed it narrowly.

"If Your Majesty will permit me—" he said presently.

"Say on, Captain," said the King.

"Well, Your Majesty," and as he spoke he ran his strong fingers gently along the sides of the model, "I would say that it would sail the faster if the bow were sharpened—so, and the keel deepened—so."

Then the King and the Captain fell to discussing the matter like two boat-builders, forgetful of the rest of the company.

Meanwhile, the Duke had been examining the curious object which had occupied the King as they had entered. Mr. Pepys and Dionysus examining it in their turn.

Charles, observing them, turned away from the model, and joined them, followed by the Captain.

"What do you think of that, George?" he said.

It was a large piece of very clear amber, in the centre of which a spider was embedded.

"Let Sir Orson speak," said the Duke, not without a purpose.

"Yes!" said the (*Continued on page 137*)

LANVIN

Cornflower blue chiffon is used for this Lanvin evening gown. The new feeling of outlining the curve of the hips is achieved by the diamond shaped motifs of close-set beads in the same blue. The skirt is very long and the high-waisted effect is accentuated by a little short bolero.

Lanvin's treatment of the new high waist, slightly above normal, is illustrated in this lovely gown of heavy faille with a wide satin stripe. The color is a rich gladiolus red. The bodice is fitted and belted with a strip of the material, and the circular skirt has two long points, back and front.

PARIS PROPOSES

—RAISED WAISTLINES FOR ALL TIMES OF DAY —LENGTHENED SKIRTS FOR MORNING — ANKLE LENGTH FOR AFTERNOON —TOUCHING THE FLOOR EVENLY ALL ROUND FOR EVENING — RICH DARK COLORS — SPLENDID MATERIALS — AND A GENERAL MAGNIFICENCE UNSEEN SINCE BEFORE THE WORLD WAR

BY

MARJORIE HOWARD

AGNÈS

Agnès' new winter hats give an impression of drooping length, agreeing with the lines of the new gowns. This one is in heaviest black satin. It fits the head closely and two long full pieces fall sharply on each side of the face.

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

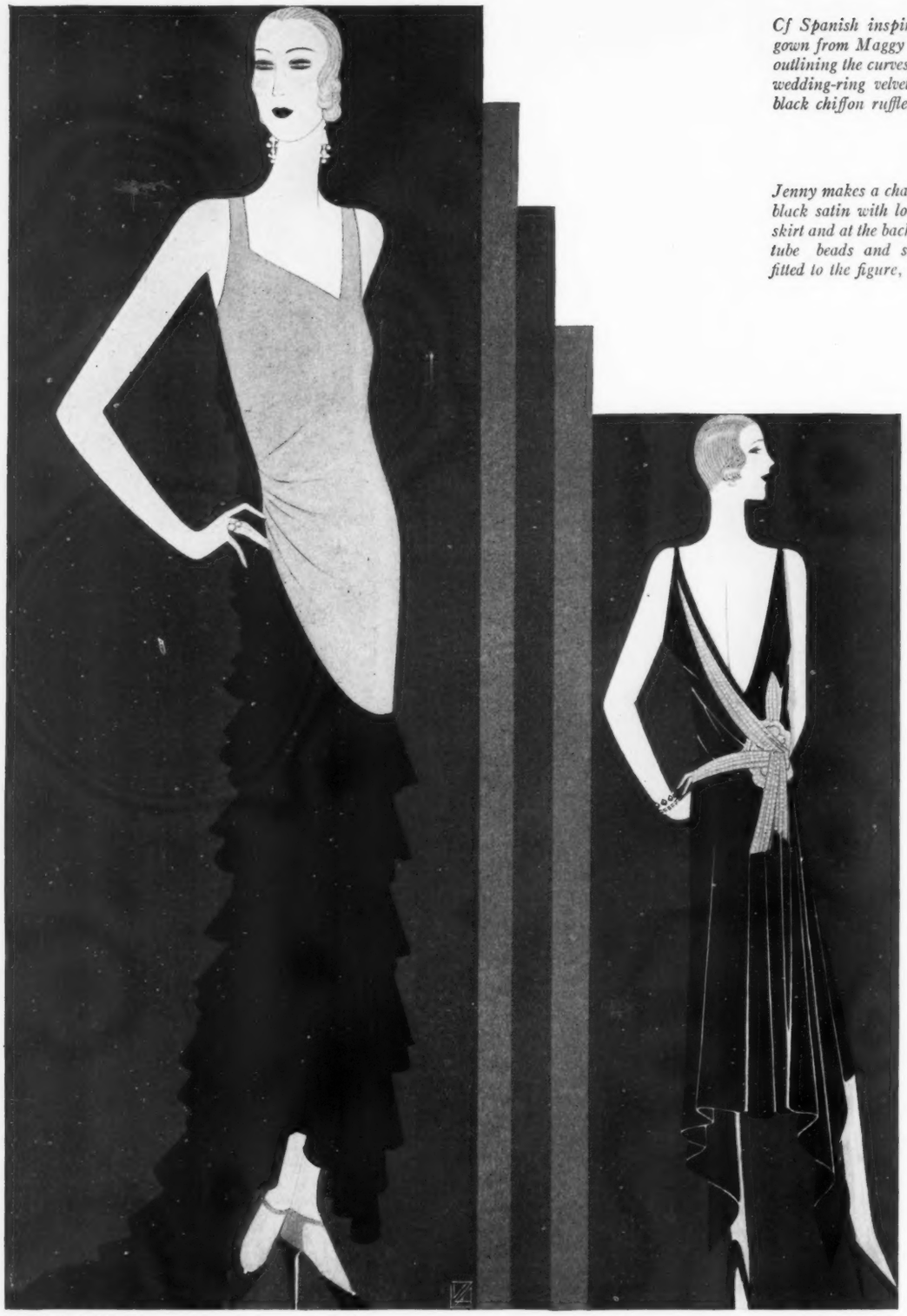
THE winter collections are front page stuff. Not for years have they been so sensational, so upsetting, and they were received on their first showing with a mixture of consternation and delight. Waists are UP, skirts are DOWN, and many of us are wondering what we are going to do about it. The tall woman, built like a sapling, who can put a band round her torso anywhere she pleases, is rejoicing. So is the lady whose understandings are better imagined than described. But a great many of us left the dress-making houses exclaiming mentally, "Waist not —want not!" for the motto of the designers seems to have been, "Where there's a Waist, there's a Way." We have been accustomed for a long time to take care of the hips and let the waists take care of themselves, but the designers have changed all that.

We should, of course, have been prepared for it. I said in my review of the February collections that every woman who *could*, would be wearing her waist at the normal place some of the time. Now, she will have to wear it there all of the time, if she wants to follow the movement of 1930. And great numbers of women, most of those in fact weighing over a hundred pounds, are wondering how on earth they are going to get away with it. Overweight used to be a mere misdemeanor; now it is a crime. I left one of the collections thinking that only daughters of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely slim, could wear the lovely new models; and not Greek gods either; they were far too heavy. Yet broomstickery won't do. Nothing but perfect, rounded slimness has a chance. Perfect proportions are as essential to beauty, with the new mode, as they were under the Directoire.

This much-discussed costume, by the way, led to more caricatures while it was in vogue than any other epoch in the history of modern dress. We also shall have to be very careful not to make guys of ourselves, and the mode will be more than ever dependent on masterly individual interpretation. Watching a particularly high-waisted, long-skirted collection, one woman was heard to exclaim, "Goodness! if this takes *as is*, I'll never dare take off my coat, except in bed!" Jackets with everything? Is that a possible solution? Several houses seem to think so, for Lelong, Lanvin, Suzanne Talbot, Drecoll-Beer, all offer gowns with little extra jackets, their grateful straight lines cutting the figure everywhere except just in the front, where almost anybody, except (*Continued on page 85*)

LANVIN

The tremendous authority of Madame Lanvin's artistic intention always strikes me when I see her collection. Her effects are as sure as those of a Velasquez. Her morning things this season are classic and practical, but each has the Lanvin touch. She prefers the cheviots and diagonals to the mixed tweeds. Her leading colours are black, beige, green, and black and white. Her morning skirts are slightly longer. There is a brand new silhouette, on the order of a Russian blouse on the silhouette pages. For afternoon, the skirts are lengthened a great deal. Shirring is one of her favourite treatments, and some frocks and jackets have the latter entirely shirred. Skirts are also shirred both above and below the natural waist. Her belts are set at the normal waist, and some of her evening corsages are even shorter. Many afternoon gowns in black, crêpe, satin, georgette, with touches of bright green. For evening there are two types illustrated on the opposite page. Her favourite faille and taffeta are used with fitted corsages, and long skirts.



Cf Spanish inspiration is this lovely evening gown from Maggy Rouff. The draped corsage, outlining the curves of the figure, is in pale pink wedding-ring velvet. The skirt is a series of black chiffon ruffles, cut very long in the back.

Jenny makes a charming evening gown of heavy black satin with long points at the sides of the skirt and at the back a large embroidered motif of tube beads and strass. The gown is closely fitted to the figure, outlining the natural curves.

MAGGY ROUFF *JENNY*

MAGGY ROUFF

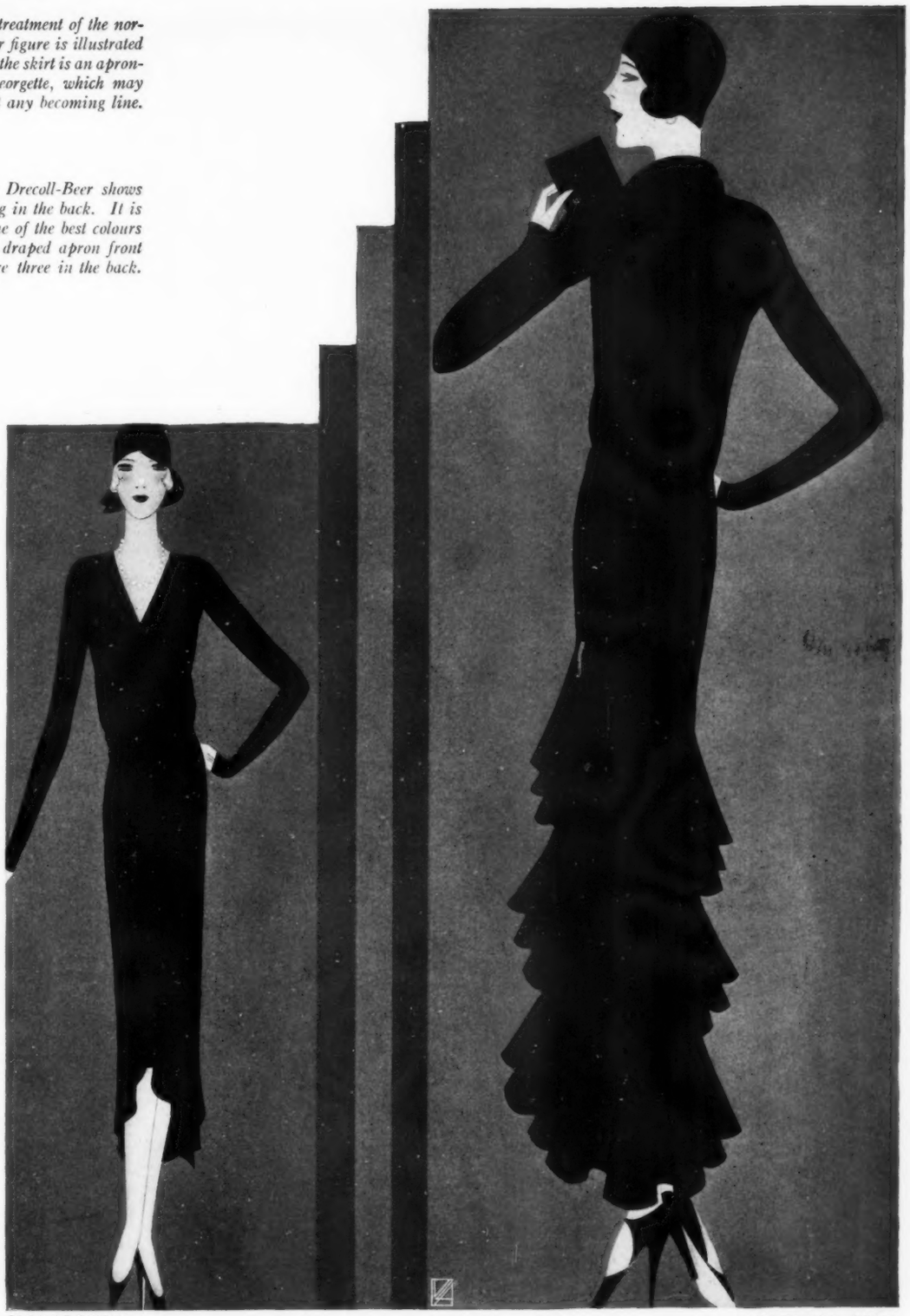
ARISTOCRATIC is the adjective that best describes this collection. Its leading points are the separate afternoon gowns, often in moire, which have bloused bodices with normal waistlines and skirts elaborately cut that reach to the ankles. Also its afternoon ensembles, with very long, rich velvet coats, fitted, flared, dipping in the back, and bordered all round with bands of fur. The gloves, gauntlets of the new dressed leather for morning, and pale pink suède elbow length for evening, are shown with many models. The square fur muffs, containing purses, with fur-trimmed ensembles. The blouses and big cravattes of gay printed crêpes with tweeds. The normal waistlines. The rich materials and furs.

JENNY

JENNY is a house of youth, and through all the changes in the mode she retains that look of trimness which sophisticated modern youth demands. It is easy for her to raise the belts on her slim straight-line day models. She has not lengthened the skirts much, but they are often slightly uneven. She retains the sweater blouse, but it is much shorter, and belted high. For afternoon, she uses velvet and velveteen, lavishly trimmed with fur. The coats are longer, sometimes uneven, the gowns in crêpe or satin, some straight and waistless, some with the natural waist defined. Her evening gowns are draped, sometimes on a modernized Greek line, or they have cuirass-like bodices and full, long skirts, shorter in front.

Mademoiselle Madeleine's treatment of the normal waistline for the heavier figure is illustrated here in black georgette. Over the skirt is an apron-like affair of pin-tucked georgette, which may be tied around the waist at any becoming line.

This afternoon gown from Drecoll-Beer shows the new skirt, extremely long in the back. It is rich brown crêpe romain, one of the best colours of the winter season. The draped apron front has two frills, and there are three in the back.



MADELEINE *DRECOLL-BEER*

MADELEINE

MANY women, who are not slim, are wondering how they can wear the new silhouette with the waistline at the normal place. Several of the couturiers offer solutions for this problem. Mlle. Madeleine has invented a very clever way of adapting the raised waistline to a figure which is not thread-like. It is illustrated on this page in black georgette. A slip of a gown, with long uneven points at the hemline, adds a sort of apron, entirely pintucks, which ties about the figure at any waistline one pleases. This is a sort of sari, or Javanese skirt, which makes the new waistline. It is found in a number of different materials, and for evening in chiffon with the bodice embroidered, spangled, or beaded.

DRECOLL-BEER

A COLLECTION particularly strong in good country and morning tweeds (shown with tweed overshoes, by the way), and charming chiffon evening gowns, with raised waistlines, short fitted corsages and very long skirts. There are many fichu backs and cape effects, to break the accentuated hip caused by the normal waistline, which is trying to many figures. Morning skirts are unlengthened, but afternoon ones are much longer. Some afternoon coats have two ankle-length panels, one on each side. A great deal of velvet is used, both for afternoon and evening coats. The evening colours are white, black, and pale pastels. A new evening silhouette has a sheath bodice to the hips, a peplum frill, and a very long skirt below.

Drawn in color by Reynaldo Luza REDFERN

This charming afternoon ensemble from Redfern is made in lime-green panne velvet. The gown has a separate godet panel across the front and a mounting waistline. The three-quarter coat, which is much longer in the back, is effectively trimmed with black monkey fur and has sleeves of elbow length.

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

Drawn in color by Reynaldo Luza

A lovely shade of Parma violet is used for this Dœuillet-Doucet evening ensemble. The wrap is velvet with chinchilla trimming and is worn over a chiffon frock. The gown at the right, from the same house, is made in blue mauve chiffon lamé with a silver broché figure and has a narrow train at one side.

CALLOT

The Persian brocade in this evening wrap from Callot has a waxed gold ground with small jewel-coloured flower design—like a Persian document. The gown of black lace is made over a satin slip ornamented with bands of gold lamé.

This Callot gown, with the distinctly new line and only one shoulder strap, is in green velvet, slightly yellowed in tone. The gown is draped to a wonderfully made knot on the left hip. The hem of the softly full skirt is lined with gold.

POIRET

"Beau Masque" is a lovely black tulle gown from Poiret, short waisted with closely fitted bodice. The arms and neck are covered with transparent tulle which ends close to the collar-bone in a necklace of cut-steel. The very long and full skirt of black tulle is ornamented with large palm leaves embroidered in black chenille.

CALLOT

The magnificence of Callot's collection is beyond words. As always, it acknowledges a debt to the past, as well as designing for the future. Crinolines worthy of Eugénie in her prime follow slim sheaths of gorgeous materials, sometimes entirely embroidered as richly as a mandarin's robe. In this house we find every material, every colour, every line. Callot has raised the waist to normal in a number of models, particularly for the daytime and for sports. For the afternoon, there are many princess gowns. For evening, every silhouette under the electric lights, including one which is like an old Japanese print. I chose to illustrate the lovely one in black lace and coppery lamé, to make a contrast with the draped olive green velvet by its side. A new silhouette looks, as Mr. Gerber says, like a gown worn backwards. The front is straight and slim, and the back drawn up apron fashion to a bow at the natural waistline. There is a new décolleté with this type, a long narrow oval, closed at the top with a brooch. One even finds the short, even-all-around evening gown here, in rich materials, but then, at the clever and versatile Callot's, one finds everything.

POIRET

This is a conventional collection, more easily classified into silhouette, materials, colours, than a series of individual models. Luza has interpreted the most beautiful of them better than words can do it. This house showed daytime skirts to the middle of the calf, while everyone else was cutting them off just below the knee; and evening gowns that trailed on the floor, when everything but the robe de style was worn at daytime length. This year, a special note is the Mélisande-like gowns in a new very light-weight, entirely beaded material, the beads not at all shiny, one in yellow, and another in gold and silver. A lime-green chiffon, short waisted, long skirted, is shown with a little removable taffeta jacket, fitted, and bordered with eighteenth-century gold-stitched frills. A snaky black velvet has plaited frills of tulle set down each side of the figure, like the fins of an exotic fish. If there is a typical silhouette, it is the princess line.

a diaphragm-developed opera singer, can stand a high belt. Chanel, in her usual brilliant way of making fashions wearable, offers us some gowns with belts only in front, and loose backs. Lots of designers temper the back with fichu drapery, and capelets and long hanging ties. Compromises there must be, and I hope, trust, and believe there will be. The midseason collections will be more passionately interesting than ever.

Some houses hope to achieve salvation for their clients by blousing. It is true that a bloused corsage, done intelligently, will offer a solution to many women. Patou blouses his frocks very much in the back, on a high line, giving the effect of a pouch. In his two black crêpe evening gowns, shown together, and called "Today" and "Tomorrow," the former has a normal waistline, very little bloused, while the latter has an almost *(Continued on page 88)*

JANE RÉGNY *Drawn in color by André Marty*

LES DÉPARTS DES HERONDELLES

This sports costume from Jane Régny is made in one of the new tweed jerseys. The speckled brown and white material is exclusive with this maker. The wavy inserts in the blouse are of Rodier's kasha wool jersey in a light beige tone. The girl holds the sleeveless jacket of brown and white in her hand.

Drawn in color by André Marty

CHANTAL

The figure at the left is dressed in a Chantal frock made of Meyer's "leda," a wool velours with a soft nap. A short jacket in leather-coloured brown is enlivened by a scarf in deep rust red. The skirt is made of the dark brown, while a pointed yoke of the red fabric furnishes an interesting colour contrast.

The right-hand figure is wearing a Meyer tweed from Chantal, in mauve-grey, bordeaux and white. The skirt is slit at the sides over a culotte of mauve-grey jersey. The top of the costume is a close blouse-jacket with inserted lines of red, worn over a jersey blouse attached to the culotte.

Yteb cuts a coat of deep seal brown velvet with a slight flare, fitted to the body. Yellow and brown cross-fox fur forms the deep cuffs and standing collar. Underneath is a frock of sage-green crêpe de Chine, with softly full skirt, tied on one hip and one shoulder.

A black broadcloth coat trimmed with black caracul, part of an afternoon ensemble from Irene Dana. The collar is novel, and the fur is used in a new way at the elbows. The frock is in Coudurier's "Gooseflesh" velvet; tiny dots of black velvet on a surface of silk alpaca.

YTEB *IRENE DANA*

Empire line, bloused a good deal. This shows the direction in which his thoughts are moving. But Directoire or Empire fashions, at present, are faintly suggested and not slavishly copied. There is no suggestion of a "fancy dress" about the new models. On the opposite page Monsieur de Monvel has drawn the coat of an ensemble from Lucile Paray, that indicates this line, as definitely as anyone does it. Its frock is drawn on the Last Minute pages. Another suggestion for dealing with this vexed question, is offered by Mademoiselle Madeleine, and illustrated on page 81.

But probably the best solution of all, is to return to the good old princess line, which, with clever handling, may be made becoming to almost any figure, and still suggest a natural waist, even when proportions are considerable. The abnormal figure cannot wear it, of course, but who can be expected to bother about abnormals in clothes designing? Fortunately they are few, and the poor dears will have to get along as best they can, as they always have done. The princess line, on the whole, is the leading silhouette of the season, taking the collections by long and large (especially by long, this year), which is another instance of great minds moving in the same channel.

There are two courses open to women who are determined to follow the extreme of the new mode at all costs. One is physical culture and the other is a return to a more important corset, a "regular" corset. It is rumoured that one of the leading houses in Paris is installing a department of physical training, for those who desire to recover a waistline. Another house advertises that it has devised a special corset designed to create the new silhouette, even when it does not exist. It looks like a grand winter for corset-makers, physical trainers, and dietitians. If you tie a string tightly around the middle of anything less rigid than the trunk of a tree, there must be something of a bulge above and below. Nevertheless, I cannot believe that a majority of even the smartest women will suddenly return to long corsets. We have been free too long, and our lives are too active. Will the new modes bring a return of the elegant leisure of the pre-war woman of the world? I doubt it, in this age of airplanes. Compromise will probably be the way out, for having reveled in freedom, comfort, and general becomingness so long, few women will have the nerve to say, "My waist up—may it always look right—but, right or wrong, my waist up!"

The natural corollary of the shortened bodice is the lengthened skirt, and they have come down in the world in consequence. Few houses keep to just-below-the-knee shortness, even in the morning. Three to four good inches below is a conventional length, and some designers have lengthened skirts to as much as five below the knee. This needs careful handling. There is a certain point, about the end of the curve of the calf, which is just plain dowdy. Frank ankle-length is much more graceful. Many of the leaders show afternoon gowns of this length, particularly when they are divorced from their coats. The very long afternoon skirt has brought a shortened coat in its wake.

A long coat, of heavy material, or of fur, covering the skirt, is too burdensome. Short fur coats are the offered solution in several houses, including Worth, Goupy, Patou, Maggy Rouff, and others. Chanel has revived the short fur cape, which she makes in beaver, nutria, and breitschwanz. She shows an important one in a sable-like fur, almost a Dolman shape, trimmed with its own tails. There are, however, many gorgeous afternoon ensembles in rich materials, like velvet, treated in longer frocks with slim coats, usually dipping a lot in the back, and

An ensemble from Lenief made of a new black velvet, with a woven-in white speck called "velours de corps." The coat is furred in silver fox. The skirt is double with straight underskirt and wide side panels set open to show the long white satin blouse in the front.

An afternoon ensemble from Lucile Paray, of heavy dark green marocain crêpe. The coat is cut on a sort of bolero line, the lower part richly worked in pin-tucks forming an arabesque design. The collar and cuffs are of beaver. The collar closes with two scarf ties.

LENIEF *LUCILE PARAY*

loaded with precious furs. They are magnificent, but I should imagine that many of the Famous Forty will be afraid of their very magnificence—it is apt to be "elderizing," and that is still anathema.

Here, in these collections, we have two distinct modes for mothers and daughters, a thing that has been unknown for years. Will the slender-silhouetted, sophisticated mother of a débutante daughter be content to take splendour for youthfulness? Can she afford to do so? Time alone will tell. In many cases, I fancy, she will regret her trim, round head, her straight, youthfully short-kilted frock, showing her pretty silken legs, as slim as any débutante's.

Then why all this magnificence? The answer seems to be found in the times themselves. During the war, we stripped our lives of superfluity, and reduced fashion to a mere minimum. The war over, the reversal of fortunes caused the socially important European to make a virtue of her new necessity, and a deity of simplicity. But the new moneyed class was learning. At first it was timid about launching out, and copied the simplicity of the old régime. But things have steadied considerably. The arbiters think it is now time for a rich mode, to differentiate again between Mrs. Colonel and Miss O'Grady. The economic situation is supposed to be adjusted, you see. Political, and other economists raise their eyebrows; but the dressmakers answer, "If it isn't, it ought to be," and put in an order for another ton of silver foxskins. So we have an outburst of somewhat overwhelming splendour in this new mode of only one dimension, in which there is practically no breadth, absolutely no thickness, and nothing but length everywhere.

Length, in the evening, has been a matter of inequality. Everyone has accepted the skirts that trail in the back. The new thing about them is their evenness, touching the floor all round, sometimes lifted just a trifle in front to enable us to walk without shuffling.

Afternoon skirts are the uneven ones, this year, except in some ankle-length-all-round cases, which, with their normal or slightly above normal waistlines, vividly recall the mode of 1912. Look over a book of fashion plates of the years just before the war. It is very instructive of how not to do the things we are trying to do again.

It is quite easy to accept the even-all-round, long evening skirt, when the hem is left transparent. It is in the thicker materials that its solidity is slightly disconcerting. Our legs promise to become as mysterious as those of the historic Queens of Spain.

To accompany these long skirts, the shortened evening wrap finds itself more firmly intrenched than ever. With the revival of lamés at 800 francs a yard, this is good news to a lot of people. A wrap for every evening gown is simply taken for granted, under this method. Patou even advises women to "rest" their ermine or chinchilla pride and glory, and wear a velvet coat instead, with at least six silver fox-skins on it! And now for technicality.

Fabrics in General

In woollens, the tweed's the thing. In summarizing the materials of more than twenty collections, I see that I have mentioned tweeds first in almost every case. Their variety is extraordinary, but mixed, speckled, or flecked types have been most generally used. Brownish shades, mixed with grey or beige, come first; black and white mixtures are of great importance; many houses have used yellow and brown, wasp colours. Some tweeds are extremely colourful. The range of browns is very great,

SCHIAPARELLI *GOUPY*

some being greenish, others very much greyed, others cocoa-tinged, or reddish, while mixtures of brown and blue are common. After the speckled and flecked mixtures, the diagonals come next, in a light and dark tone of the same colour, or in contrasted colours. Tweeds are of several weights. Sometimes the entire costume is of the feather-weight variety, sometimes the coat is in heavy material, while the frock is in the gossamer weave. They are frequently combined with their own jersey, in Rodier's fashion. In fact, after tweeds, jerseys are the most widely used woollen material. There is a strong tendency to keep them in tweed-like patterns, instead of the definite designs of former seasons. Plain wool jersey is still good. Vionnet uses it for entire costumes, with

An interesting combination of black tweed, black crêpe de Chine, and supple black pony. The skirt is in black tweed, with a deep inverted plait in front. The blouse, a tuck-in, is in black crêpe de Chine. The high-waisted jacket is of very supple black pony.

Goupy is using many flat furs with tweeds and jersey-tweeds for sports and country clothes. This coat is straight, three-quarter length, and made of black "chevrette." The frock, with a short waistline, is in red, black and white tweed-jersey plaid. Scarf of white chevrette.

SUZANNE TALBOT MARY NOWITZKY

Travel and country coat in heavy new "tweed boucle" from Meyer. There are little rings of wool all over the mixed surface, which is yellow-beige and brown. The coat is trimmed with brown astrakhan. Under it is a tweed frock and an extra cardigan of brown.

Tweed costume, in a line-plaid of beige and currant red. The coat is on redingote lines, with large pockets and a turn-over collar inset with velveteen. The skirt has a deep inverted plait in front. The fitted jacket is in currant velveteen with small red buttons.

a contrasting crêpe for part of the frock, often the yoke and sleeves. Judging from these collections, every woman will have a tweed coat this fall, frequently unlined. The use of taffeta for a lining is a good tip, especially over wool. Schiaparelli keeps hers unlined, but uses taffeta in the sleeves to make them easy to slip into.

For coats, the soft finished types of woollens, of which velours de laine is the classic example, are leaders. I find the satiny broadcloths well represented, with the brushed surface broadcloths (the type of Rodier's ziblikasha) as a compromise between the two. The thin broadcloths have also been used for frocks to complete the ensemble. Various fancy weaves appear for the thin woollen frocks that are so good for a cold cli-

Reading across:

Brown seal jacket with scarf and frock in brown and green and beige plaided velvet.

Black lace, all in frills, using 68 metres. Black belt with small diamond harness buckle.

Suit of beige and cream mixed tweed. Skunk collar and cuffs. Diagonal seaming in coat.

Black tulle over crêpe. Very high waist, belted with ribbon and strass buckle. Very long skirt.

White tulle over white crêpe. Shirred, sudden flare, stiffened underneath. Narrow belt.

New silhouette, recalling a Russian blouse in heavy cravatte silk, flag design. Shawl collar.

Black tulle over crêpe de Chine. White tulle edge. Little jacket embroidered in dots.

Brown and beige diagonal kashabure, box-plaited frills. Interesting three-quarter coat.

Dark green crêpe. Patou's new blouse back, on high line, flat front, skirt dipping in back.

New raisin colour tulle. Transparent hem from just below knee. Skirt is long all round.

Black moire princess afternoon gown, pink velvet collar and cuffs. Irregular hemline.

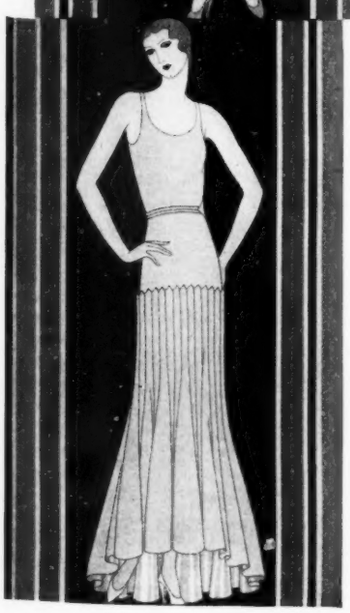
White lunasol, with tiny gold dots, cartridge plaits on very long skirt. High waist.

Reading down:

LOUISEBOULANGER
LELONG
PATOU

CHANEL
LANVIN
WORTH

MAGGY ROUFF
MOLYNEUX
CHÉRUIT



PREMET
TALBOT
IRENE DANA

mate. Interesting is Goupy's use of a thin white wool voile for the blouse of a black and white costume.

For our warm American houses, tweed and woollen frocks, be they never so thin, seem of doubtful utility. But the crêpes are often seen instead. One of the most interesting things in the whole fabric situation is the suggested substitution of other silken weaves for flat crêpes and marocains for afternoon wear. A thin silk alpaca with a raised velvet design, small, sometimes tiny, as in the "gooseflesh" velvet illustrated in September, is one of the best of these suggested novelties. Patou, Premet and Lenief among others, have made considerable use of them.

Silk broché crêpe, with a woven satiny design, is also suggested as a substitute for the eternal crêpe de Chine. Louiseboulanger fancies it particularly. Most of the designs are small, but sometimes we are surprised with a large one.

Crêpe satin remains in favour for this type of frock. Chanel shows a long series of crêpe satin gowns, with encrustations giving the effect of high waistlines, and much more closely adjusted bodices.

A real novelty is the use of the new "mosquito net" tulle for afternoon wear. Lucile Paray's gown in this material has been widely bought, I hear. Worth has used it for tuck-in blouses with his tailleurs.

As to the velvet situation, plain velvets appear in many rich afternoon ensembles. The usual type is real silk velvet, neither stiff nor ethereal, in black and in the deep rich colours of the winter mode. In many collections, there are black velvet separate dresses, for afternoon, showing the new ankle-length, uneven, or occasionally even-all-round skirt, like Patou's model.

As to the printed velvets, they take second place, for the tendency of the fabric situation, as a whole, is towards unfigured materials for winter. Lelong and Redfern, however, are houses that have made great use of them, in restrained colours, and in small or medium floral designs.

Panne was promised great prominence, and gets it in many houses, notably at Vionnet's, where many of the best evening models are in this flexible, lustrous material. In most collections, there is at least one black panne gown. Printed pannes are less in evidence than plain ones.

Stiff velvet has rather dropped out. As gowns are so full and long, it is hard to use successfully so opaque and heavy a material. Louiseboulanger, however, always original, has several of them, inimitably draped. Evening coats are frequently seen in this material. Wedding-ring velvet is often used for the draped type of evening gown. The velvets with a woven design have also been used. Louiseboulanger has a series of frocks in woven plaid velvet, with short fur coats, one of which is drawn on the opposite page.

Velveteen frequently appears, not only for coats of sports character, but for evening wraps, and even for evening gowns. Mary Nowitzky has used it for little jackets replacing blouses under tweed coats, as you see on the page drawn by Charles Martin.

In connection with prints, a most interesting use has been made of gay figured crêpes as blouses with taillêurs in several houses. Suzanne Talbot makes a specialty of sleeveless printed frocks in tuslikasha, that charming winter substitute for printed crêpe, with which she offers little jackets.

The printed chiffons, with broché designs in metal, or with a raised velvet design, have come into their own in many houses, notably at Molyneux's, Louiseboulanger's, Worth's. They make a delightful substitute for the immensely popular printed chiffons of the summer, which Patou, by the way, has not been able to resist, even for winter. The printed gauze lamés, almost as supple as chiffon, are also found in the evening mode, and very lovely they are. They contrast with the real lamés which the magnificence of present ideas has brought back to favour, not only for evening wraps, but for gowns as well. Most of the leading houses show at least one evening ensemble in shimmery gold or silver patterned lamé. The Persian patterned ones make gorgeous evening wraps. Lanvin has a series of gold and silver evening coats, in the ribbed variety, like metal reps.

Very interesting is the lamé afternoon gown, as seen at Patou's, Goupy's, and other places. Perhaps it is the lamé cocktail jacket that is responsible for them. Very simply handled, they depend entirely on the splendour of their material for interest.

Plain crêpe de Chine, crêpe-satin, georgette, and chiffon are all important in the evening. The heavier satins are less important than they were in the last winter collections, but Bianchini's lunasol, often with a tiny gold or silver dot, is found both in gowns and wraps. There is a lovely gown in this material from Irene Dana on this page.

Moire, while not a leader, has been used by such important designers that it must be mentioned. Some good coat frocks have been made of it; some afternoon gowns with fullish skirts; many evening gowns, draped or trailing; and numbers of evening wraps, both short and long. The new water-marks are much in evidence; some silver and gold shot moire is seen; and printed moire appears in a few collections, especially the "thumb mark" one, illustrated in the model from Suzanne Talbot shown in the September issue.

Lace is featured in some houses, notably Chanel's and Lelong's, and almost ignored in others. Chanel shows a gown (on the opposite page) in which sixty-eight metres of three-inch black Chantilly lace have been used.

The tulle situation is interesting. Besides the indestructible tulle for afternoon, mentioned above, embroidered tulles appear in exquisite gowns in many leading collections. Sometimes they are done in flat silk embroidery, imitating printed chiffon, sometimes in glittering mediums. Jet and tube beads in odd colours, crow-blue, raisin, brilliant green, make entire gowns, on a base of tulle. Melon-shaped spangles and the new oblong spangles are used in all-over design on the same material. The heavy mesh tulles, such as Baron de Meyer has photographed on Madame Lelong, and the jersey tulles, are rivals of the almost too fragile classic material.

Taffeta is not strongly represented, though Louiseboulanger is faithful to her printed taffetas, and Lanvin uses them for her favourite black gowns, combined with strass and silver. Vionnet has an interesting blouse in dark blue taffeta, printed with coppery designs, with a dark blue woollen coat and skirt. Lanvin uses faille, as only she can use it, and a new version with a wide satin stripe is illustrated on the first page of this article.

Colour in General

Daytime colours, in general, are rich and sombre. The dark greens, dark browns, a few dark blues, and the deepest reds; with either a brownish or a (*Continued on page 196*)

"'When you have quite done wallowing in that fur,' said Rupert Galer dryly, 'I should be glad if you would transfer a little of that misplaced affection to me.'"

A Story by Nigel Hughes:

SABLES

A costly Investment in Love, which Unfortunately—but Read this Clever satirical Tale

Illustration by John LaGatta

THE coat lay carelessly draped across one end of a settee, displaying to perfection all its shining beauty. It was a sable coat, a thing made of skins for which the snows of Holy Russia had been searched from end to end; and the price of it equalled a year's income for a wealthy man. Lying lazily on the rich cushions, it fell into a series of glowing curves under which muscles seemed even now to ripple and swell. It shone with a dark light, menacingly; it was supple as a snake and soft as a woman's breast; and it seemed uncannily alive. Auburn tints gleamed in its depths, and in the texture lay hidden odd glints of gold. A glorious coat.

As Honorine saw it, she gasped. Her eyes dilated until they were rather unpleasantly wide, and her nostrils quivered. From between parted lips her breath came and went in quick beats, and her hands clenched until the knuckles showed white as paper.

For a moment she stood thus, transfixed by the vision of loveliness before her. Then, with an inarticulate cry she flung herself onto the coat, embraced it, kissed it, pressed it to her forehead, buried her face in its lustrous depths. When at length she reluctantly raised her head, her eyes were moist, and she was smiling ecstatically.

"Oh, darling!" she breathed. "Oh, darling, darling man! Oh, darling sables!"

Rupert Galer smiled paternally down at her.

"You like them?" he enquired.

"I love them! I adore them!"

There could be no doubt as to the sincerity of the reply.

"They are your birthday present, my child," said Galer. "I'm glad I chose the right thing for once."

Honorine looked at him incredulously.

"Then they truly are for me?" she asked, still unable to grasp the extent of her good fortune. "Really and truly?"

"Of course."

For answer she turned again to the coat and, catching a piece of the fur between her two hands, solemnly kissed it, as though she were performing some strange reverence. A lingering, passionate kiss that to Galer seemed interminable.

"When you have quite done wallowing in that fur," he remarked dryly, "I should be glad if you would transfer a little of that misplaced affection to me."

The girl leapt to her feet. "Darling, how naughty of me!" she exclaimed. "But it isn't misplaced, dear. Nothing is too good for that coat. Nothing! Oh! I could worship it! And," she added, flinging her arms round the man's neck and drawing his head down to hers, "I could almost worship you a teeny bit. Just the teeniest, weeniest bit, sweetheart . . ."

Galer laughed, and kissed her on the mouth.

"You're an acquisitive little beast," he said; "but you're also a damnably attractive one. Unfortunately for me."

"Unfortunately?"

With both slender hands twisted in the lapels of his coat, she looked up at him provocatively, her head a little on one side, her mouth twisted into a wry smile.

"Yes. You're altogether too attractive for my peace of mind. Can't you see, my darling," he went on, suddenly dropping his flippancy of tone, "that I would give you anything in the world? Anything you wanted? My dearest, I'd give you the world itself if I thought that it would make you the least bit happier."

"Would you, darling?"

"Of course. And, by Jove," he said, "you know it, too, you little devil!"

At that she laughed, and he kissed her again. There came a discreet rattling of the door handle, and they parted abruptly. A footman entered bearing cocktails and salted almonds.

When he had gone, Galer slowly raised his glass.

"To you, my child," he said. "My dearest, dearest child."

"And to you," murmured Honorine. "Yes, and to the coat, too."

With which she ceremoniously toasted the gleaming mass of fur.

"Darling, what a wonderful present!" she began. "It's almost too marvelous to believe. All my life I've wanted furs like these. Other things I've had, jewels, clothes—but never this. And it had to be you to give them to me. It's—it's like a dream, dearest. A fairy-story."

He slid one arm around her waist and drew her to him.

"So long as you're pleased, my love . . ." he murmured.

"I would be pleased without sables," said Honorine.

Galer smiled, and kissed the very top of her brown head.

Rupert Galer was a connoisseur. He could afford to be. The Chairman of Galer Consolidated Metals and Galer Industries Limited could afford to be anything he liked. And he liked a good many things, with the taste derived from thirty years of uninterrupted success.

The surprising thing about the man was, as his friends remarked, that he looked so amazingly a gentleman. Nothing could be more unlike the popular conception of a Captain of Industry, that smooth-jawed cross between a prize-fighter and a revivalist, than he. He was tall, and, for his fifty-two years, successfully slim. His thin face was scored by lines that gave it an oddly attractive quality of expressiveness, and was crowned by thick, dark hair that was just, and only just, beginning to turn grey at the temples.

He dressed with restraint and spoke with an unexceptionable accent. Few of his earlier companions would have recognised in him the son of the works foreman who had served his time with them in the oil and stench of the machine-shop, who with them had crouched sweating in the hot sand of the foundry. By no gesture or intonation was his origin betrayed.

But, of course, it was inevitable that he should be a snob; and a snob he was, with all the vigour which he applied to his every interest. He was a bone-deep, true-blue snob. Incurably, irrevocably a snob.

Perhaps it was this trait of his that so deeply influenced him with regard to Honorine, Lady Maedor. Undoubtedly her beauty was a big attraction; for, as has (*Continued on page 178*)

LEGATO

By MARY CASS CANFIELD

SHE stood in this deserted place
Of fallen urns and rusted grace,
Where pansies stain brown earth in vain
Beneath the unremembering rain.

White lilies bloomed and white phlox blew,
Like ghosts. Upon the mournful yew
A cardinal flashed; and hidden doves
Cooed dim refrains of ended loves.

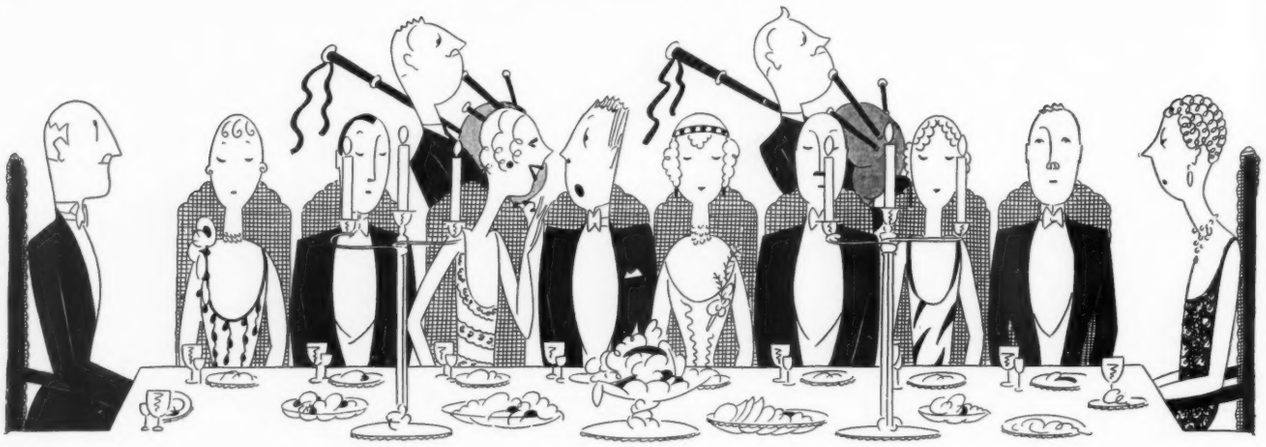
Over the shuttered window-sill
A torn nest hung. Some secret chill,
Incredible as summer snow,
Fell from the stuccoed portico.

She trod on long inviolate walks,
Deliberate, while broken stalks
Bowed at her feet and let her pass,
As wind across the heedless grass.

The marble basin dripped no more
Cool crystal rivers, as before.
She followed all the paths that wind
But what she sought she did not find.

The place was still, there was no sound;
Slow shadows crept. She turned around
And silently went out the gate,
Leaving this garden to its fate.

By Lady Kitty Vincent:



THE BRITISH HOUSE-PARTY

With a few Hints to American Visitors Concerning Titles, Tips and Trivialities

Illustrations by FISH

EACH country has its own customs. Although one may be perfectly competent to cope with any and every social problem at home, it is very easy to make mistakes when one visits another country where there is a definite difference in the code of manners.

I remember so well what happened to me the first time I went to stay in a country-house in Germany. I arrived after a long journey and my hostess said to me, "I am sure you will not be anxious to stay up late tonight."

I agreed thankfully, and when ten o'clock came I looked hopefully at the clock. However, she said nothing; eleven struck and still no move on her part toward bed. By twelve o'clock my endurance was exhausted and I said falteringly, "Do please forgive me, but I can't keep my eyes open."

"I had given up all hope of your ever wanting to go to bed," she said with a laugh; and then I discovered that, in Germany, the guest is supposed to make the first move and not the hostess.

"Many friendships have been broken at the bathroom door."

The English may be said to have invented the week-end, and there are certain unwritten rules and regulations about country-house visiting in England which are generally observed. I think that as a nation we are apt to be casual, although we do not mean to be rude; but the stranger may sometimes think that we do not give ourselves sufficient trouble to make things pleasant for our guests.

If you are invited to spend the week-end in the country in England, you will probably prefer to motor there instead of going by train. There is always room for an extra car, but be careful to ask if you may bring a chauffeur; as in these days there is not always accommodation for many visiting servants. If your hostess replies that unfortunately she can not put him up, but that she will get a room in the village, you must expect to pay for his lodging yourself; and you should give him instructions to do so the morning that he leaves.

If you are coming by train your host will probably suggest the time you should arrive, and it is thoughtful to make a point of following his wishes; as other guests may be taking the same train and it will be more convenient if one car can meet them.

You will probably arrive about tea-time and, if it is winter, after you have finished tea your hostess is sure to suggest that you would like to see your room. I beg of you to incarcerate yourself therein until dinner, as you will not be popular if you appear again. I don't know why, but English hostesses love to dispose of their guests soon after arrival. However, if it is summer, you may be expressly invited to descend for a game of tennis.

Punctuality is a virtue beloved of the English, so do make a point of being very punctual for dinner. Should there be Royalty staying in the house you will be expected to be in the hall or drawing-room, or wherever the appointed meeting-place may be, five minutes before the Royalties arrive. If you have not already been presented to them, your hostess will do so now. You will be expected to make a curtsy, but not an exaggerated one; those very deep curtsys are reserved for a Court.

English Royalties are quite informal and they do not make much difference to a house-party; but of course there are a few rules which must be observed when they are present. You cannot go to bed till they have gone. I can remember my poor mother's face at the mistake I made, when she took me to my first house-party.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were staying in the house, and dinner was a very prolonged and glorious affair with gold plate

"Although those same servants pocket large tips with greed, they laugh at the people who give them."

and wonderful food. By the time the men came out of the dining-room I was feeling very sleepy, so I walked calmly up to the Duchess, made a nice little curtsy and said politely, "I think I shall go to bed now, Ma'am, if you don't mind." The Duchess was a darling and very human. I believe she was much amused, but my mother spent the rest of the evening in apologizing for her dreadful little daughter.

After dinner, should there be Royalties staying or dining there, the hostess will be asked to bring up any of the women with whom the Princess or Royal Duchess may wish to talk. The correct procedure is to make a curtsy and then you will be invited to sit down. You will remain there till the hostess brings up another guest. On taking your departure you make another curtsy.

But at an ordinary dinner-party there is little if any ceremony, except as to where the guests sit. You can go to bed when you like, your hostess will not mind; and you can please yourself as to whether you read or play bridge.

There is, however, a distinct prejudice in England against playing any game of chance in a private house for high stakes, and on this point many hosts are adamant. It is best, therefore, to agree to whatever stakes may be proposed by one of the English guests.

Remember that drink is not the exciting adventure that it is in America. There is always plenty to be had and at a moment's notice. Under the old régime any excess in the shape of alcohol is considered to put an individual outside the social pale. I was once staying in a house where a young man had drunk just a little too much. It was only enough to make him a trifle merry in his speech, but our host personally conducted him up-stairs; and next morning a note was handed him with his early tea to say that there would be a car ready to take him to the station at a certain hour.

When your hostess bids you good-night she will tell you at what time breakfast is ready, and it is quite possible that no suggestion as to having the meal in your room will be made. If she does not allude to it, you can take it for granted that you will be expected to come down-stairs. So many of the big houses have to work with a depleted staff that it would add too much to the labour if all the women had breakfast in their rooms. I agree that the idea of breakfast in public is a depressing enough thought, but it is quite possible that you may have to face this ordeal all the same. I know a Duchess, no longer young or even middle-aged, who told me that she had never had breakfast in bed except when her children were born.

"Of course, it would be the height of bad form to wear the family tartan."

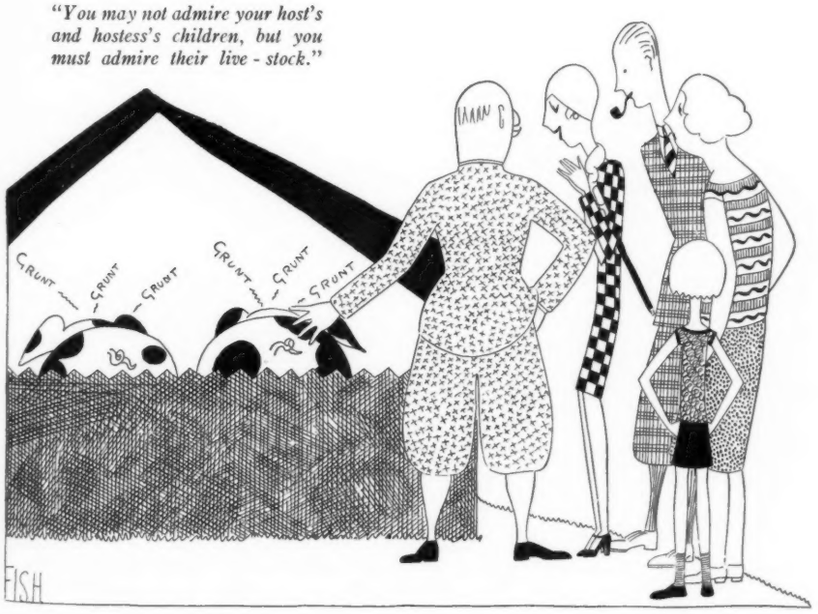
I am afraid that we do not shine in the matter of bath accommodation. Things are better than they were, but if you are paying a visit even to one of the really "good" houses, be prepared for the sad fact that there will not be enough bathrooms to go round. That is where the advantage of a clever and resourceful maid comes in, for she nips into the bathroom the moment it is empty and lays out your bath towel. Then woe betide the unlucky creature who tries to creep in unawares. She will keep everybody at bay until you are safely ensconced in the hot water (if the boiler is sufficient for the needs of the party) and you may soak in comfort and listen to other people's maids surreptitiously trying the handle.

Tipping is an invention of the Evil One, but as long as its tyranny exists it is best for everybody to give approximately the same amount. It is ill-bred to over-tip, as it makes it hard for the people who are badly off and it also tends to make the servants discontented. Incidentally, although those same servants pocket large tips with greed they laugh at the people who give them.

For an ordinary week-end in a country-house a man and his wife would be safe in giving the butler ten shillings, the footman who valeted the man five shillings, and the house-maid five shillings. There is also that down-trodden creature, the odd man, who very often cleans the shoes and carries up the luggage. He is rarely heard and never seen. Nevertheless, it is kind to give him half a crown, if you can track him to his lair. The wife's maid can be entrusted with this job, but on the whole it is better to present the tips yourself than to let another servant do it. A woman visiting alone does not tip the butler or the footman, merely the house-maid and the odd man.

At a shooting-party, in addition to tipping the household servants, there are the keepers to be considered. For one day's shooting ten shillings for the head keeper is enough; but, illogical though it may be, a pound would be sufficient for a week. (*Concluded on page 130*)

"You may not admire your host's and hostess's children, but you must admire their live-stock."



A Story by Cosmo Hamilton:

NOTHING IN RETURN

Of a Man who Thought he Knew All there Was To know About Young Women

Illustration by Everett Shinn

"Joan was startled. 'You're . . . you're joking, just for the pleasure of seeing me squirm'."

THE members of that house-party were on the edge of a crisis of nerves.

"Now then," said Saunton, bringing a whiskey and soda to the bridge table, "if we're going to finish this long-drawn-out rubber before the boy comes with the milk, let's push on with it." He flicked a half-smoked cigarette into a marble ash-tray. He was the sort of man who never killed his stubs. "I'm here. Edith's here, having powdered her nose, which wasn't necessary. It was white enough before. Here's Joan Millett, after a breath of this rheumatic air which she would have been better without; and here's Felix reinforced, as I am, with vital alcohol. If *we* win, bed. If *you* win, breakfast. Please God *we* win."

They all sat down again.

It had been raining for two whole days. The persistent patter of water on the Henley reach had had the usual effect. Nothing is so calculated to depress, in the middle of summer, as the Thames under a sunless sky, when willows actually weep and there are puddles in every punt. Mrs. Biggleswade's friends had played bridge from ten o'clock one morning until half past three the next. Lunch, tea, and dinner had made the three glad notes. Without alcohol and cigarettes to keep them going it is impossible to suggest what might have happened in between when one takes into consideration the fact that there was a preponderance of women, some of whom were wives.

The house was called Old Burgess—a famous and charming house. It was Tudor, which is saying enough. But one takes joy in adding that it looked down upon gorgeous gardens, yews clipped in fantastic shapes, grass walks between herbaceous borders, great trees, and rolling lawns. Swifts darted among its chimneys and thrushes stalked its worms, white pigeons went up in flutters, and peacocks, with excusable conceit, dusted the grass with their tails.

The fact that the Biggleswades lived there proved that they were shining specimens of the New Rich. Dear Edith shone very brightly. She wore innumerable diamond bangles, diamond brooches, diamond buckles, and though at the moment her eyes were dull, her hair was amazingly bright. A big, kind, breathless woman, charitable because, with her quite estimable husband, she had known what it was to be hungry, she had modelled herself upon those large, kind, breathless women who are cast to play grandes dames on the musical comedy stage.

If her grammar was a little weak and her pronunciation of certain words a little adventurous she put up a strong, persistent, and relentless fight against Anno Domini. But the dear old thing lacked even the smallest sense of humour. Her hair was bobbed and she danced—taking up far more than her share of the smaller and smaller spaces in the middle of cabarets. Being a childless woman of forty-eight she ran Saunton and two dogs. The others were Sealyhams.

Biggleswade, having entered into greater and greater expenses and being obliged to make a handsome yearly present to the income tax authorities of every single farthing of his income which wasn't spent by his wife, was a very hard-working man. He had disappeared at eleven o'clock. He needed nine hours' sleep.

Edith had been Saunton's partner throughout the whole of the day and this immaculate and capable young man, a master of the arts, played bridge, it goes without saying, with the most consummate skill. It is a noticeable thing that the man who plays the best bridge is bad at everything else. Nature is kind and distributes her compensations with a lavish hand.

At this moment, though doggo and horribly bored, dear Muzzy was outwardly as unaffected by the strain of that trying day as a newly washed lettuce untouched by vinegar. The opponents of these two were a man called Felix Tissington, probably the most unhappily married man in the English-speaking world—his own fault because no one could be happy with him, he was too mentally and physically fat—and Joan Millet, as to whom a number of rather unpleasant queries had begun to float about. On the face of it this was odd.

She not only played exceptionally good tennis and a dogged game of golf—high tributes to her character—but she was kind, simple, laughed frequently without making any noise, fitted into her surroundings with the ease and cheerfulness which go with tolerance, and never permitted her sense of humour to degenerate into a sense of the ridiculous. One mustn't forget to add to these excellencies that her nose was distinctly Norman, and that on the dullest day her hair dispelled the gloom. She looked about nineteen

and was only twenty-two. She was so admirable a dancer that she never indulged in the Black Bottom, which even negroes deplore.

While Saunton dealt the cards and the other members of the foursome settled in their chairs Oliver Meriden bent over the table and had a look at the score. He was a man who played bridge, and then reluctantly, only during air raids and storms at sea. He had not been conquered by rain. As outdoor exercise was uncomfortable he had put in several hours of those two horrible days on the squash court, taking it out on the ball. It had given him a sense of respect to continue playing, in a thick sweater, until he had covered the floor with splashes of perspiration, preliminary to a bath.

"Good Lord," he said to Joan, "you're staggeringly down, I see. The stakes they usually play here?"

To which Joan replied, with a smile, "When in Rome, you know, do as the Romans do."

In spite of her light tone Meriden was certain that he saw a look in the back of her eyes of tragic fright.

"I'm dreadfully tired," said Edith, with an enormous yawn. "Why do we do this thing for hours and hours at a time?"

"Excitement," said Muzzy Saunton.

"The incapacity to read," said Felix.

"The inability to talk," said the Millett girl.

"The competitive spirit," said Muzzy.

"Because everybody does it," said Felix.

To which Joan added, with perfect truthfulness, "The hope of making a bit."

"Well," said Edith, "it's martyrdom to me."

Saunton touched her hand. "A halo always looks very nice," he said, "among one's hats."

"Very likely. But every hour out of bed after twelve o'clock gives my maid two on my face."

The business was resumed.

Meriden turned away and came face to face with Nina Carnoustie, the only daughter of the Duke of Kirriemuir.

"Why don't you go to bed?" she said. "I know you hate late hours."

"But I'm interested in this game for a rather special reason."

"So am I," she said. "Otherwise I should have sneaked off hours ago. That nice girl Joan will lose enough money tonight to pay the income tax of a bookmaker. It worries me."

"It worries you? Really? Why?"

"Because I come from a country in which we have to give a three month's bill for a penny a hundred. It doesn't matter to Felix Tissington, but how on earth can a girl like Joan stand these frightful stakes?"

"I think I know," said Meriden. "How about finding a perch?" He led the way to the fireplace and threw on another log. A fire was very welcome after those dismal days. He put two very new rich cushions behind Lady Nina's back.

She was small, with tiny bones and neat; red of hair and eyebrows and therefore freckled; better than merely pretty because she had character and distinction and was blunt. She had rather astonishing eyes for a red girl, dark brown and filled with courage and fun. They were such obvious accidents that one looked twice.

"Thanks very much," she said, sitting and crossing her legs. She had every reason to be pleased with her knees. "I've just heard that you're a director of one of the biggest banks. I've come all the way from Scotland after a man like you."

"You Highlanders have an incurable habit of pulling people's legs."

"It amuses us to see how much muscle they've got, you see. It's also a way of hiding our national self-consciousness under a veneer of flippancy. But I'm quite serious in saying that I'm in quest of a golden man."

"Any man with gold?" Meriden was amused.

"Well, it would be all the better if it hadn't gone to his teeth. Yours are too good to be true."

He looked down at her from his perch in front of the fire. The back of his small head was reflected in the mirror. Nina liked his height and breadth, his big nose and tooth-brush moustache and the cleft in his chin. He might have been a Scot, she thought. It was the highest praise.

"Thanks, but I don't marry," he said.

"But won't you give the idea as much consideration as other propositions? Say to yourself, for instance, 'Here's a girl on the sunny side of twenty-five, sound in wind and limb, who puts up a hard game of tennis and drives from the men's tees; has the normal amount of humour and enough grit to prevent her from grousing at being chucked into the gardener's cottage after living in the House; picturesque because she's the daughter of one of the pre-war dukes who is now among the rather pathetic curiosities of peace, with nothing to bless himself with after paying the taxes but a large collection of mortgages and a title that won't come off.'"

"Very sad," said Meriden, with his eyes on Joan. "And probably a gallery of Old Masters that can't be sold to America because of our inheritance laws."

"Exactly. The sale of any one of 'em, even after the Government had had its whack, would permit me to be a dignified young woman and my father to rejoin his club."

"Has he nothing that he can sell?"

"Only me," said Nina, "I'm the one bit of unencumbered property that he can put on the market now. And I've never been let to anybody, even for the summer. Why not consider yourself in possession of an order to view? We're going to be under the same roof for several days. I suggest that you look me over. My hallmarks are guaranteed and I'm eleven hundred years old. An undoubted antique, you see. One other thing. If you're inclined to consider me seriously after a look at the catalogue I'll be a sportsman in every way and give as much as I take. I can't say more than that." She laughed a little but made no effort to hedge.

"I've never met a girl," said Meriden, "who would have had the courage to say even half as much. If I were ten years younger I would go down on one knee and beg for the honour of marrying you and keeping the duke."

"What difference do ten years make?"

"I'm afraid they've altered my views about women. As I told you a moment ago I don't marry, you see." There was a smile under his moustache, but his eyes were serious.

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"Doesn't it explain itself? To be equally frank I can see no reason why a man should be doomed to live with a woman all his life for the sake of a honeymoon. Most women are perfectly satisfied with half a dozen diamond bangles."

Nina looked disgusted. "You must have had rather bad luck in the women you've met," she said.

"I'm talking of the average woman," said Meriden. "The ordinary woman, who doesn't give tuppence about such little things as honesty and gratitude. The parasite, I mean, who takes everything she can get, and gives nothing in return."

Nina burst out laughing. "Oh! You're one of those bitter outraged heroes of women novelists' books who thinks that every girl's a rotter because one of them turned you down."

"There is something in that," he said. "Also, rather unfortunately perhaps, I am an observer, an experimenter, and a confirmed cynic. I've watched the married life of my friends."

"And yet," said Nina, looking up at him with a sort of regretful admiration—he was a very good-looking person—"you're capable of being tremendously in love."

"I'm tremendously in love at the moment. But that has nothing to do with marriage. How on earth do *you* know that I'm in love?"

"From the way you've been watching Joan Millett."

"All experimenters have to watch," he said.

Nina sat up straight. (*Continued on page 182*)

LAMENT OF THE TOWN HOUSE

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

I AM a town house, lonely, sad;
  My rights are contraverted.
A family I formerly had,
  But now I'm oft deserted.
In autumn, full I'd thought to be,
  But I was much mistaken.
No household has returned to me,
  My void, you might say's, Aiken.

In winter, I'm resided in
  And furnish board and bedding,
But briefly since the kith and kin
  For Florida are heading.
In spring, my heart once more beats high,
  Yet how false hopes delude a
Faithful old town house, I sigh.
  I lose out to Bermuda.

Then I expect a week or more
  Of pleasant occupancy.
But Europe, country, mountains, shore
  Will catch the family's fancy.
Oh, pity me, the poor town house
  Whose people widely roam.
It's only to a little mouse
  That I am home, sweet home.

Paris sends new Hats and Coiffures

Agnès

New turban made of specially woven band of tweed, with scarf to match.

Tallien

Afternoon turban of closely drawn bands of crimson velvet, with bow over the ear.

Marie Christiane

Black antelope felt, with somewhat the movement of a cocked hat, one point longer than the other.

Agnès

Close cap of black velvet, with two velvet flowers, the top one black and the lower scarlet. Inspired by Argentina.

Agnès

Toque of heavy black satin ribbon, with large bow set low in the back. Also inspired by Argentina

Tallien

Dark brown felt, with ostrich tips, one orange and one brown.

Two evening coiffures by Antoine.

Marie Christiane

Hat of rust-colored felt, oddly cut and turned back on the forehead. Bow in back.

Agnès

Black velvet, lined with turquoise velvet, called "Gust of Wind"

Ira L. Hill

THESE CHARMING CHILDREN

The Misses Katherine and Marie Louise O'Brien formed the above attractive picture in the gardens of "Châteaubrien," at Southampton, Long Island, where their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien, passed the summer. Before her marriage Mrs. O'Brien was Miss Katherine Mackay. She is the daughter of Clarence H. Mackay of New York and "Harbor Hill," Roslyn, Long Island; and the granddaughter of the late Mrs. John W. Mackay, for years a distinguished figure in international society.

AUTUMN CLOTHES ARE RICHLY FURRED

A charming ensemble from Molyneux, imported by Altman. The heavy tweed of the three-quarter coat and skirt is brown with a rosy cast. The standing collar and front panel are of rosewood caracul in a matching tone. The blouse is rose satin.

A suit for Fall with the new high waistline is this brown diagonal woollen from Milgrim. The coat is richly collared in matching brown caracul. The skirt has a yoke with deep point at the side front, meeting a godet. Coat lining and blouse are green.

Abercrombie and Fitch import a smart ensemble from Jenny in a violet-blue tweed. The full length belted coat has a huge collar of blue lynx and diagonal seaming across the back. The tweed frock beneath is fashioned of the same tweed in a finer weave.

Rough tweed in a yellow mixture makes the three-quarter coat of this sports ensemble from Mrs. Franklin. The coat is warmly collared in badger, worn over a skirt and cardigan of yellow cheviot with a yellow crepe blouse of corresponding tone.

THE NEW TWEEDS ARE GAY AND COLOURFUL

This suit from De Pinna is made of tweed in a mixture of hunter's-green with white. The short box-coat has a shawl collar of raccoon, is belted rather high, and trimmed with diagonal tucking. The wrap-around skirt is worn with a green knitted tuck-in sweater.

Blue and white tweed in a new weave is used for a sports ensemble from Kurzman. Natural wolf of blending tone forms the collar and cuffs. Beneath is a hand-knitted sweater repeating the tones of the tweed. Coat and skirt have a side plait down the back.

The distinction of this putty-coloured sports ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman lies in its flaring sleeveless cape-coat. It is worn over a short coat and wrap-around skirt, with jumper of putty-coloured Rodier fabric banded with tweed. Shawl collar of nutria.

A black broadcloth ensemble from Paquin, trimmed with cross fox. The coat has a typical Paquin back, with a loose shaped piece set on above the fur banding. The square collar is in the Paquin manner. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

THE WINTER MODE IS A FURRED MODE

Greenish-brown broadcloth is used for an afternoon ensemble from Frances Clyne. The three-quarter coat is lavishly trimmed with red fox, which outlines every edge. With the circular skirt is worn a blouse of old gold lamé.

Very rough tweed, with brown and white nubbed surface, is the fabric used for this Jaeckel coat. Shaped insets under the arms give a slightly fitted silhouette. The putty-colored lapin collar has a cape-effect across the back.

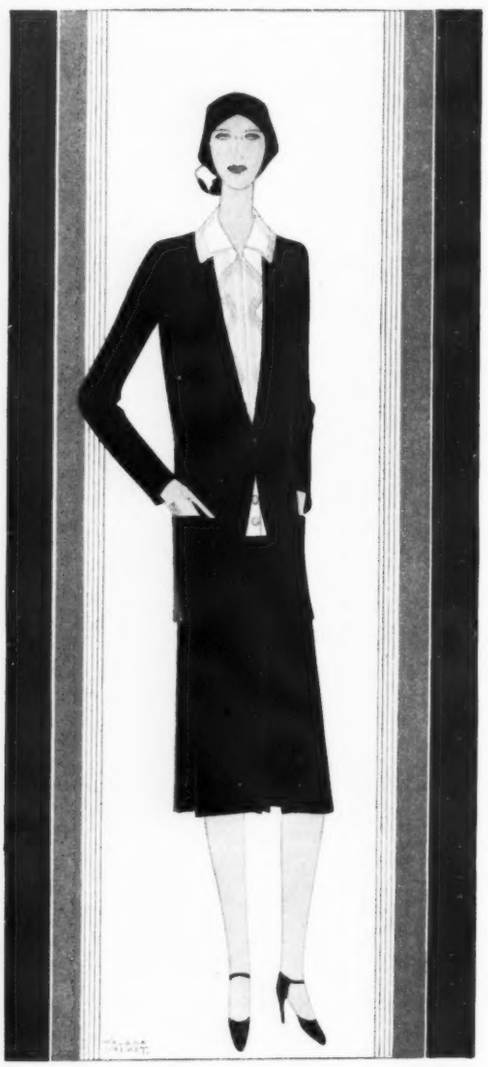
Oxford grey, so dark that it is almost black, is used for a coat from Franklin Simon. It is a Paquin adaption and has the slightly fitted line and restrained flare of this maker. From neck to hem it is trimmed with Persian lamb.

COATS INDICATE A FITTED SILHOUETTE

Molyneux uses rough grey tweed for a sports coat and frock. There are patch-pockets, deep fabric cuffs and a collar of grey astrakhan in two tones. This stands away from the face to allow for a wide hat. The skirt is plaited. Wanamaker.

A slenderizing Paquin coat from Bonwit Teller with a charming treatment of the cape theme. Light-weight brown kasha is used for the making, the circular shoulder cape enriched by a wide band of blue fox, one of the smart winter furs.

From Franklin Simon comes this black velvet walking suit. The coat is finger-tip length with a one-button closing. It is worn over a white satin blouse, which has a finely stitched turnover collar. The skirt has an inverted plait in the front.



This two-piece frock in brown checked tweed is a Goupy adaptation. The tuck-in blouse and the flaring skirt both close with two rows of large brown leather buttons. There is an Agnes turban and envelope bag in matching tweed. Best.

A London Trades frock in a black and white light-weight tweed. It is made on princess lines with a flaring skirt, and a belt of black and white silk marks the higher waistline. The collar and cuffs are in white silk piqué. Lord and Taylor.

NEW WOOL FROCKS FOR COOL WEATHER WEAR

IMPORTANCE IS GIVEN TO TWEED MIXTURES

Imported tweed frock in a yellow and brown mixture. The dress has a plaited skirt and a band of brown lapin at the hips. The jacket is in a coarser weave of the same tweed and there is a scarf tie of the lapin. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A smart two-piece dress from Bonwit Teller made in a black and white silk and wool fabric. There are two large pockets, and a patent-leather belt marks the higher waistline. The vestee and cuffs are made of white crépe de Chine.

Loosely woven tweed in a red and beige mixture is used for this sleeveless dress and long coat. The jumper has three ties which act as draw-strings and can be pulled in to mould the figure. The cape is new. Bergdorf Goodman.

A black velvet evening gown of slender, graceful lines, tightly moulded at the hips. The skirt, which has a circular flare, is elongated by a deep flounce of double tulle which just escapes the floor in the centre of the back. From Jay Thorpe.

A lamé evening ensemble in gold and palest pink. The frock has a tight-fitting bodice, belted with a narrow strip of the material, and a deep plaited flounce, longer in the back. The wrap has a collar of prairie sable. From Emmett Joyce.

From Omar Kiam comes this lovely evening ensemble. The wrap is of ruby-red velvet lined with white satin and there is a little scarf tie of ermine at the neck. The frock is in the same white satin with long points, front and back.

VELVET AND LAMÉ ARE FAVOURITES FOR FALL

WAISTS ARE HIGH AND SKIRTS ARE TRAILING

A charming evening gown from Bergdorf Goodman in Florentine purple velvet showing the new high waist and fitted lines. Shaped panels, which cross the hips on a diagonal line, are held at the centre of the front with a large amethyst buckle.

Hattie Carnegie makes this evening gown in sheerest rose and silver lamé. Below the tightly moulded hipline, two diagonal flounces are used in tiers falling to the ground in points. The loose cowl-shaped neck in the back is graceful.

Fine black lace is used for this evening frock from Frances Clyne, which is made on long princess lines. It is tightly moulded to the knee, with a high waistline, and has a circular skirt, long all the way around, with a graceful train.

From the New York Shops

Imported passport bag in beige calf. Bergdorf Goodman.

Grey silk umbrella. Square wooden handle. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

One-strap pump. Ox-blood calf; solid leather heel. Fortmason.

Gold lamé evening bag, with rhinestone monogram. Frances Clyne

Bed jacket in peach crêpe, with deep-toned Chantilly lace. Nargère.

Black antelope bag. Clasp of marcasite and enamel. Bruck Weiss.

Cigarette case and lighter. Black enamel and egg-shell. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A new tweed hat from Agnès in red and grey mixture. From Milgrim.

Exquisite diamond bracelet, cabochon emeralds and turquoise. Van Cleef and Arpels.

Patou hat of green soleil. Gold chain ornament. Joseph.

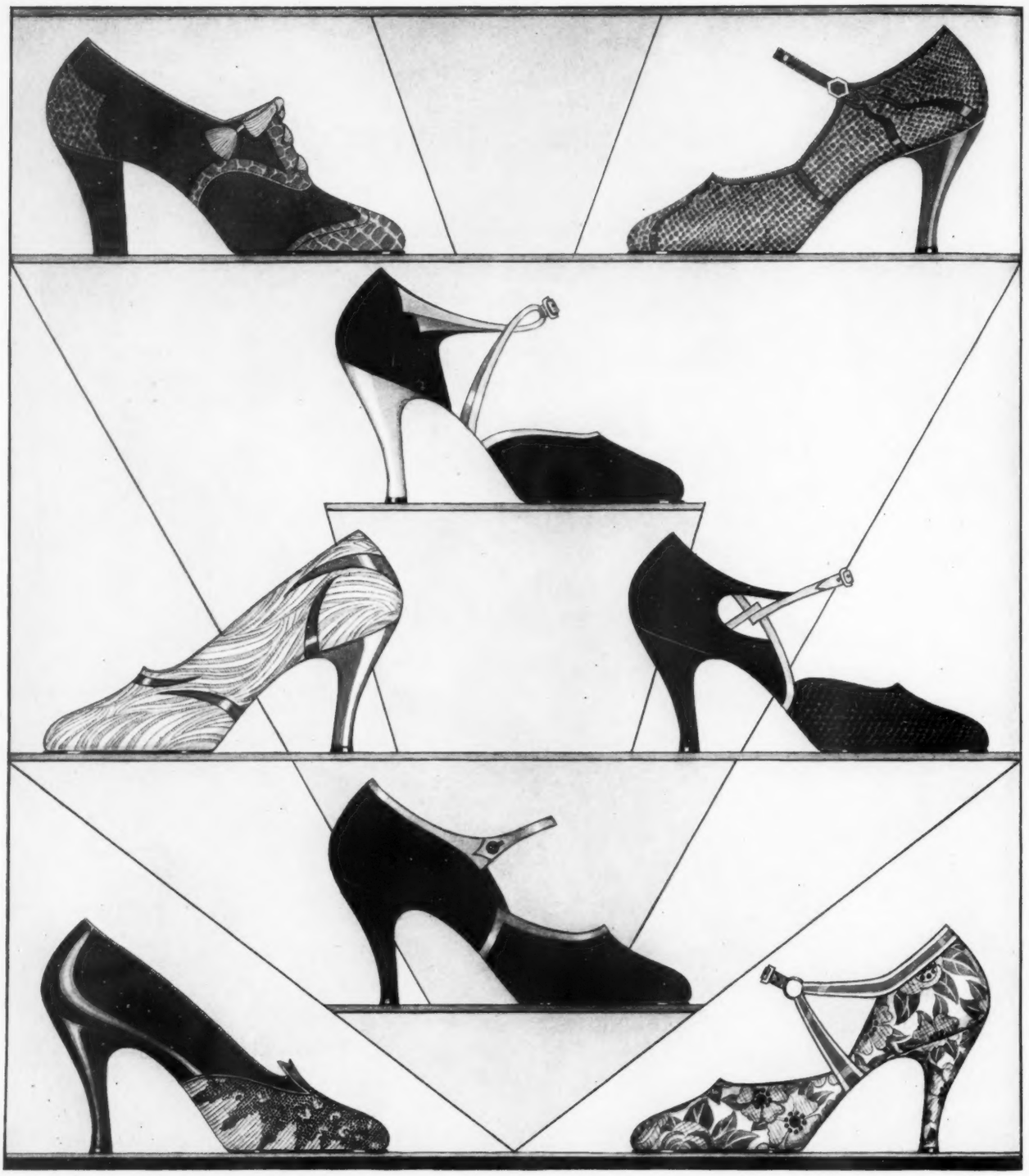
Black chiffon handkerchief. Spanish influence. From B. Altman.

Prince of Wales sports shoe, tan lizard, solid leather heel. Fortnason.

Imported evening sandal, white crêpe, finely plaited vamp. Altman.

Satin hand blocked hostess gown in tones of mauve and blue. Jessie Franklin Turner.

Veronica E. Kelly



LINES OF DISTINCTION FOR FALL SHOES

Spectator sports shoe, brown suède, crocodile trim, leather heel. Slater.

High-strap evening sandal, crêpe de Chine, silver kid trim. Cammeyer.

Bottle-green lizard vamp suède quarter, straps of green nacré kid. Slater.

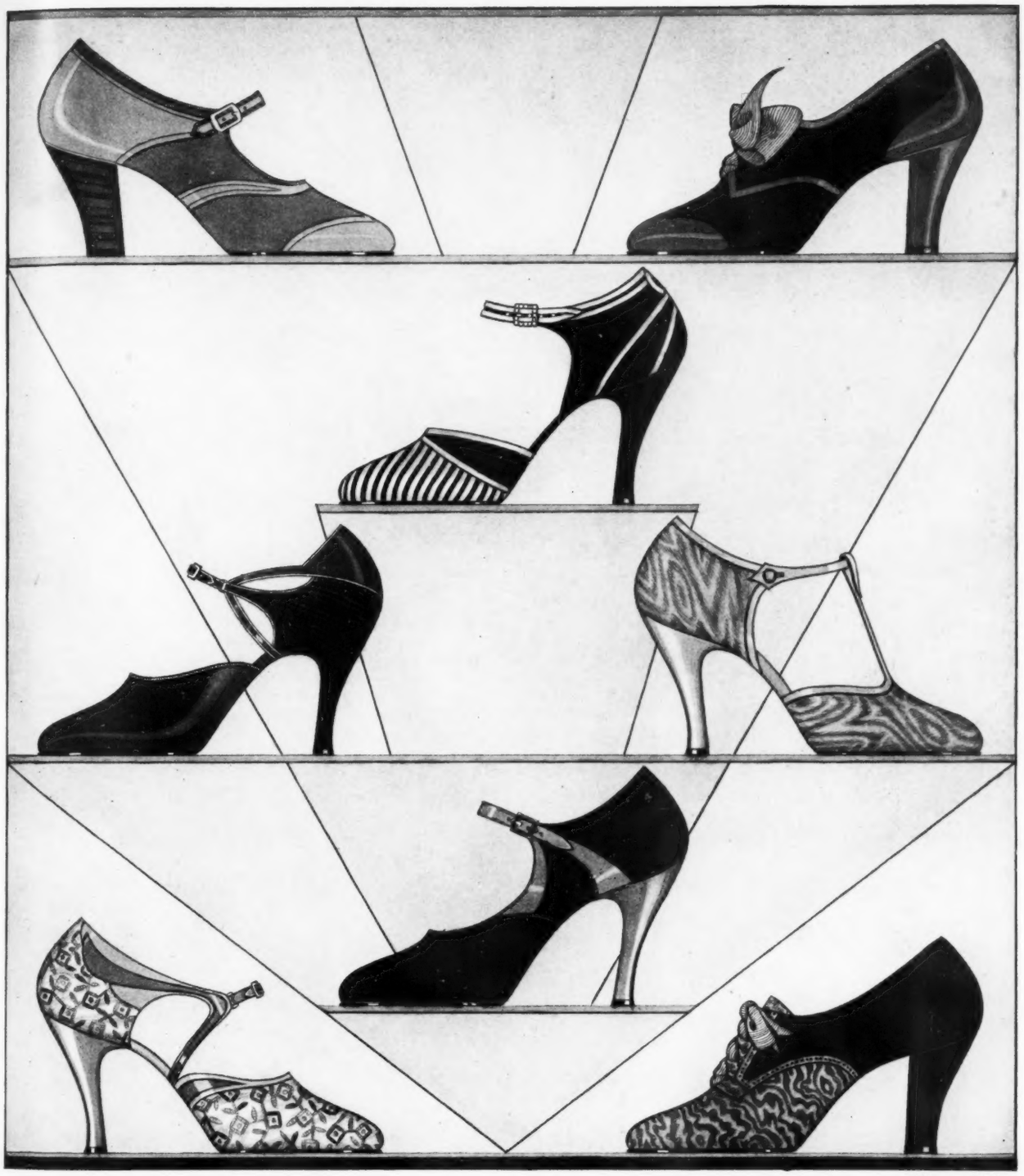
Street pump, Java lizard vamp, patent-leather quarter. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

One-strap daytime pump, brown lizard with plain kid strappings. Frank.

Evening pump of white and gold lamé. Gold kid heel and motifs. Frank.

Black reindeer pump; gun metal nacré kid strappings. Martin and Martin.

Flowered brocade evening shoe, gold and silver straps. Martin and Martin.



Florence Blecker

CHARMING COMBINATIONS AND CONTRASTS

A tailored street pump, brown suède; calf trim, leather heel. Cammeyer.

Crêpe sandal, moire and velvet insets, silver kid straps. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

T-strap evening sandal of moire, gold kid heel and strappings. From I. Miller.

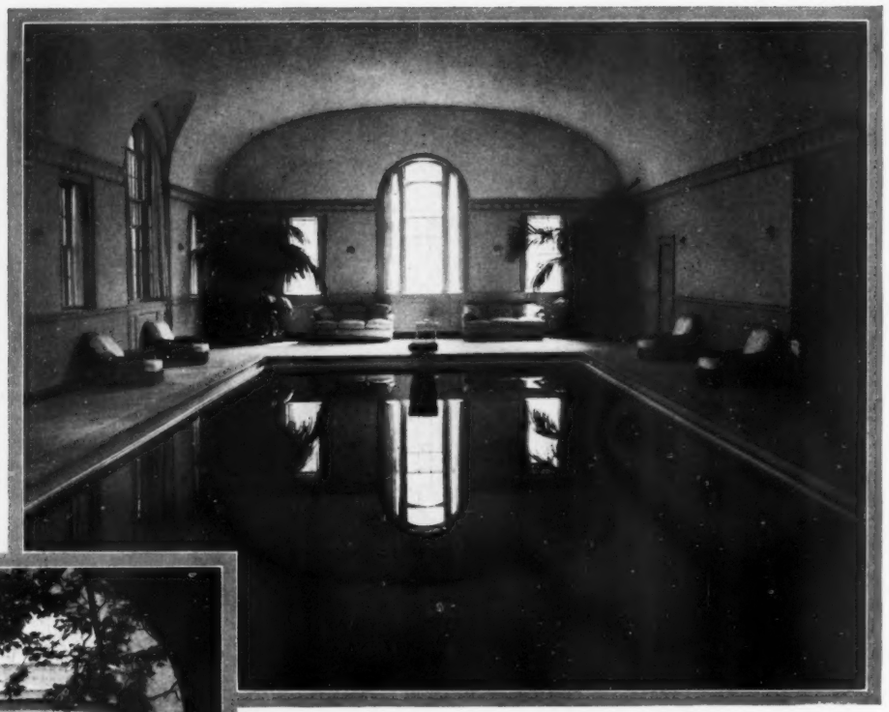
Evening sandal of flowered brocade; gold straps with green kid overlay. Delman.

Three-eyelet type of sports oxford. Brown suède with calf trim. Cousins.

Blue kid street sandal for afternoon, blue lizard saddle and heel. Cousins.

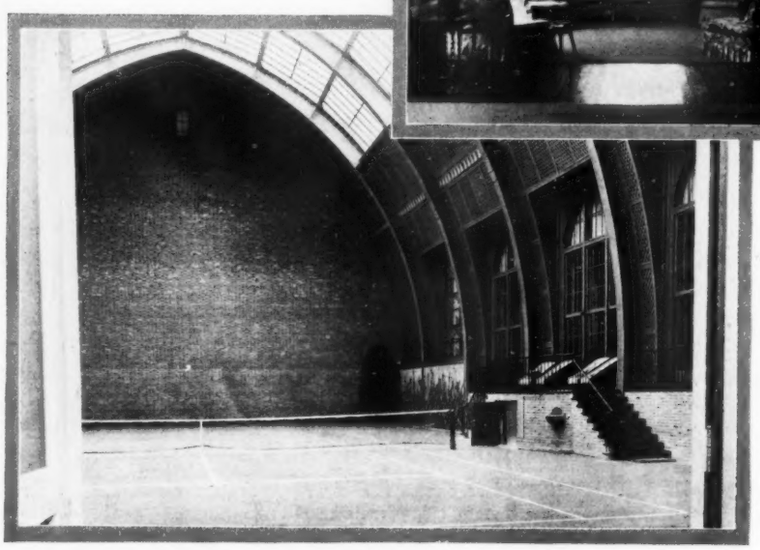
Black antelope pump for daytime. Heel and trim of nacré kid. I. Miller.

Smart street oxford, blue water-marked kid vamp, suède quarter. Delman.



Indoor swimming-pool on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams near Oyster Bay, Long Island. The pool and the indoor tennis court, with the lounge and necessary dressing-rooms as well as the attendants' suite, occupy a separate and substantial building of concrete, steel, and brick, just finished, about a quarter of a mile from the Great House. The attractive entrance to the tennis court is shown at the left.

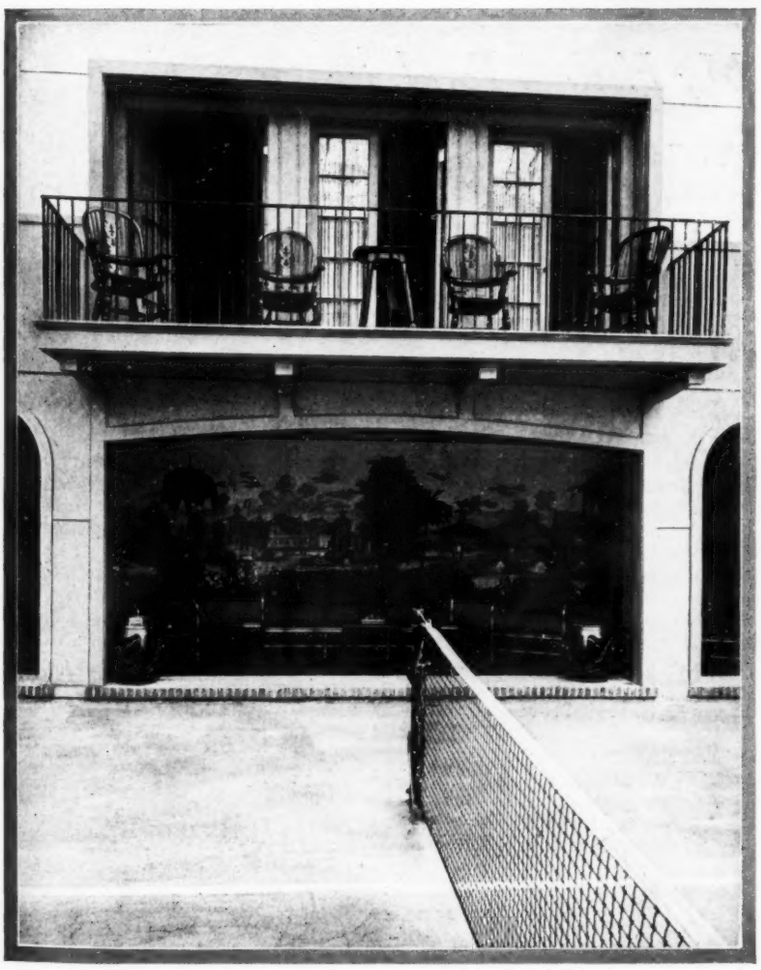
SWIMMING AND TENNIS IN PRIVATE LIFE



Indoor tennis court of the Harrison Williams'. The large and very comfortable lounge is situated behind the tall glass windows at the right and is on the route from court to pool. The great improvements in design recently made in private indoor tennis courts, the increased spaciousness and thoroughly adequate lighting, are amply evidenced in the photographs on these two pages. Both courts are among the newest of their type, this being their first season in use.

Photographs by Sherril Schell

The swimming-pool and new indoor tennis court on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, jr., at Irvington-on-Hudson. The photograph at the right shows the growing vines in the tennis court, protected by wire netting, as well as the very ample margin around the playing space.



Below, Mrs. Enos W. Curtin and Mr. Biddle on the edge of the pool. To the left, a view of the upper and the lower spectators' galleries; from the latter the other court photograph was taken. The lower gallery is decorated in the Chinese manner with teak-wood furniture and a brilliant Franco-Chinese wallpaper in warm colours.

A Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:

MARRIED MONEY

The social Career of two Smart young Moderns who Had more Gold than Wisdom

Illustration by Wallace Morgan

PART V.

WEE had been unable to find Lily Damfreville, the best decorator in New York, that morning. But she found Miss Damfreville in her office next day.

"You're a Boston girl, aren't you?" the great decorator asked. "I have heard about you. But how can I do anything? I am crowded, rushed, suffocated, and driven half mad by a perfectly absurd piece of work. I am doing over a church in the modern style—have you heard about it?"

She nodded her superbly white head to emphasize her words. Her skin was pink and young, and she had beautiful hands. Wee liked her on sight; there was a breeziness, a cordiality, a charm that made her more conspicuous, more important, than any of the incomparable objects among which she sat.

"It really is incredible to be taking out the dark old pews, and the terrible old timbers in the apse, and the stained glass windows," she said. "And the reading desk, and the pulpit—and those awful, awful Victorian lighting fixtures. And what I'm going to put in their places to make the church livable and attractive, without shocking its old parishioners more than they're shocked now—well, it's a problem, I can tell you. I don't think I can be *too* modern, do you?"

"I didn't know you could be modern at all—in a church," gasped Wee.

"Then you haven't been at Vitry-sur-Seine," said Miss Damfreville. "There's a very pretty church there, all concrete and glass. Well, I don't want to bore you with my troubles. Tell me about yours. What kind of house have you got?"

"A pent-house. Quite a small one, but I want it to be attractive, and I think—"

"I know. Express your personality, of course. Boston decorations. A grandfather's clock, Empire sofas and chairs, dark carpets, a pane of purple glass in each window, and—perhaps—a framed letter from Emerson on the wall. Of course! And a Mayflower cradle; I saw a very interesting one lately on Madison Avenue. My daughter Pat can really do everything for you better than I can. Yes, Pat will do everything."

"But," said Wee, "I don't *want* to express my Boston personality. Far from it! Anything but that! I don't want any Copley pictures on the walls; I came to New York to get away from them. I want something very simple. The effect of underfurnishing, perhaps. My husband has some Irish blood, far back; and I thought it might be amusing to have the Irish Georgian style. Do you think that would be as practical as the French provincial?"

"Nobody," said Miss Damfreville, severely, "bothers about periods any more."

An assistant came from the back of the floor, bringing a tray with two rusks and a cup of bouillon.

"Lunch," said Lily. "All I have time for. If you knew how this telephone rings and rings—especially at lunch time, when people are sure they will find me in. If I lunch at home, it's still worse. Do you know, it's interesting to find a Bostonian who doesn't want to express Boston wherever she goes. I hope you're in New

"'This used to be called the Eagle Bicycle Club,' said Boxy. 'But that was before it was fixed up so nicely.'"

York long enough for a tremendous spree—"

Wee nodded.

"I saw something in the newspaper about you," Lily Damfreville said. "And Caleb Spinney was speaking about you, only a few weeks ago."

"Does Caleb Spinney buy things here?"

Wee's tone was so shocked, so incredulous, that Miss Damfreville laughed.

"Oh, dear, no," she explained. "He sells things here. He inherited a lovely old house from an aunt, last spring—my dear, it was simply stuffed with almost priceless antiques—and the panelling is a dream of beauty. But he is very comfortable already, of course, in that nice big house at Nahant—"

"A house built in 1885," said Wee.

"But very snug," said Miss Damfreville. "Solid comfort, in every room. And his apartment on Joy Street is just what he wants, too. So he decided to—"

She waved a hand, expressively, at the finest Goddard highboy Wee had ever seen; finer, even, than the one in Uncle Roger Legg's dining-room.

"Just *one* of Aunt Zipporah Spinney's things," said Miss Damfreville. "But I mustn't bore you. My daughter Pat will be here any minute. Some of the customers amuse themselves by calling her Patina, for short. She's a nice child, and—"

She picked up the French telephone.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Eckwitz, but you know what workmen are. And you are giving a party this very evening? Well, it may amuse your guests not to have a dining table. You are sure it will not? Well, I can't do anything about it. No. I will do nothing. Good-by."

She put the telephone down, and smiled wearily at Wee. "I suppose she thought she could make me lend her a dining table," she said. "But she can't. She is a customer whom I find very difficult to cow. Would it be very indiscreet to say that she is a cow, already? But I'm boring you again. This afternoon I will have to go to that depressing church, and persuade the darling bishop that pink walls are devout. I'm sure you can't pray properly in a cold gray church—you have to ask charmingly for things if you expect to get them, don't you? The girls in my school in England prayed so unattractively, poor things. How can you be charming if your nose is blue with cold, and you haven't enough to eat? No wonder their prayers were never answered. Do you believe pink walls are devout?"

Again the telephone rang. "Absolutely no!" said Miss Damfreville. "I will not pay you one cent."

She took the telephone from her ear and laid it on the table, while the tiny voice in it raved on.

"That is a gentleman cow," she said calmly to Wee. "He has appointed himself an unofficial tout for my business. He is a large, pink, elderly cow. I wish I could send him to the stockyards. Oh, if you knew how much I miss Pierre Damfreville, the sweet soul. He used to answer the telephone too divinely, but someone told him it was beneath his dignity as a Prince of France. So I had to divorce him."

She put the telephone back on its stand, after sweetly informing her caller that she would have him arrested for blackmail.

"I've thought how to do your pent-house," she announced, without a pause. "But instead of submitting a plan and estimates—such a bore, don't you think?—I will ask you and Pat to go first, and look at every piece. There are about five or six rooms in peoples' houses that I want you to see, too. All that will take a week or ten days; and then we will go right to work, together. Yes, that will be the best way."

"I agree with you that plans are a bore," said Wee. "My life has been much too full of plans, in the past. So I think it would be nice to see everything, to go to all the galleries and dealers, and then pick out the things I like without stopping to worry about the prices."

"That is the most remarkable thing I have ever heard a Bostonian say."

"I'm not a Bostonian any more."

"I wonder," said Lily Damfreville. "However, we'll soon know, won't we? Will you come to dine, so very informally, this evening. Just a few rather amusing people are coming—you know some of them, I'm sure. Boxy Keck, and Major Steele-Bright, and Jimmy Telford, and a few women."

"Yes," said Wee. "I know Mr. Keck."

"You will like the others just as well," promised Lily Damfreville. "If you will bring your husband, it will be charming. At eight o'clock?"

"Thank you very much."

Wee left Miss Damfreville's with Pat—a tall, blonde girl with a stride just as purposeful as Wee's own. The afternoon resolved itself into a kaleidoscopic tour of the wholesale decorating establishments; and by five o'clock Wee was tired, for the first time since she had come to New York.

"The air here is so invigorating," she said to Pat, at tea. "In Boston it is different; even a couple of hours of social settlement work are rather tiring. But this New York atmosphere is so full of interesting smells—everything from gasoline to perfume—that it seems to have as much kick as a cocktail. This is the first time I've ever been willing to sit down at all."

"I'm tired all the time," said Pat Damfreville. "But I've got a book full of notes, and I know you're going to have a house you will like. Mother's a genius. (*Continued on page 160*)

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Tollmann

Tailleur of deep brown broadcloth. Blue fox.

Ardanse

Black velvet frock. Vest and cuffs of white ermine.

Maggy Rouff

New version of the satin blouse with the tailleur.

Lenief

New raised velvet on a satin base. White blouse of same material. Seal trimming.

Nicole Groult

Evening gown of black Lyons velvet. Skirt and bows lined with bright Empire green.

Lucile
Paray

Dark green
marocain.
Pin-tucking
design. Empire
waistline.

Lucile
Paray

Deep red-brown
velvet with fox
of the same tone.

Mirande

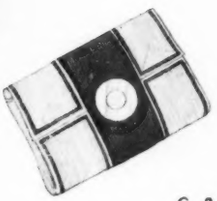
Greyish-brown
tweed, with
white collar.

Tollmann

Panne velvet with
high set belt. Skirt
long all round, slightly
shorter in front.

Bernard et Cie

Dark brown man's
material with double
breasted waistcoat.



Lelong

Straw and black
string. Silver buckle.

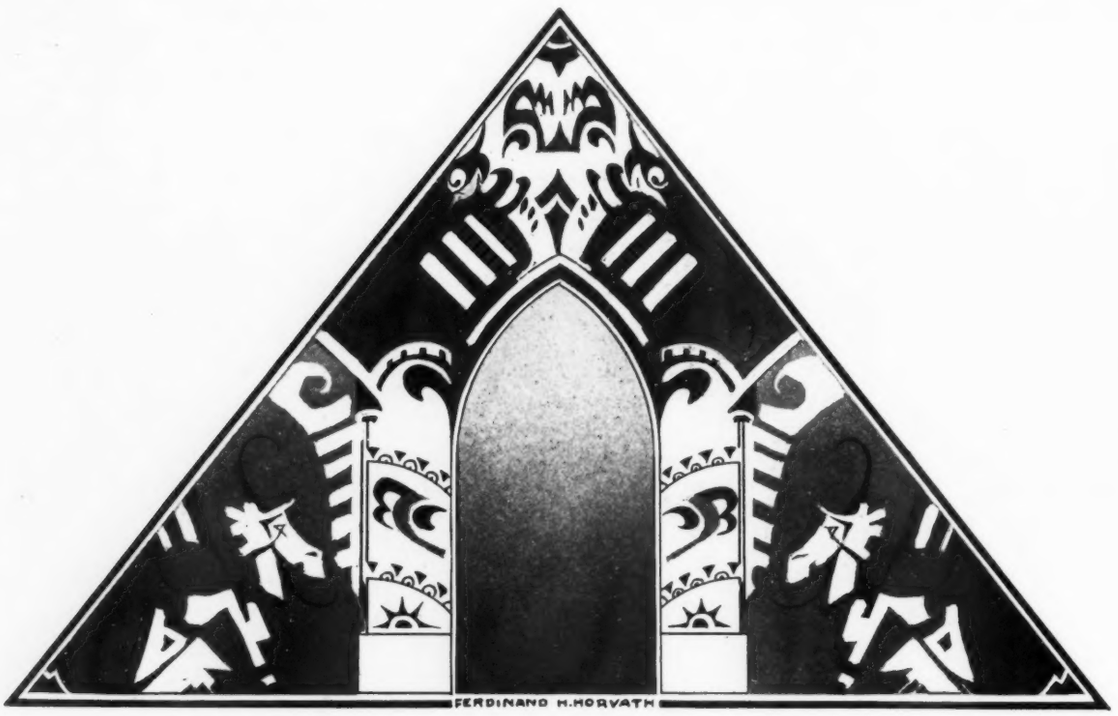
Lelong

Set of bag
belt and bracelet.

Rose White

Three evening bags,
inspired by the operas:
Faust, Thäis and Manon.

By Michael Arlen:



IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE AGAIN

The Answer to this Age-old Question Is Amazingly Simple

Drawing by Ferdinand H. Horvath

IF . . . Well, life is full of depressing problems—fuller and fuller every day. And now this "if" business is starting again. For thousands of years it has been starting again.

If this, if that! If I were rich, if I were happy—if I were handsome, if I were wise! If I had my life to live again . . .

Thus, with a word of two letters that holds the bitterness of all regrets and the magic of all dreams, begins the most endless, the most fascinating, the oldest, and the daftest game known to mankind.

At least in the old days we were more easily pleased with our "if's." We used to say: "If I were king!"

Think of those days, when the poor still respected the rich and the rich had a jolly good time wearing silk hats from morn to eve! "If I were king!" And people would look round at us and say:

"What a delightful child! So imaginative—so sound!"

Alas, how far away we are now from the childhood dreams of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Life has become sterner. We strive. Velvet may be very well—but who has time to sit? "Onward!" we cry.

"Excelsior!" We climb. If we cannot climb, we dream of climbing.

Where is the child now who would be a king if he could be Douglas Fairbanks? Where, indeed, is the king who wouldn't exchange?

Going back still farther, we find the "if" game reduced to its simplest proportions. Men lived dangerously then. "If" was not a drawing-room word. Short though it is, its shadow was as long as damnation. Invented by the devil, it bred proud traitors to the Church and the State. Whispering it, men were answered, bartered their souls, and went to the dogs.

At that time the devil, supported by a prestige equal to that now enjoyed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, still used to tempt us. Of course, he has given it up now out of sheer boredom, for it was like eternally betting on a certainty.

"If you had your life to live again," said the devil, "what would you be?"

"Rich and powerful," said you on the nail, forgetting your prayers and your digestion.

"Then give me your soul," said the devil.

"Right!" said you, and after a rattling good time—except for indigestion—went to hell.

Women, too, used to be charming in their simplicity. They were, in short, feminine. Making fatuous remarks in feminine voices they enslaved us. People used to like women. Women said the right things. Unable to swim the Channel, sleep in Parliament, or fly the Atlantic, they stayed at home and thought how wonderful it must be to be a man. Asked what they would be if they could live again, they replied that they would like to be born men.

Charming! Yes, but how old-fashioned!

Coming to our own times, the question becomes more serious. Applied to ourselves, the question becomes really very serious indeed—that is, if we tell the truth.

If we had our lives to live again, what radical improvements would we suggest in the construction of our characters? In other words, exactly how have we in this life, whether or not we have succeeded materially, failed ourselves in our inner-most beings?

If we had our lives to live again—which of our limbs should we lop off, to the end that we might live a nobler and more fruitful life?

Find the man who will answer that truthfully and you will have found a very remarkable man.

I can't. I have a reputation to keep up. My friends can't. They have reputations to keep up.

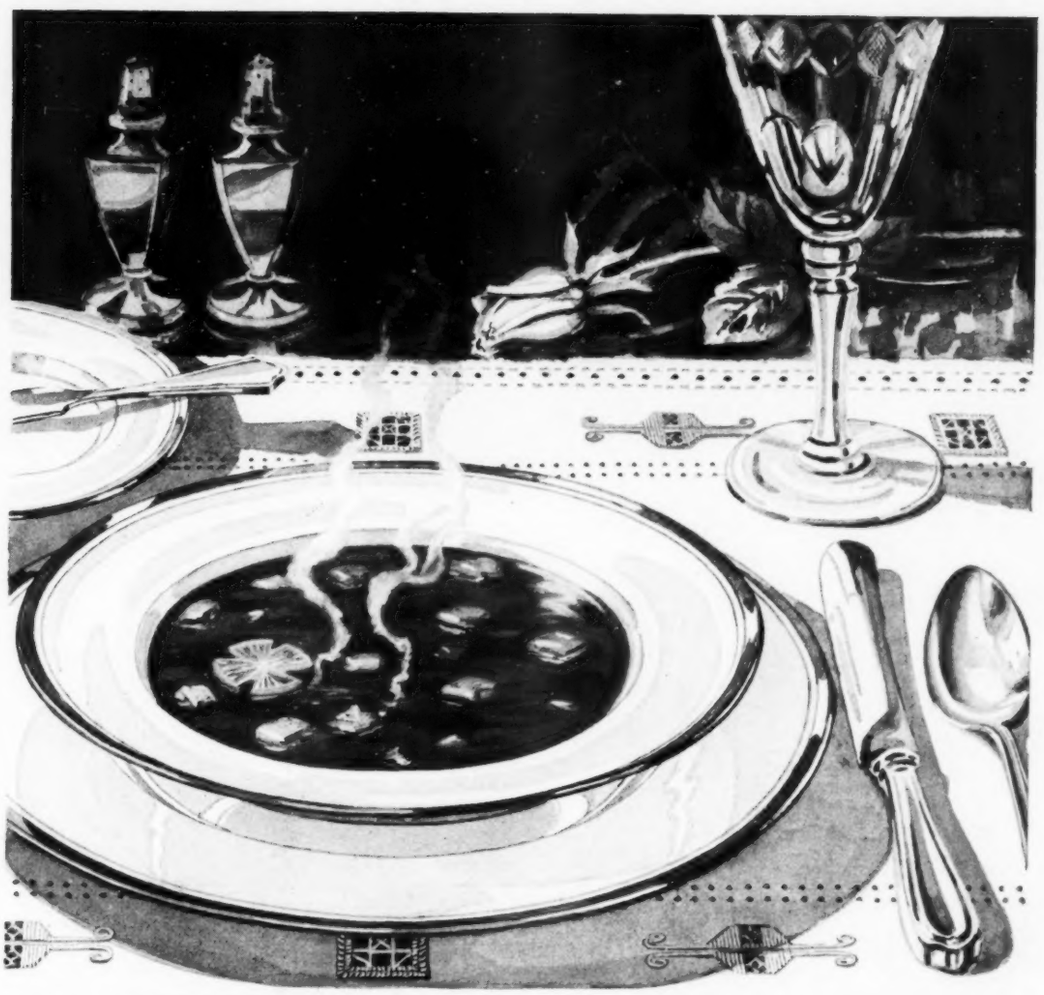
Of course, we can all confess our sins. That is a very different thing.

One of the most amazing contradictions in us is our capacity for self-confession. Born to sin, we are eager to confess our sins and shortcomings.

But how seldom we confess the ones of which we are really ashamed—even though, such is the faulty architecture of man, the sins of which we are most ashamed are often those which are the least shameful. (*Concluded on page 130*)

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MOCK TURTLE SOUP



for the connoisseur!

For those whose taste is sensitive to every subtle nuance of the soup-maker's art, Mock Turtle Soup is precious indeed. This is one of the reasons that Campbell's have won the confidence of such experienced diners. For Campbell's French chefs blend for them a Mock Turtle Soup true to their highest expectations.

* * *

Such a soup as you associate with smartest restaurants and hotels! Such a soup as home kitchens seldom attempt, yet so welcome on the home table. 12 cents a can.

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

This New Pump and Bag of Sun-burn Silk Moiré

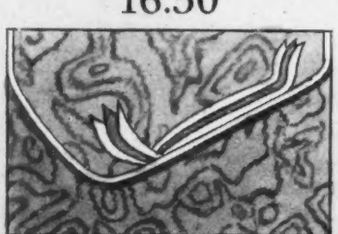
...the perfect evening ensemble to wear with white gowns, black gowns, and frocks of every colour.

The pump has just that touch of decoration which today demands...a fleur-de-lys-like pattern in gold and silver kid.

18.50

The sun-burn silk moiré bag repeats the gold-and-silver motif of the shoe.

16.50



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Sherril Schell

The new pore-deep cleanser Ambrosia comes in these bottles.

THE COSMETIC URGE

THE woman who has not the time or the patience to bother with intricate beauty rules will welcome with joy a new product on the market called Ambrosia. For whether her skin be oily, dry or normal, all she has to do to cleanse thoroughly every tiny pore is to take a piece of absorbent cotton soaked in Ambrosia and rub it briskly over her face. The resulting color of the cotton is simply astounding, and you wonder if you have always been guilty of going around with a dirty face. The Ambrosia Company has made some interesting photographs of the surface of the skin, showing how much dirt is left in the pores after it has been cleansed by ordinary methods, and also the same pores after the penetrating liquid Ambrosia has floated out the remaining dirt and oil. After this miraculous cleansing, follow your own pet beauty course, depending of course on the type of your skin, although you will find that this clear liquid also stimulates the circulation, brings fresh color to the surface, and is a satisfactory base for powder. The companion bottle of Ambrosia is a skin tightener of deep violet hue and is very refreshing and excellent for flabby muscles and puffiness.

WHILE in the Helena Rubinstein salon the other day, I noticed the best-looking new week-end kits for cosmetics: black leather lined in red moiré, jade-green lined in beige, rose lined in black. They are small and compact with an excellent mirror in the lid, and hold all cosmetics necessary for a week's motor trip. For the bathroom, there are special jars and lotion bottles for Madame Rubinstein's preparations, in red and black, and green and black, both highly decorative and practical. Madame Rubinstein is very enthusiastic about introducing on this side a new cream called Perfection Cream. Her followers, hitherto, have been able to buy this only in Paris and London. It

(*Continued on page 124*)

A charming coiffure for fall by the well-known hairdresser, J. Schaeffer, shows how growing-out hair may be cleverly arranged.

LES POIS
SE SENTEUR
SE CHEZ MOI
Les Pois de Senteur de Chez MOi CARON
PARIS
CARON
FRANCE

DOBBS

DOBBS NEW COAT COLLECTIONS
Prove Conclusively:

There is distinction in wearing Dobbs clothes

Coats for country, sports or travel. Coats for afternoon and formal wear. A longer silhouette with fitted lines and low placed flares. Smooth fabrics enriched with Fox, Caracul, Mink, Krimmer and Lapin. Tweeds in bright tones and new weaves that tweeds have never known before. Every coat designed with the skill and artistry that is always associated with Dobbs.

The new suits are as varied and impressive as Dobbs coats—and both offer a broad price range that enables every one to enjoy Dobbs distinction in dress.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

Black and white and jade green are the colors of Marie Earle's new jars and bottles. The compact and lipstick cases are stunning in this same speckled effect which looks very much like snake-skin

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 122*)

is a mild stimulating and anti-wrinkle cream which suits all complexions and is splendid for massage. For the woman who has not the leisure or the interest to use ten different creams, here is one which will cover many needs.

LUCIEN LELONG has a new loose powder compact which is very smart looking. By an ingenious device the cap covering the powder may be turned, disclosing a small container of paste rouge for the lips and cheeks. The case itself is in black, orchid, cardinal red, green or ivory enamel, bound in silver.

OFTEN in inclement weather or when you are dead tired, it is a luxury to stay at home and relax against your pillows and have an expert masseuse come to you and give you a facial. Afterward your freshened skin can have a brief respite from make-up while you take the nap, which the massage invariably brings on. The combination of rest and allowing your skin to breathe makes for beauty —of that there is no doubt. Miss Florence M. Polsey, formerly with one of the best-known salons, specializes in such home treatments. Among other preparations she uses an interesting vegetable Bleach Pack and an excellent Almond Skin Food or Tissue Cream. She may be reached at Caledonia 3172.

DOROTHY GRAY has more new things for our attention: a perfect hand cream, fluffy and fragrant, which is absorbed instantly upon application, making the hands noticeably whiter and more velvety. It should be used before and after exposure and before retiring. Texture Lotion is a new pore and refining cleansing lotion to be used after cleansing cream. It cuts the grease nicely, closes the pores and leaves the skin feeling fresh and stimulated. The best results are obtained if it is wiped — not patted on, and allowed to dry before putting on a powder.

AT LAST the three perfumes of the famous couturier, Molyneux, are to be easily accessible to American women. Lovers of the popular "Numero cinq" who have tried to restock their supply unsuccessfully should be delighted with the news

(*Concluded on page 126*)

Sherril Schell

Molyneux's pigskin perfume case for traveling holds safely two bottles of his new odors.

MISS HELEN CHOATE

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

IS POET · MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction of her grandfather, who was so long Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

Since she was seventeen her poems have been appearing in leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted young woman is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for a round of golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco. She is an accomplished pianist and speaks French and German admirably.

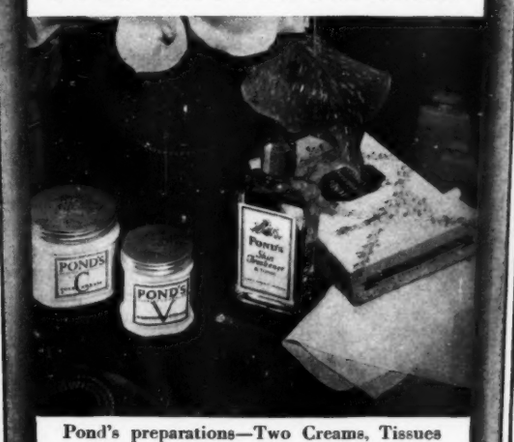
Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And, use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or golf.

She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls and big brown eyes. Her skin is exquisite—fresh, clear, beautifully cared for. She says, "I've used Pond's ever since I can remember."



Pond's preparations—Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener—for exquisite care of the skin.

For sure results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY — first, for complete cleansing apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues — so ample, soft, absorbent.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab skin to banish oiliness, close pores, preserve youthful contour.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's four delightful products

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. X
122 Hudson Street New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1929, Pond's Extract Company

A FUR COAT BY SHAYNE

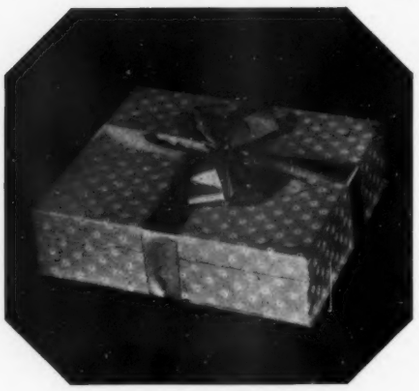
To the natural loveliness and beauty of your Shayne fur is added the personal satisfaction of a label which politely indicates that your purchase was *not* impelled by a cut price, a reduction or any other form of so-called "sale".

C. C. SHAYNE & COMPANY

STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

126 West 42nd St. New York

Established 1865 *Still Under Same Ownership*



Jean Stuart's Junior Deb Charm Box for the young girl.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Concluded from page 124*)

that it is making its American début under the new name of "Parfum Connu." This is the heaviest scent of the trio. "Fete," a medium bouquet odour, possesses that rare quality in perfumes, distinction. It is simply delightful and I am sure will have an enthusiastic reception. "Vogue," the third odor, is the lightest and most piquant fragrance. Red or blue morocco leather cases are made especially for travelling and hold two or three bottles safely. These may be had in pigskin, also stunning atomizer sets with separate atomizer attachments. The Molyneux silver compacts and lipsticks have plain, severe lines and are very good looking; in fact, the whole line is as smart and luxurious as you would expect of Captain Molyneux's taste.

COTY has added excellent new items to their cosmetics which should interest their many followers. First, bath salts which are of very fine crystals that dissolve instantly and diffuse a lasting aroma. These may be had in Chypre, L'Aimant, Paris, Emeraude and L'Origan. Their cleansing cream, "Colcreme," now is packaged in a convenient tube, especially handy for travelling. Also there is a new hand lotion, a clear amber liquid, which softens and perfumes the hands without leaving any bit of stickiness. This is also very refreshing for a body massage after the bath.

THE Renna method of face lifting is extraordinarily interesting. It is all done by muscle and contour replacing without any kind of surgery. Madame Renna has studied the muscles of the face for years, and after the first hours treatment under her strong sure hands, one's face feels as though every little muscle had been coaxed up into place. The deep lines on each side of the nose, frown lines, traceries about the eyes, and especially heavy sagging chins are her specialty. While she works on all these defects she is continually feeding the skin with nourishing creams. These treatments are in no sense a skin massage, rather they go beneath the surface and roll and work on the deepest lying muscles. A week's intensive treatment and five years have been clipped off your age—and that's not an extravagant statement.

THE perfume house of Lubin is old and aristocratic and in this age of newcomers it still maintains an excellent prestige. Gentlemen have been using Eau de Lubin in the same sort of package since 1798, also the Eau de Cologne extract and savon have been held in high favour. Lubin has a marvelous lilac perfume, cool and fragrant as a cluster of those delicious purple and white blooms. Jasmine, muget, violette, gardenia and their well-known amaryllis are other flower scents worthy of note. "L'Ocean Bleu" is a heavy perfume which comes in the most unique and charming crystal bottle, the shape of two large fishes from the briny deep.

PHARMACEUTICAL products sometimes invade the realm of cosmetics, put themselves into gay attractive packages and serve a double purpose. Such is the case of the new mouth-wash, "La Lasine," which is having a tremendous vogue. It is made from a well-known French formula and is pleasant to taste. Besides, it is an antiseptic, and when one considers the germs and microbes abounding in the dusty air of our cities, one should remember the old saying "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

JEAN STUART has just brought out something which is very unusual. It is a Junior Deb Charm Box, and is composed especially for the young girl who naturally has a desire to use the same things she sees her mother and older sister using. In a charming pink box is packed imported castile soap, dainty bath-tabs, a very light cleansing cream and face powder, all with a very delicate scent, together with a hand-lotion and a medicated face-lotion to take care of the sensitive youthful face. *R. S.*

COMING NEXT MONTH

NEW YORK fashions will be stressed in the November number. The three important skirt lengths will be shown and the raised waistline developments, and some of the more sumptuous evening gowns from New York will have coloured representation. From Paris Baron de Meyer will send his first colour photographs and Marjorie Howard will discuss the vitally important question of the adoption of the new silhouettes. The fiction will be particularly strong, coming from such writers as Francis Brett Young, E. M. Delafield, Olga Hall-Brown, Harford Powel, jr., and Richard Le Gallienne. Perhaps the most humourous sketch we have ever published will be by Cornelia Otis Skinner, entitled "On Riding."

Do You Know ELIZABETH ARDEN Herself?

HER NAME IS THE SYMBOL FOR BEAUTY . . . HAVE YOU WONDERED WHO SHE IS?

PERHAPS you have actually met her in one of her famous Salons. Or perhaps you have only wondered about the mysterious woman whose name has become a symbol for loveliness—wondered if there was really an Elizabeth Arden. If the slightest doubt of the reality of Elizabeth Arden has ever entered your mind, *dismiss it at once,* for nowhere is there a more truly alive person than the slender sprite-like woman whose enthusiasm and vision have made it possible for millions of women to develop and enhance their natural loveliness. Elizabeth Arden is in constant personal touch with you whenever you use her Preparations and Treatments, every one of which has been directly inspired by her to meet her own exacting standards. Select the Preparations which Miss Arden has perfected for your skin. Use them according to the method carefully evolved by Miss Arden. And as you *cleanse* and *tone* and *nourish* with the correct creams and tonics and lotions, you are secure in the knowledge that every Preparation, every step of the treatment has first been proven successful by Elizabeth Arden herself.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. A second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," describes Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health. Miss Arden's preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.
85c, $2.00, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive.
$1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows.
$1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin.
$2.25, $4.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles.
$1, $2.50, $4.

POUDRE D'ILLUSION
A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In twelve lovely shades. $3.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN: W. Lennéstr. 5

CHICAGO: 70 East Walton Place PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue DETROIT: Book Building
BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: Arcades du Grand Hôtel, Place Clémenceau CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries MADRID: Calle Alcalá 71 ROME: Via Condotti 65

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

Did Parfums LUBIN *write the history of* RUSSIA?

3e Patent of Parfumeur
To His Majesty the Emperor of All Russias

His Majesty the Emperor having received your demand, you are free, Sir, to use the Title "*Perfumer Distiller of His Majesty the Emperor of all Russias.*" The present letter which I have signed and on which I had the seal of my arms affixed will serve you as Patent.

Paris 1-13 January 1823.

To Mr. Lubin, Rue Ste. Anne n°55

The Ambassador of H. M. the Emperor of all Russias near his very holy Majesty

THE downfall of Napoleon left Alexander I, Emperor of Russia, the most powerful monarch of all Europe. It was a crucial period.

Unseen, officially unknown, there was a powerful influence which flavored every word and action of the Emperor . . . a mystic . . . a woman—one Baroness de Krudener.

Priceless tokens of his royal favor were showered upon this fascinating woman who, in effect, ruled Russia. Rare perfumes, distilled by the Parisian, M. Francois Lubin, were her delight. Those who know the ways of a woman's heart may well wonder to what extent Parfums Lubin wrote Russia's history at this time.

Certain it is that Alexander I was so pleased with the artistry of M. Lubin that he granted a patent, dated in 1823, to this French master of flower-odeurs, appointing him "Perfumer to his Majesty the Emperor of all Russias."

Parfumerie Lubin no longer makes the flower-odeurs which pleased the Baroness, but the skill of distilling delightful flower-odeurs has been handed down as a legacy to the present generation, and today, even as they were nearly two centuries ago, Parfums Lubin are the choice of women who have the instinct and the means to be particular.

MONJOLY . . . is one of the most exquisite perfume odeurs of this age. Its exotic fragrance becomes truly individual .. expressing the subtleties of one's own personality and accenting personal charm.

Parfumerie **LUBIN** *Inc.*
6 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Green wooden tray and cup of Black Knight China from Ovington's. Copy of old Sheffield cheese warmer, also in plate (used to keep regular breakfast hot), and silver flower vase, both from Howard and Co. Sheets and pillow-cases of Lady Pepperill Marquise in soft green.

BREAKFAST TRAYS

By FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

THE top of the morning to you and may your day always start with a well-brought-up breakfast tray! That is, if you breakfast in your room.

Certainly no meal has so vital an effect on one's good humour. Even the woman who only takes coffee and orange juice wants the coffee hot, the orange juice cold, and to have them presented in a dainty manner.

In one of the perfectly run great houses here in America they have an excellent system for guests. A printed card is put on your desk each evening, asking what you want for breakfast and at what hour you want it. Smaller households can do this in a more informal way—even by asking. But something of this kind is an excellent arrangement, since too much in the early morning can be as repellent as too little is distressing. As Nerissa said to Portia: "They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with none."

It is almost as important for a tray to look gay as for the food to be appetizing. A tiny vase containing flowers or even a single flower is a delightful touch. Then for a woman's own tray that she uses every day, the kind in wood with sections at either end for papers, magazines and mail, is marvellously convenient.

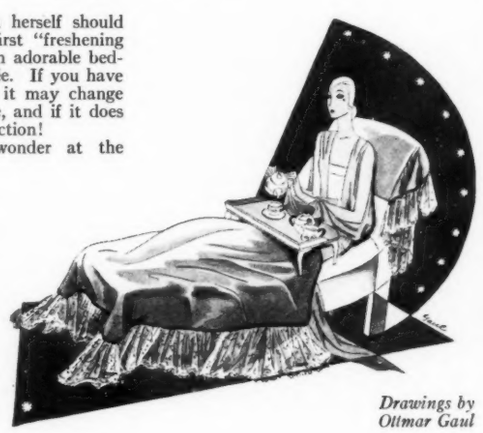
Never forget how significant the whole setting is, the maid who brings breakfast should be good looking or at least pleasing in appearance. This is simple because present attractive fashions in uniforms are now easy to obtain.

Above all the woman herself should spend a few moments first "freshening up," and then put on an adorable bed-jacket or a lovely negligée. If you have never done this, try it; it may change your attitude toward life, and if it does it will be in the right direction!

Many people may wonder at the present vogue for coloured sheets. Well, they really are alluring, and the time the woman enjoys them most is when she sits up amid clouds of pink or foaming green with an inviting breakfast in front of her. Crêpe de Chine bed-sets are a delicious luxury but, owing to their price, not for everyone. However, our shrewd fabric makers have recently evolved materials that are within easy reach and truly successful, such as those called Lady Pepperill Marquise. They are of tubize rayon, and come in such lovely soft shades as maize, palest rose and Nile-green—and they wash beautifully! Wamsutta linen is also very pretty. It is white with a quaint design in colour on the border. They look really fascinating in just the right type of bedroom.

Now, to go back to the proper serving of the food, there are many fine devices for trays to keep things hot or cold as desired. Such things as the English copies of old Sheffield cheese warmers, that contain hot water in the lower section, are excellent. These not only add to the charm of the tray but are practical as well. Copies of Guernsey silver jugs are enchanting in appearance and excellent for hot water, hot chocolate, or warm milk. The combination of porcelain and old silver is always enchanting.

When space is a concern Gorham & Co. have a little combination silver coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher in one that is very good.



Cushion and chaise-longue cover of rose-beige velvet trimmed with écru point d'Anglettre from Carlin Comforts. Tray, and Crown Staffordshire breakfast set from Plummer. Negligée and night-gown are from Daisy Garson.

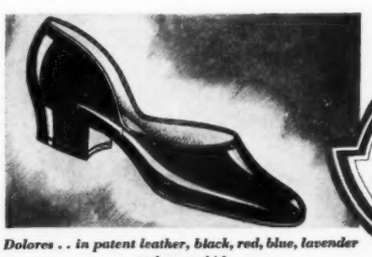
Drawings by Ottmar Gaul

RELAX

In-between your busy moments

REJUVENATE YOUR FEET

Relax . . . oh active, fashionable feet if you would always be young. In slippers, of course! *In the morning*.. from bed to-bath-to-breakfast, when lounging in lovely negligee or pajama ensemble. *In the afternoon*..in the interval twixt tea, bridge, shopping and dinner. *In the evening*..before retiring. In-between your every busy moment *rejuvenate* your feet in blissfully comfortable Maid-Rite slippers. In the smartest leathers and colors and gracefully flattering designs, Maid-Rite slippers make comfort the fashion. Sold at smart shops everywhere. Write for our helpful Fashion Booklet, "Beauty from Foot Comfort". MAID-RITE CORPORATION, 37 York St., Brooklyn, New York



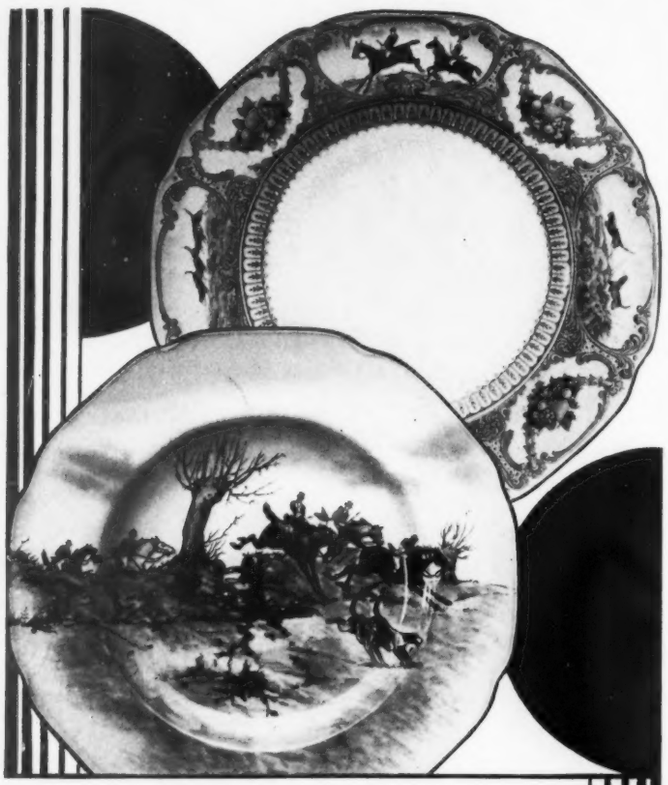
Insist on this label. It guarantees slipper style and quality.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Maid-Rite LEATHER SLIPPERS QUALITY FIRST

Dolores . . in patent leather, black, red, blue, lavender and green kid.

MAID-RITE

LEATHER SLIPPERS FOR THE HOME



The place plates illustrated are Crown Ducal ware. They are 10¼" in diameter and are enameled in gay hunting scenes. Reasonably priced at $28.00 a dozen. Delivered anywhere in the United States.

PLUMMER'S—*the place for place plates*

THE House of Plummer offers a wealth of plates for separate courses than which there are none lovelier in all America.

Indeed, the prestige of this establishment is such that many of the choicest patterns of famous old world potters are confined exclusively to us.

This distinction owes itself entirely to the discriminating taste of patrons whose delight in securing "the unusual" has ever been an inspiration to our "Searchers for the Rare and Beautiful".

A personal shopping service is maintained for those whose visits to New York are somewhat infrequent. Thus, our out-of-town friends can buy by mail with every assurance of careful, personal attention to their wants, even if they must forego the pleasure of roaming through the Enchanting Aisles which we devote exclusively to the creations of the makers of fine China and Glass.

Wm. H. PLUMMER *& Co. Ltd.*
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 Pratt Street

THE BRITISH HOUSE-PARTY

(*Concluded from page 97*)

Deer-stalking tips are reckoned on much the same basis, although they are a little higher. One day's stalking calls for a tip of a pound; but should you be staying for a fortnight or so, two pounds would be gratefully received.

English country clothes are an acquired art, both for men and women. They are bought and worn for their suitability and the older they are, the more their wearers love them. Englishmen boast to each other over the age of their shooting clothes and of their tailcoats, and it is with the greatest reluctance that they buy new ones. It does not matter being shabby, but any form of bizarre dress such as Lido pyjamas would be regarded with amazement.

Above all does this apply to Scotland, where the very oldest garments are the most suitable. Please do not let yourself be deluded into wearing some form of "bastard" tartan. I was staying in Scotland when a certain American, fascinated, I suppose, by her host's kilt, appeared in a composite tartan ensemble. She was more of a success than she anticipated; as all the ghillies watched her with awed amazement and the head keeper expressed the opinion that "there wouldna' be a burrd within fifty miles if the leddy cam oot in that skir-r-t." Of course, it would be the height of bad form to wear the family tartan, as that is the private property of the particular clan.

Everybody knows how to employ English titles, but some of the Scottish ones are rather confusing. There is, for instance, "The Mackintosh of Mackintosh". He is addressed as "Mackintosh" in conversation. His wife is, strictly speaking, "Mistress Mackintosh"; although it is not necessary to address her in this manner. "The Master of So and So" is called "Master" by men and women alike. And among Irish titles there is "The Magillicuddy of the Reeks" and "The Knight of Kerry."

Scottish people treat their family legends and ghosts with great seriousness, and it is better not to refer to any of the tales that you may have heard, as casual questions on the subject are apt to produce an awkward silence. There is the great Glamis mystery, for instance, about which the Strathmore family never speak; and there is our own family ghost, the drummer, who is apt to produce weird music when least expected and about which we do not welcome remarks.

There is an old custom observed in many Scottish castles, which may well cause the visitor a certain amount of surprise. At the end of dinner the family piper in full regalia will appear and march round the table, playing the pipes. During this ceremony conversation is taboo and nobody is expected to utter a word until the last notes have died away into silence down the long, echoing stone passages. Many hosts are furious if any of the guests speak during this ritual.

In the average British country-house there is very little entertaining done. People are expected to amuse themselves. You will be taken round the stables and the byres and you will be told each animal's pedigree unto the fifth and sixth generation. You must smile and endure this, for it is the essence of English country-house life.

You may not admire your host's and hostess's children, but you *must* admire their live-stock.

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE AGAIN

(*Concluded from page 120*)

For a man would much rather be known as a wife-beater than as one who did not wash his neck.

In a moment of profound self-revelation a man will tell you that he is given to boasting and showing-off—but in his heart he prays that you will never stumble on the sin of which he is really ashamed, which may be that he is mean with money. It is easier for a man to say, "I am a cad, a scoundrel, and a liar," than to say, "I like being invited to a lord's house, and I love to be seen walking with a duchess."

Men will not tell the whole truth about themselves. If they did we should be outraged, for their small shameful faults would humiliate us, since we have enough of our own.

Deluded by vanity, we all have reputations to keep up. A gentleman would rather be convicted as a pirate than suspected of being a pickpocket. The murderer Browne, in his last public letter from jail, tried to write himself up as a bold bad man. For he had a reputation to keep up. He could not bring himself to admit that he was no more than a poor weak man lost to the grace of God by reason of a diseased vanity and a sick brain.

It is said of Rousseau that he made it possible for men to dream new dreams. If only he had! Had any considerable body of men at any one time been in the way of dreaming new dreams, the history of the world would from that moment have become the history of a better world.

What Rousseau did was something very different. He called on men to dream the oldest dream of all—the most difficult, the most tormenting, the most heartbreaking dream of all. For he called on men to be themselves.

If I had my life to live again—I would. I could be myself.

Unchanged by fortune and misfortune, undeterred by fear, unmoved by vanity, unswayed by profit, unimpressed by fame, uncorrupted by life, humble, unprejudiced and charitable—I wish I could be myself.

It should be easy . . . to men like gods. And why aren't we like gods? It was our Creator's intention that we *should* be men like gods.

If I had my life to live again—I would that this could be my epitaph: "He was a faulty man; but when we criticized him, it was by the highest standards."

In the meanwhile, however . . . well, you know, since this life isn't so very long . . . on the contrary, as things go, confoundedly short . . . interesting, of course, to wonder about another life . . . but in the meanwhile . . . well . . . pass the port.

ALCHEMY

OCTOBER clambers up the hills,
And, as her light feet touch the sod,
From every crack and crevice spills
A magic wealth of golden-rod.

Charlotte Becker

The MADE-TO-ORDER MODE-TO-ORDER

One Visit!
One Fitting!
One Result!

The Mode in One Fitting is admittedly revolutionary ...so revolutionary that only infinite skill would dare to attempt it...for, in cutting out the tedium of try-ons we are also cutting our bridges behind us... matching our efforts, IN ONE FITTING, against the long-established custom of numerous experimental operations...yet our responsibility remains the same as ever...we have simply added to tradition the inspiration of a new technique...introducing a method of execution as exclusive and creative as the Stein & Blaine mode...achieving perfection IN ONE FITTING, even as an artist with a few swift strokes of his brush captures the essence of a personality!

Additional Fittings, if desired.
But One Fitting Will Suffice
For the Results Desired!

THE STEIN & BLAINE MODE NEED NOT INTERFERE WITH YOUR TIME!

Stein & Blaine
INC.

13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

Delman Triumphs with his Autumn Shoes!

Delman Shoe Salon
558 Madison Ave. Bet 55th & 56th New York
WASHINGTON · PALM BEACH · MIAMI · SOUTHAMPTON
Delman Agencies in Principal Cities

"I prefer the maiden lady who is convinced that those who do not comprehend her English must be deaf."

ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES

By HAROLD NICOLSON

THIS is a serious article since it treats of a subject on which I think seriously. There is so much nonsense felt and talked about the gift of tongues that it is high time this futile little faculty was put in its place. At the outset I shall admit that I do not myself possess this gift. Owing to circumstances, I have at different periods studied eight foreign languages, and in six of these I have passed examinations of varying standards. At different periods I have possessed what is called a sound knowledge of French, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek and Latin. I have also passed examinations in Turkish and Persian. They were not very difficult examinations, but I passed them. I have also learned Spanish (fairly well) and Russian (not well at all). I began modern Greek, and I began Bulgarian: but I have not counted these in my enumeration.

All this sounds very well. But in actual fact it is not very well, for I have forgotten, more or less, the languages which I no longer use: and even those that I use remain foreign languages to me, do not come either glibly or accurately to my tongue. I am not humiliated by this confession since I began by saying that I do not possess the gift of tongues. I have made my enumeration merely to show that I know what I am talking about: though I am not a linguist, yet I have spent many years of my life in learning languages.

And I now realize that, except for a momentary and purely practical utility, those years were wasted. The position would be even more serious did my brain still retain the vestiges of what I learned. I remember Latin and Greek more or less, since they are useful and interesting; French and German are still with me, since I am obliged continually to employ them; my Italian is sufficient even today for practical purposes, and my Spanish, if required, could probably be again nursed into life. I am proud to feel, however, that I speak and use these languages as an Englishman and not in any way as a native. I am relieved also that my Turkish and my Persian have left me, I hope for ever.

Bismarck, it will be recollected, always mistrusted an Englishman who spoke good French. My own experience has abundantly confirmed this instinctive prejudice. I affirm in all seriousness that I have never met a first-class linguist who possessed a first-class brain. Conversely, I have met several brilliant linguists who possessed no brain at all. As an index of intelligence or of education, proficiency in languages is no more reliable than proficiency at bridge.

I would go further. The linguist is intellectually restricted in several important respects. He lacks mental determination, his thoughts and his concepts have blurred edges, the roots of his intelligence are cankered by the fungus of philology. Nor is this all. His associative faculties, those vital faculties by which we can rapidly test one group of experiences by reference to another, are very weak indeed. Were they strong, he would find it difficult, as I find it difficult, to dissociate Italian from Spanish, or Spanish, in its turn, from Portuguese. The perfect linguist experiences no such difficulty: the perfect linguist, therefore, has a very weak gift of association. It is this disability which renders so many linguists unbelievably silly.

The damage occasioned to the brain by a gift for languages is, however, as nothing compared to the ravages inflicted on the character by this subversive talent. Internationalism is a healthy tonic, but it is not one which should be imbibed before the age of twenty-four. Young men should be educated nationally and intensively, and should not be allowed to sport the foliage of Continentalism before they have thrust strong cool roots deep down into their native soil. I regard it as an act of folly and selfishness on the part of parents to conceive the idea of educating their children abroad. What is the result? The unhappy youth, during the sensitive period of his immaturity, is placed continuously in a false position; he is regarded as an Englishman abroad, and as a foreigner in England; he is rendered self-conscious and sensitive; he is rendered at once diffident and conceited; he develops complexes, and at the age of twenty-five he evolves grievances; he has never felt completely at ease with his fellows, and in his middle age he becomes embittered and adopts the part of the gentleman in the corner whose talents have never been sufficiently recognized.

For this is the real evil of a gift for languages. The arrogant owner of this wrongly esteemed talent imagines that he possesses some intellectual superiority over his contemporaries. In actual fact he possesses no such superiority, since, as I have shown above, a genius for languages is rarely accompanied by even average intelligence or education. But so long as the (*Continued on page 134*)

FURS

IN THE MODE OF TO-DAY AND THE MODE OF TO-BE!

All fine furs are a long-term investment AS FURS...Stein & Blaine furs are also a long-term investment AS A MODE... as adaptable to Change as Style is susceptible to Caprice... modeled now to comprehend re-modeling later...incarnate with the Immediate and the Ultimate... faithful to the Mode of To-Day...fickle as the Mode of To-Be...so modeled and moulded and made as to embody the Novelty of the Hour and to anticipate the inevitable Fluctuations of Time!

The Finest Furs a Woman Can Own Are Furs That Cannot Be OUT-MODED*!*

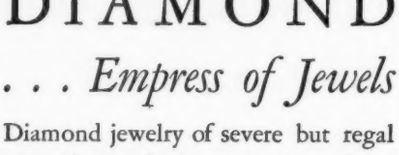
Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

The DIAMOND

. . . Empress of Jewels

Diamond jewelry of severe but regal magnificence is the preference of the sophisticated woman. The baguette diamond with its keen, aristocratic lines and clear, icy brilliance is predominant in smart jeweled creations.

Representative of the patrician beauty of jeweled masterpieces by Brand-Chatillon is this bracelet containing 285 large and small baguette and round diamonds—$5400 . . . and the brooch of 64 small baguette and emerald cut diamonds with center diamond weighing 2.12 carats—$5000.



THE BRAND CHATILLON CORPORATION

Savoy-Plaza

775 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES

(*Continued from page 132*)

man who can gabble several languages is regarded by his fellow Englishman with awe and with respect, so long will such a man consider himself superior, and so long will his inevitable failure in other walks of life fill him with bitterness, rancour and a sense of intolerable injustice.

There is a further moral malady to which the practising philologist is peculiarly exposed. Even as the actor, he is continually representing himself as something which he is not; the degree of his talent is gauged by the degree to which the illusion can be maintained. If I am plus four at golf, I am plus four at golf. But if I speak French like a Frenchman, I am practising what, in its essence, is a deception. The perfect linguist is thus to some extent an illusionist, and this produces all too frequently a habit of charlatanism. The perfect linguist is tempted, for instance, to go one further than the language he is speaking and to talk slang. This is in any case an unwise proceeding since fashion changes and the slang of 1900 is as outworn as the Piccadilly collar. But the babbling vanity of the perfect linguist is such that he will run these risks, that he will deliberately prefer the dusty argot of 1900' to the smooth path of conversation which contains no pitfalls. For the perfect linguist, as I have said before, is in most cases a vain and foolish man.

I do not wish it to be understood from the above that I decry all instruction in foreign languages. Latin and Greek are perhaps a luxury form of education, but they are a luxury which pays every time. I do not object even to people learning modern languages, provided they are careful not to learn them very well, not to learn them, that is, better than the average. A French nursery-maid, provided she be carefully supervised, is an excellent thing. The teaching of French and German at our private and public schools is fully adequate and in many cases of a very high standard. The Long Vacation, if desired, can be spent in foreign families, and for specialists, a whole year might be spent abroad after leaving College. Oriental languages, if desired, are better taught at Cambridge than anywhere else. An Englishman can learn as much of foreign languages as is necessary without modifying in any single particular the curriculum which is followed in our schools. Should his own passion for modern languages or that of his parents tempt him to interrupt or unduly supplement that curriculum, then, in my opinion, he and they are doing a very foolish thing.

For what does one gain? If a boy is intelligent, he can on leaving school or on leaving the University learn any Continental language (with the possible exception of Hungarian and the Slav group) by spending eight months in the country. If he is not intelligent, the fact that he speaks a foreign language perfectly will make him conceited as well as stupid. He is best left alone. No very great linguistic proficiency is required to understand and read everything and to be able to say what you wish in such a manner as to be easily and quickly understood. To reach a higher standard than that takes several years, and the surplus which is thereby gained is of little practical utility. It ministers merely to your vanity, and you end by becoming a querulous and embittered charlatan. I have noticed, moreover, that to be very, very good at foreign languages is bad for the nerves.

We are losing the sense of strangeness in this modern world, and with strangeness we are losing the sense of wonder. Let us keep our English buttercups, let us keep our mists and hedge-rows, let us not reduce the mystery of this globe to the dial of a radio—a fiddle of a finger, and Berlin, Paris, Stockholm or Madrid are braying together in the Weald of Kent. There is far more educative value in diversity, than even in the uniform culture of the polyglot. I hate the polyglot. He is a fool; he is a knave; infinitely do I prefer the maiden lady who shouts at the porters at St. Lazare, convinced that those who do not comprehend her English must be deaf. For the English-speaking peoples have conquered half the world; let them demonstrate, from Los Angeles to Brisbane, that they are aware of this important fact. And if the denizens of Bucharest and Cracow wish to speak French like Frenchmen, they are welcome. *Respondite natalibus;* let us, at least, rise to our birthright.

All this is Anglo-Saxon jingoism, but with a motive. It is not a noble thing to speak foreign languages, but it is a very noble thing to speak the English language as your own. Whether it be at Oxford or Chicago, it is still the English language, and it is not a tongue of which any of us need feel ashamed. But there are limits. Complete ignorance of foreign languages is not bliss; it is not very creditable; it is, at moments, highly inconvenient to be stranded completely aphonous in a foreign town. I am all for people knowing foreign languages so long as they are modest about it.

I knew a man once, a silly little man, who was master of forty languages. He was able to understand and speak even those remote languages and dialects of whose very names we are ourselves not very certain. Urdu, is it? Pushtu, is it? We are not very sure. But we *are* very impressed. This little man of my acquaintance had (*Concluded on page 158*)

"Complete ignorance of foreign languages is not bliss."

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 77*)

King, "I suppose, Captain, you have seen so many marvels in your voyagings in strange seas, that this will be a mere child's plaything to you."

The Captain took up the piece of amber, and examined it in silence.

"It is a pretty thing, Your Majesty," he said presently, "and I have not seen the like—though amber enough I have seen. I know a coast where it lies so thick that Your Majesty could build a palace as great as this of Whitehall with it, and the Tower of London to boot—"

"Bravo! Sir Orson," laughed the Duke, "and amber, I dare swear, with a mermaid hung enchanted in it, instead of a spider."

And thereat, as though he were an actor taking his cue, Captain Thunder did the thing that was expected of him. He let forth his mighty laugh, till the models round the room shook with it.

As he laughed, the King flashed his dark smile at the Duke.

"You were right, George. It is wonderful."

Then the Captain ceased; and still gazing at the amber as in a muse he spoke again.

"Yes! Your Majesty, it is a strange piece of God's hand-work; but, if Your Majesty pleases, I have seen an even stranger thing than this."

"Tell us of it," said the King.

"Yes! a stranger thing," continued the Captain. "I have seen the rotting hull of an old Spanish galleon lying in seven fathoms of water, with fifty thousand gold doubloons pouring from her broken sides; and no King's ship to bring them home to England in."

And at that the Captain laughed again, laughed so that even the King himself fell a-laughing; and as all laughed together, there came through the corridors the sound of trumpets musically blown. It was the royal dinner-hour.

"Why! but that is a brave story, Captain," said the King. "We must hear more of it. But now you and those gentleman must honour me at dinner. I must not keep you to myself, Captain Thunder; I must share you with the court-ladies, who dearly love a proper man. You shall laugh for them too; but, mark you, not a word of the doubloons—for they love them even more."

SO IT befell that presently Captain Thunder found himself a guest at the King's right hand, in the great banqueting hall, all a-rustle with silks, bright with ladies' eyes, and gay with gallant gentlemen. An orchestra of twenty-four violins, the King's favourite instrument, as being more airy and brisk than the viol which was then going out of fashion, made thrilling music for those thoughtless diners of the dance and the danger, the dream and the glory of the world.

Mr. Pepys who, as we know, loved music even more, perhaps, than he loved fair women, was seated next to Dionysus; and was happy to discover by his eager attention to the new composition of the King's maestro, played for the first time that day, that Dionysus was also an amateur of the strings. An old fiddle, indeed, and a folio of Hakluyt's Voyages were the two worldly possessions nearest to that young giant's heart. Often of an evening, weary of his wild companions, he would take up one or the other, and lose himself in distant seas, or fill Gray's Inn Gardens with the wistful airs of William Byrd's madrigals, or the masques of Henry Purcell.

"Tell Lady Castlemaine," said the King presently, with the suspicion of a wink in his deep eyes, "of the mermaid you once saw imprisoned in amber."

For answer the Captain laughed as he had never been known to laugh before, with a laughter that drowned the violins, laughed on till the whole table was laughing with him.

The lovely, sweet-smelling lady at his side, no less a personage, indeed, than the Lady Castlemaine herself, fell into such a convulsion of merriment that one of her beautiful breasts sprang out of her low-cut corsage.

"Lo! the moonrise!" said the Duke, who was on the other side of her. But she was so overcome with her laughter that she paid no heed to the display of her loveliness; while another lady on the King's left, a little piquant roguish thing, mingled her laughter with such florid oaths that the King mock-seriously reproved her.

"Nell, Nell," he said, "you forget the Presence!"

It was as though a veritable madness of laughter had taken possession of the whole company. All were caught up in it. The serving-men could scarcely wait upon the diners for laughing, and the musicians were hard put to it to follow their scores. On and on the laughter swept like a tidal wave, submerged the guard and trumpeters in the hallways, and flooded gallery after gallery of the great palace. At length it reached the sentinels at the gate who began to grin and guffaw by sheer infection, to the astonishment of the passers-by, who in their turn fell a-laughing, as ignorant of the cause as the soldiers themselves.

Through the long windows of the banqueting hall the laughter poured also, till the crowd that had gathered in wonderment at the portentous tumult of hilarious sound, echoed it back, blent with loyal cries of "Long live the King." From these in turn it spread and spread, rippling on, ever growing in volume, till it reached the Strand, and finally invaded the city; where merchants left their business and apprentices deserted their booths, till the whole of London as far as Tower Hill was in a roar.

All buying and selling stopped, great laughing crowds choked up the narrow streets. When at length the dinner was at an end, and the King rose; and Captain Thunder accompanied Mr. Pepys to the Admiralty offices in Seething Lane, to talk over the preliminaries of certain important business, that huge beaming Sir Orson had almost to fight his way through the throngs. The rumour had swiftly sped, as rumour does, that here was the man who set in motion all this vast hilarity. From being an unknown sailor, mysteriously dropped in from nowhere at the Ship-A-Hoy a night or two before, Captain Thunder suddenly found himself the hero of the London populace, for whom every now and again as he elbowed his way he sent forth laugh after laugh, to their huge delight; till he and Mr. Pepys were fain to jump into a hackney coach to escape the admiring mob.

Even so, their progress was slow. When at last they found themselves in Mr. Pepys' quiet office, the noise of all London laughing was still in their ears. Nor did the Captain's laughter stop with London. It got into the news letters; and that very night was carried by the mail coaches, north, south, east and west, till in a day or two the whole of England from John O' Groats to Land's End, was enjoying its vicarious share in the strange merriment; and was laughing, too, over the story of how Captain Thunder had laughed before the King.

Chapter V.

In Which Captain Thunder Chooses His Crew

THE Duke of Buckingham had not spoken at random when, that night at the Ship-A-Hoy, he had declared Captain Thunder's laugh, properly managed, to be worth a frigate. There were all too many King's ships then lying idle in the King's dockyards; for money was scarce in the Navy Department, and crews were even scarcer. Too much of the money that should have gone to guard England against the growing menace of the Dutch admirals glittered on the white hands and bosoms of certain ladies of Whitehall. It was a situation over which the good Mr. Pepys shook his head; and it did his loyal heart good when the order came to him to get ready a suitable ship for the laughing Captain. So next day, Captain Thunder and he boarded a wherry, and went down to Deptford.

There was a boat there in dry dock that

(*Continued on page 140*)

THE new gowns for evening wear sponsored by Bruck-Weiss, follow the svelte, lithesome lines of the Princess silhouette. These gowns are executed in sumptuous metal tissues and other textiles.

Bruck-Weiss
20-22 West 57th Street
New York

Look

. . . and look again. NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO PASS THIS BEAUTIFUL SILVER BY. . .

STERLING is no longer a "lump sum" purchase. It may be purchased as easily, as sensibly as one's car . . . one's radio . . . one's new electric servant.

Purchased out of income.

Ask your jeweler about the Sterling Silversmith's Guild Purchase Plan and he will be glad to tell you . . . how you can buy, at the start, enough International Sterling to set your table adequately, without disturbing your carefully calculated budget plan . . . a whit!

So . . . look, and look again! Let your eyes dwell lovingly on the beautiful International Sterling pictured here. Let your own personality express itself in pattern.

Then . . . learn . . . in Elsie de Wolfe's own booklet . . . just what selection of pieces will best suit your menus, your scale of entertaining.

INTERNATIONAL

pine tree

. . . beautifully simple . . . symbolic of the stalwart worth of the pine. And on the reverse side . . . the Pine Tree image which appeared on America's first silver coin . . . the Pine Tree Shilling . . . and stamped it genuine . . . solid silver.

minuet

. . . just to look upon its simple, fine lines, its smooth-flowing curves, its exquisite scroll pediment is to remember that America can boast, in its Colonial period, a perfect flowering of the arts.

wedgwood

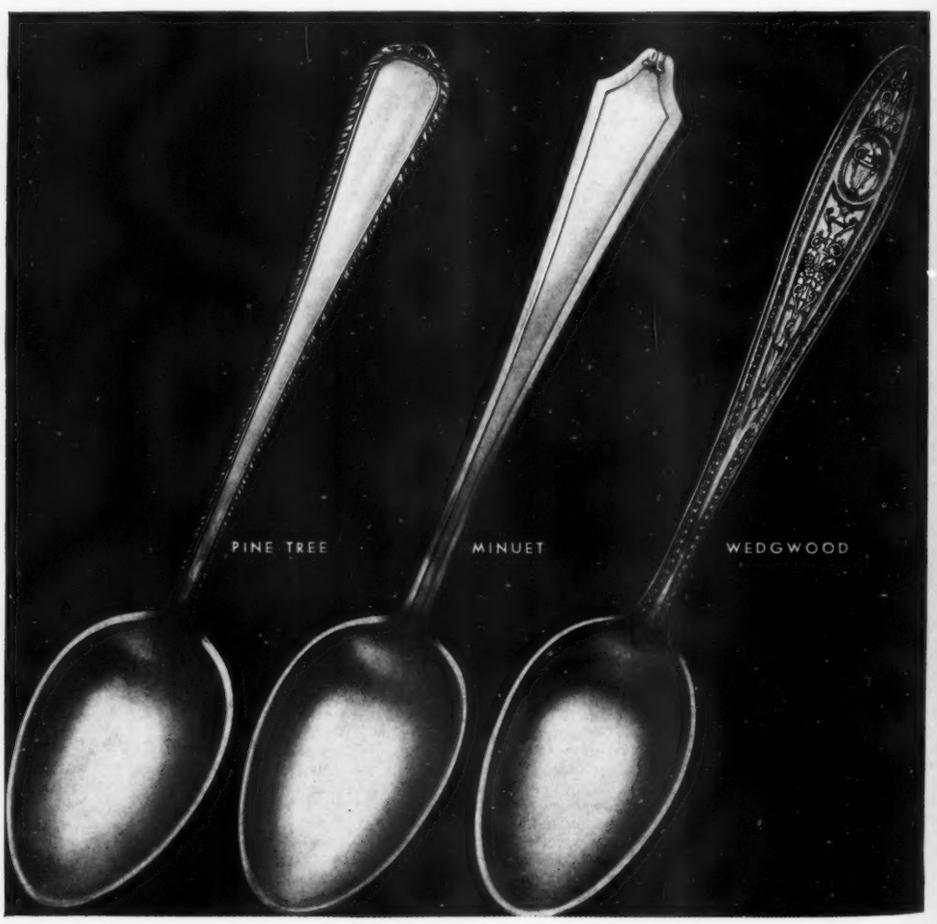
. . . delicate as a bit of lace . . . or the Wedgwood pottery which gave it its name. Here is silver for a gentlewoman whose tastes run to tea roses and Chopin and Fragonard. Against fine linens . . . silver which "belongs."

trianon

. . . a pattern which, like many a charming lady, is of two minds. For in it, surely, one traces the Greek. And yet there is . . . just as unmistakably . . . the French. As in the Grand Trianon at Versailles . . . here is a perfect blending of the two.

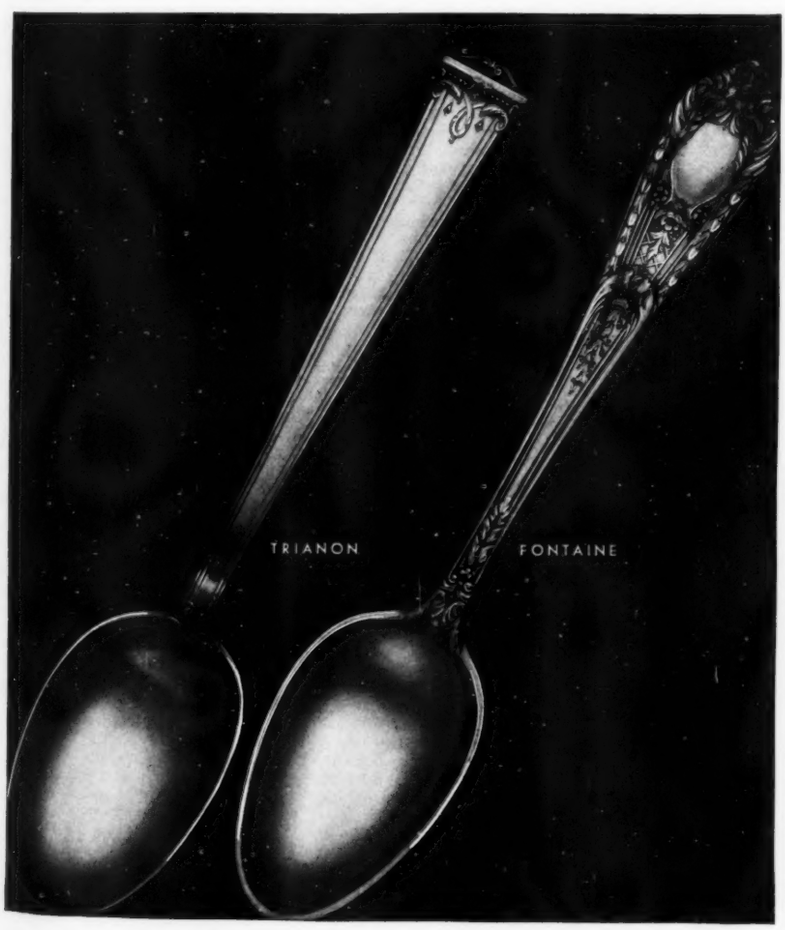
fontaine

. . . magnificent in its superb detail! French . . . in the finest manner of France. Reminiscent of the rich court of the Louis' . . . yet at home in any setting of good taste.



STERLING

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
FINE ARTS DIVISION
MERIDEN, CONN.



Send for booklet . . . . . today

"Correct Table Silver . . . Its Choice and Use" is the title of the most helpful booklet on silver in all the world. Elsie de Wolfe supervised its every page. And in it . . . eight different sterling selections are suggested . . . varying from a beginner's set for four, to an elaborate service for twelve. Table settings are discussed and beautifully illustrated. And a number of International Sterling patterns are shown, with lists of pieces and prices on each. Send 25c . . . a fraction of its actual worth to you

INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Meriden, Conn. H. B.-10-29

Enclosed is 25c (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

Kurzman

made-to-order fashions

Making clothes to order has been the backbone of our business for many, many years. And the revival of the couturiere tradition in New York finds us not as beginners in a new branch, but with a prestige long established by a background of distinguished taste and authoritative making.

●

added to our "dressmaker fashions" ready to put on, are facilities unsurpassed in this country for designing and making to order

Furs • Hats • Ensembles
Gowns • Wraps • Coats
***J. & T.* Cousins Shoes**

●

Kurzman

IMPORTER

661 Fifth Ave. *52d-53d Sts.*

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 137*)

Mr. Pepys had in mind, which had been one of the convoy accompanying the King on his triumphant return from Breda, *The Happy Return*, a frigate of thirty guns, and a fast sailer. Just the boat, he conceived, for the Captain's purpose. Arriving at the yard, Mr. Pepys, for all his zeal on the King's business, did not miss the opportunity of snatching a hurried kiss from one of those sweethearts of his with whom he lightened the cares of his office. This was pretty Mistress Collins, wife of a head-carpenter, at that moment, he thus learned, at work on the vessel he and the Captain had come to see.

Work, indeed, was not going very briskly on *The Happy Return*. Except from Collins himself, whose honest face lit up with pleasure at the sight of the man who, as a sop to his conscience for those stolen kisses, had constituted himself his patron, Mr. Pepys met but lowering glances. None of the workmen in the yard there had seen any of the King's money for several months. For that reason, crews fought shy of the King's service. Without the aid of crimps and press gangs ruthlessly employed no King's ship could put to sea. Idleness, therefore, hung over the Deptford yards, and the chief alacrity was to be found in the taverns. Mr. Pepys had often caught the yard napping; and, not without sympathy for the mistreated men, had represented the state of affairs in high quarters all in vain. Today again he shook his head.

"This is how His Majesty is served," he remarked to the Captain; and he added, "Methinks it will be easier, Captain, to find you a ship than a crew."

But the Captain whose keen eyes were all for the ship, growled good-humouredly for answer. "Give me the ship," he said. "I'll find the crew." And he said it, with a peculiar confidence; adding, "You can always find crews for my kind of work."

The Captain's kind of work, it was tacitly understood between them, had a way of paying for itself.

Then followed an inspection of *The Happy Return* from stem to stern. There was not a corner of her that the Captain did not explore with tremendous scrutiny. When the inspection was finished, and he and Mr. Pepys sat over a bottle of canary in the cabin, where the Captain already seemed commandingly at home, the Captain indulged in a laugh of entire satisfaction.

"Your servant, Mr. Pepys," he said raising his glass, "let us drink to His Majesty." Rising to their feet, the two gentlemen drank the toast with due ceremony.

"She's the very craft for the business," he continued. "She's sound and she's swift, and I'll undertake to fight her against any ship on the sea. I'll make His Majesty proud of her and Richard Thunder."

Their wine drunk, the two gentlemen took once more to their wherry, and departed Londonwards. Mr. Pepys dropped the Captain at the river-landing of the Ship-A-Hoy, where he repaired aloft to his lodging.

HAVING at one lucky stroke won the good-will of those in high places, of the very throne itself, Captain Thunder's appointment to the command of a King's ship was made with unusual despatch; and his own thought was now to get to sea as soon as *The Happy Return* could be made ready. To this end Deptford Yard suddenly threw off its sloth and the beautiful frigate became a hive of busy ship's carpenters, calkers, riggers, painters, at work day and night fitting and adorning her for a voyage of which the destination was kept a closely guarded secret.

All that was known was that Captain Thunder was to take her to distant seas on the King's business. But speculation of course, was rife, and gossip was busy with a hundred conjectures. Some of this gossip did not fail to concern itself with the character of the mysterious Captain.

Tavern-tongues wagged and rum-filled heads were shaken and Dick Slye of the Ship-A-Hoy was besieged by his cronies for information about his portentous guest. But Dick smiled and kept his counsel. What if the laughing Captain were nothing more or less than a pirate, as there were no few to aver. A pirate with a king for a friend, and with the Duke of Buckingham for his sponsor, was as good as an admiral any day.

Was it the Dutch he was after? Though the Dutch ambassador was still at Whitehall, there were too many Dutch ships off the coast for friendship. If it was the Dutch he was after, pirate or no pirate, here's to the Captain's health, with three times three. What were the Dutch but pirates themselves? They needed a lesson, and Captain Thunder was very plainly the man to give it them. Did you know that they had refused to salute the English flag, the bowsing sea-ruffians and cowards that they were?

And so the talk went, and no one really knew anything, except that *The Happy Return* was being got ready; and that the Captain was down at Deptford every day with his keen eyes like a cat-o'-nine-tails superintending the work. No malingerers could escape that glance. But he had his famous laugh with him, too, to put life into the men, who worked all the harder because they scented something afoot in the fashion of the old days; when prize-ships from the Spanish Main set the guns roaring and the church-bells ringing at Chatham; and English sailors came rolling ashore with their pockets filled with Spanish gold.

Gold! was that the Captain's business? The seas were still full of it, as any old sailor could tell you. And with that rumour afloat, it was soon to be seen that the Captain had been right when he told Mr. Pepys that there would be no difficulty about a crew—for his kind of work. He could not go down to the yard without being besieged by a motley throng eager to ship with him.

"All in good time, my lads!" he answered, as he good-naturedly shouldered his huge bulk through the throng. "Be you good fighters, the King will want you, never fear."

MEANWHILE, his lodging at the Ship-A-Hoy was crowded with applicants for the higher posts, sea-characters of all sorts anxious to serve under him, adventurous spirits among them that had never handled a rope but were lured by the rumour of his mysterious enterprise. Broken gallants were there with nothing left but their swords, musicians with their fiddles, medical students, dissipated young blades from Apothecaries Hall, and shabby parsons with liquorish noses and ready wits; for the Captain would, of course, need his surgeons and his chaplain, and no king's ship put to sea without its "music", collectively so called.

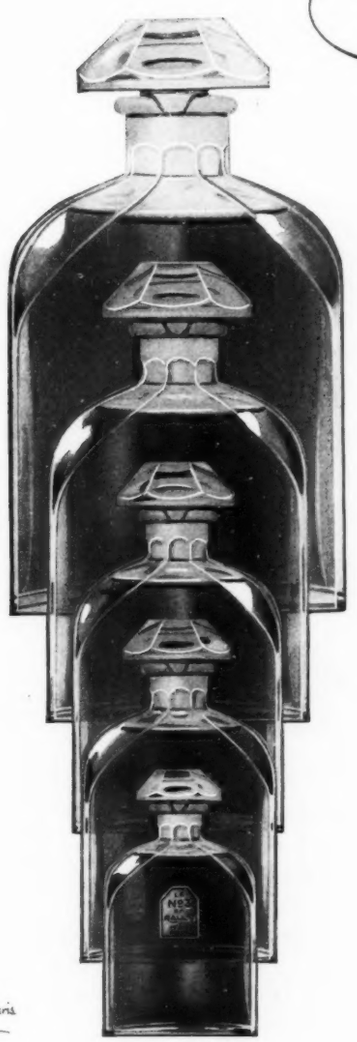
Men of science pale and scholarly, with new inventions for raising sunken ships or improved instruments for taking the sun and such-like sea mechanisms, men with secrets for the detection of hidden gold, map-makers, hydrographers and naturalists eager to investigate and record the strange life of the sea, needy authors asking to be taken as historians of the voyage—all these came offering their various services. Among them was one, an engaging impudent fellow to whom the Captain took quite a fancy, who professed no less an art than that of judicial astrology, but who looked even more likely to give a good account of himself in a scuffle than to read the stars. Of all these the Captain took note, and there were those among them whom we shall meet again.

Meanwhile, there was one appointment among the Captain's officers that had been a foregone conclusion, an appointment equally to the taste of the Captain and the officer in question. Nothing short of the King's disapproval could have prevented Dionysus from tossing his law-books to the winds and shipping with the Captain. But a formal letter in the King's own hand had already recommended him to "our trusty and well-beloved" commander, who was therein instructed to treat him on the footing of a gentleman

(*Continued on page 142*)

Parfums RALLET

Superlative Creations, now brought to America for those women who require the exclusive without consideration of price. Since the early XIX Century they have held esoteric patronage in France and Imperial Russia.



LE GARDÉNIA
RALLET NO 1
RALLET NO 3
LE CHYPRE
EACH OF THESE SUPERB ODEURS IS OBTAINABLE IN FIVE SIZES
$3.50 $6.00 $10.00 $12.50 AND $22.50

PARFUMEUR TO THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT FOR OVER EIGHTY YEARS

Société Française des Parfums RALLET
Salon – 4 Rue Berryer, Paris Laboratories – Cannes and Paris
Parfums RALLET – 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

LES POUDRES RALLET
BLANCHE NATURELLE RACHEL CLAIRE, RACHEL FONCÉ
IN THE FOUR FRAGRANCES — TWO DOLLARS

Camel Down
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

a coat to go with you wherever you go

SOFT · SUMPTUOUS · WARM · 100% pure, imported Camel Wool. Styles for every form of sport and lounge wear ...available in Natural · Cinnamon · Beaver · Navy Oxford · Navy · Mist · Oxford. At your favorite shop. Tailored by

DEL MONTE-HICKEY · New York

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 140*)

and train him to become an officer in His Majesty's service.

This letter Dionysus had with pride carried down to his country home to delight the eyes of his cavalier father and beautiful doting mother. However much she might shrink from resigning her handsome lad to the perils of unknown seas, she feared for him still more the land perils of Whitehall.

WHILE Dionysus was thus making his various farewells to the haunts and companions of his youth, work on *The Happy Return* was going on apace. The beautiful ship grew fairer to the Captain's inspection with every resounding day. Already she was the apple of his seaman's eye, and it was now sure that he would fulfil his determination and get her to sea by midsummer. His energy and watchful care for every detail filled Mr. Pepys with wondering admiration. If only the King had more such officers!

When the day came for him to choose his crew, which other captains were accustomed to leave to their quartermasters but which Captain Thunder was very particular to let no one do but himself, Mr. Pepys was further impressed with his shrewd and rapid judgment of men. He had indeed a motley mob from which to select that day. Accompanied by Mr. Pepys and his chief officers, he installed himself, a great meerschaum in one hand, and a tankard of old ale on the table beside him, in the great raftered room of a Deptford tavern.

The human flotsam and jetsam of the seven seas surged about the tavern doors like a herd of wild bulls, fierce and bronzed and unkempt, jostling, cursing, laughing, growling out their deep-sea chanties, and filling the air with their hoarse clamour, as they waited. When presently they filed in before the Captain, he cast his strong glance over each wild face, and each stalwart or sinewy figure, and nodded his shaggy head, or shook it decisively, choosing and rejecting with instant decision.

AS THE men, his nod accepted, passed on to give their names to a clerk with paper and inkhorn before him, it was to be seen that one quality characterized them all. That quality might be summed up as able-bodied ferocity. As the muster filled up, one would have said that, whether or not the Captain's critics were right about him when they said he was nothing short of a pirate in disguise, there could be no question that a more piratical looking set of fellows could not well be imagined.

A few kindly honest faces, indeed, there were amongst them, as though the Captain had his purpose too in retaining a sprinkling of such, but for the most part the face that met with his approval was harsh and dogged, grim and battle-scarred, with a wicked fighting devil in the hard seagoing eyes. It was fighters the Captain was after. To be good seamen was not enough. His men must be sea-fighters, too. Whatever else the business of his cruise, it was to be fighting.

WHEN his men, among whom at his bidding the purser had distributed money to drink the King's health, had given three cheers for their Captain, and shouldered out to spend their silver in other pot-houses in the neighborhood, and Mr. Pepys and he were left alone over a bowl of rum-punch, the Captain put into a blunt phrase or two his idea of choosing a crew.

"I choose my officers," he said, "for their intelligence, my men for their brutality. Sea-fighting is rough work, Mr. Pepys, and the dogs for the business need strong teeth. A crew of gentlemen would be best of all; but as we can't have that, the next best is a crew of devils."

The rather timorous Mr. Pepys quailed a little at this robust statement, venturing to hint that a crew of devils would need a strong hand.

"What is a captain for?" was the captain's rejoinder. As one looked at his powerful closed fist and his grim handsome face, on which some trick of nature had carved that enigmatic smile, one could have no misgivings that the Captain had it in him to be the king-devil of the most satanic crew that ever put to sea.

"I'm a good-natured man myself," said the Captain, as with an afterthought; and for all his stern appearance one felt that he was, "but too much good-nature is out of place in a fight. Killing is no good-natured work, Mr. Pepys. It's hell; and there's no other name for it. But there are worse places to be than a battle-ship in action, and to fight for your life is better than all the punch that was ever brewed."

"Every man to his work," said Mr. Pepys, as his thoughts strayed to pretty Mistress Collins and his viol at evening on the leads of his peaceful lodging in Seething Lane. The punch having run out, his suggestion of another bowl met with the Captain's approving nod. His work was now done, his ship was ready; and to make a genial night of it with the kindly little landsman was altogether to his mind.

Chapter VI.

The Sailing of "The Happy Return"

OF THE three things that were wonderful to the afflicted Job, "the way of a ship upon the sea" has not the least captivated the eye and stirred the imagination of mankind. And of all the ships that have floated swanlike on the silver Thames none can have been a fairer sight than *The Happy Return* as in the morning sunshine of June 27, 1663, she lay in Deptford Reach all apparelled and made ready to sail. The tide, even then on the turn, musically rippled against her hawsers; and all London, it would seem, was out on holiday, to watch her going.

So far as the eye could see the old river was brilliant with boats laden to the gunwales with festive citizens. The river banks were murmurous too with expectant multitudes, and every roof and steeple within eye-shot was no less alive with spectators, and fluttering with flags. The air was jubilant with the music of a thousand instruments, rejoicing horns and thrilling strings rising with incessant merriment from the surface of the stream. To all this the gaily coloured garments of women and men alike in that costume-loving age gave the appearance of a vast water-garden, on a resonant background of martial brass, fierce and mellow by turns, and rolling drums.

Amid the wild tumult of glad sound and breeze-tossed colour, *The Happy Return*, decked from stem to stern with ensigns and banners, beautiful, and it almost seemed, conscious as a bride, awaited the coming of the King and Queen, for whose barge the river marshals were busy keeping free a lane of gleaming water. So many different kinds of beauty combined to make her lovely. The beauty of a fortified city rising massively out of the water was in the strength of her long clean-lined hull. It shone like black armour with paint smooth as lacquer pierced at regular intervals, like a pattern, with portholes, through which gleamed the brass nozzles of her great guns glittering like pans in a Dutch kitchen. She rose slightly fore, and more loftily aft, in tiers of deck that still suggested the galleons of Tudor times. The immense over-hanging stern, above the huge rudder, was galleried and bayed with windows like some ancient inn and elaborately carved and gilded, with the royal arms emblazoned on a central shield.

Here she had the rich flamboyant beauty of some bizarre Gothic building, heavily moulded and delicately friezed with strange sea-ornaments, Tritons blowing on wreathed conchs and nereids with glimmering tails ending in a riot of flowers.

FROM the decks, dazzlingly white and spotless as with the care of some coiffed industrious housewife, rose her polished masts and yards. They were strung like a musical instrument with the taut network of rigging, delicate to the eye as

(*Continued on page 145*)

RARE loveliness of tone to delight the ear of the truly tone-conscious . . . Exquisite beauty of cabinet . . . These two supreme qualities have made Kellogg a distinctive radio for distinctive homes. Kellogg, of course, has all the latest developments and refinements of radio, to please the most exacting; but its outstanding characteristic, setting it apart, is distinction in both cabinet and tone; a distinction that harmonizes always and everywhere with the atmosphere and furnishings of the finest homes. . . . . .

Three distinctive models, one combining radio and phonograph. All models have automatic volume control, screen-grid tubes, super power tubes and the Kellogg tone-balanced dynamic speaker. Priced from $250 to $395, not including tubes. Slightly higher on the Pacific Coast.

KELLOGG
SCREEN-GRID *Radio*

FAMOUS FOR ITS CATHEDRAL TONE

THE MODERN LOTION IS CLEAR..NOT THICK

THE MODERN LOTION has arrived . . . it does not even look like old style, thick lotions. This new lotion, conceived by Chamberlain, is clear, sparkling, refreshing. A few drops of its transparent, amber liquid softens rough skin overnight, because it penetrates the pores quickly. It dries instantly, and is not the least bit sticky. You will prefer these new qualities of the modern, thin lotion. At good toilet goods counters, you will find Chamberlain's Hand Lotion in two sizes, fifty cents or one dollar. Chamberlain Laboratories, Inc., Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's **HAND LOTION**

"The Invisible Glove"

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 142*)

gossamer and strong as a web of steel, the beauty of a gigantic violin for the winds to play on. The white sails lay reefed in comely array along her spars, dainty as a queen's bed-linen. Everywhere was the loveliness of order, a religious cleanliness and a glory of shining wood and brass. Between decks, and in the companion-ways and the little quiet cabins with their huge beams running from end to end of her, was a sweet homeliness, a domestic charm of old raftered rooms in still country places.

Like a beautiful walled town she was, filled with tiny white houses, with guns and trumpets and pennons on the battlements, and busy citizens like bees in a hive within. As she swayed in her mass and might lightly as a lily on the gliding stream, she made a strange harmony of stern and stalwart strength with the beauty of delicate craftsmanship, the miniature perfection of an inlaid cabinet wrought in China by some master-workman. So like a rare and curious ornament she was, for all her majesty and power.

On her gangway the heralds with their painted tabards, emblazoned with the royal arms, dallied with their long trumpets. Row on row above them sailors manned the yards, spick and span like lines of ocean birds. Along the gun-deck the gunners stood beside their cannon, whose muzzles ran out into the sun through the open ports, linstocks ready in their hands for the royal salute. High on the quarter-deck in rich but simple uniform, Captain Thunder stood among his officers, and Dionysus, happy as a young god, chatted with Mr. Pepys near by.

His gallant young heart was overflowing with all the glorious meaning of the day. He was impatient for all this fanfare of prelude to be over, that he might be alone with his new love, the beautiful ship and his crowding thoughts of the new life that today was beginning for him, with its far calls into the magical unknown world of his boyish dreams. The King was late, and the big Captain chafed and growled to himself as he paced to and fro. Idle man, he had no tide to catch, and the Captain's tide was now flowing briskly by.

AT LAST, a far-off roar came from the waiting crowds. The royal barge had been sighted. Soon, with his merry fiddlers and his laughing ladies and gentlemen surrounding his long dark figure indolently seated with the Queen by his side, the King could be plainly seen. Then the languid heralds set their long trumpets to their lips and blew. Almost instantly from the side of *The Happy Return*, thirty tongues of flame leaped out. The thunder of the guns mingled with the thunder of myriad human throats, as clouds of sunlit smoke a moment hid the waiting ship and melted up into the blue; while the gunners re-loaded rapidly, and the cannon three times spoke the nation's loyalty to their idolized prince.

A few moments, and Charles, with that grave courtesy in which he never failed towards her, was leading his olive-skinned queen, who, after all, looked quite pretty and piquant under the excitement of the hour, up the velvet-draped gangway. Then the great ship was invaded by the silks and satins of the court, as though a cloud of butterflies had suddenly taken possession of it with its still smoking guns and its bronzed and wild-faced crew, amongst whom diaphanously clad ladies with their attendant exquisites fluttered and twittered in pretty curiosity, overflowing with light laughter decks that soon were to hear a different music.

The King stood awhile in silence looking round at the ship he had known so well. Then he turned with evident pleasure in its faultless trim to a rather gloomily handsome gentleman at his side, who was no less a person than the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England. As he spoke, he smiled kindly on the Captain.

"James," he said, "why don't you choose your captains as well as I do?"

"For their laughter?" rejoined the Duke with a spice of irony, for graciousness did not come easily to him, bowing haughtily to the Captain.

"Laughing captains for a laughing king," promptly interposed the Duke of Buckingham, who had just laid a friendly hand on Captain Thunder's shoulder. "Your Grace, no more than I, can wish the reign of long faces back again, I'll warrant. Poor England! she needs to laugh once more, and long may we have a king who can teach her how to do it."

Charles smiled strangely. The drift of his favourite's privileged tongue was not hard to get.

"Brother," he said, playfully touching James's arm. "The sun is shining. Oddsfish, man, let's enjoy it while we may."

Then, turning to Captain Thunder:

"Captain," he said, "may your happy return be as happy as mine was. Our thoughts shall be with you on the sea. I for one, shall be glad to know that wherever you are England has a brave man and a gallant sailor out yonder, and . . . beshrew me," turning from his momentary seriousness once more to gaiety, "if the throne were not so comfortable a chair, I'd ship with you myself, like our friend Di there."

"And by your leave, ladies and gentlemen," he added, "I want a word with my young friend." And for a few moments the King walked to and fro with Dionysus, withdrawn a little from the rest. His manner was that of an elder brother rather than that of a king, for he was very fond of the young man; and, for the old cavalier, his father's, sake as well, he wished him very well.

Their brief confidence being at an end, the King turned to the Queen and his suite.

"I'm afraid, Madame," he said, "we must be wishing our friends godspeed. I know that the Captain is saying that the tide waits not for kings and queens. So we to our throne at Whitehall and the Captain to his throne on the seas. Captain, farewell," and he held out his hand for the Captain to kiss, which the Captain did with creditable grace on his knees, repeating the arduous manoeuvre, as the Queen did him the like honour.

"Not a laugh for us, before we part?" said the Duke of Buckingham, as he moved to follow the King and Queen.

"The guns shall laugh for me," said the Captain, but as the King's barge, with a parting flourish of trumpets, moved into the mid-stream and all the festive boats of his loyal people prepared to follow in his wake, through the roar of the saluting cannon was borne gust upon gust of that mighty laughter which had won for the Captain his proud place there on the quarter-deck.

Hardly had it and the gun-smoke died away together, when like magic the ship was transformed, the guns run in, the ports closed, the men already busy with the sails, and the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle calling the capstan hands to weigh anchor.

"That's the music for me," said the Captain, as the officers of the watch took their posts; and *The Happy Return* began to move in her beauty down the stream.

Chapter VII.

Of Dutch Courage and Other Matters

IN THE days of Dionysus English lads were no further removed from the living presences of Drake and Hawkins and the great Armada than the memories of their grandfathers, through whose lips had come to them stirring echoes of all those great sea-doings. The voyages of Elizabethan seamen collected by the Rev. Richard Hakluyt had displaced the deeds of King Arthur's knights in the imaginations of many an adventurous youth. The three vast folios of that sea-loving clergyman had been his father's gift to him, as Dionysus and his sweet-faced mother had busied themselves with his apparel and all the various furniture of a young gentleman about to set out on his travels.

Englishmen were beginning to regard

(*Continued on page 148*)

AS YOUTH WOULD HAVE IT

YOUTH is more than merely a computation of birthdays; its final triumph rests in the dash and spirit of one's appearance. The slender silhouette is the thing, and at Joseph it literally breathes of the freshness, gaiety, and glory that is youth. Such a garment is the one illustrated . . . one of the many that Joseph sponsors and invites you to inspect. Really, those who would achieve a smart, youthful appearance are more than served here; they are, indeed, catered to in every sense of the word.

Joseph

2 WEST 57TH STREET
AT FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

READY TO WEAR BY A FAMOUS DRESSMAKER

Where to Shop in New York

Fortnum & Mason, Ltd. Est. 1710 — By appointment to H. M. George V

Send for Catalogue of Ladies' & Gentlemen's Shoes

The SURREY

In Fawn-toned Lizard!

Classic in its simplicity is this superb walking shoe, just arrived from London . . . Hand-wrought in fawn-toned lizard and featuring the all leather cuban heel.

BRITISH BOOTS INC.
FORTMASON
FORTNUM & MASON, Ltd., PICCADILLY · LONDON

At 719 Madison Avenue, New York (between 63rd and 64th Streets)
The New York Shop of Fortnum & Mason, Ltd. Piccadilly, London

WE'VE FOUND FOR YOU—

Kathleen, Inc. has a newly remodelled and enlarged salon in a fashionable district, at 118 East 60th Street, where she features the tuck-in blouses, the princess lines, the sports and evening ensembles of the new season. There is a character to her shop which attracts discriminating women.

On West 37th Street, there is a little new perfume shop that merits a visit. There the Marqués de Horza features his own unusual imported perfumes.

Already come thoughts of Christmas 'kerchiefs, and William Coulson's, at 429 Fifth Avenue, is a place to order them now. This well-known Irish linen importing house also features charming bath and boudoir fixings—Enough to give you a linen complex!

For the supreme moment
Parfum MARCHE NUPTIALE
MARQUÉS DE ELORZA
73 CHAMPS ELYSÉES, PARIS
36 WEST 37th ST., NEW YORK

AT A *NEW* ADDRESS

. . . a smarter spacious Salon specializing in coiffure individuality . . . Permanent Waving or a modern lightweight

transformation by

Louis Parmé

7 East 55th St., New York

MISS MARY KING, Inc.

announce

their

FALL SHOWING

of

PARIS MODELS

◆

SPORT AND TOWN CLOTHES

◆

21 East 56th Street

Give Two Weeks to Beauty and Rest

IN from ten days to two weeks, Madame Mays' scientific method gives you new youth and beauty. Wrinkles, freckles, lines about the eyes and relaxed tissues of the face and throat are replaced by a skin of fine youthful texture.

Clients from outside New York, while taking the treatment, have all the comforts and luxury of an elegantly appointed private home. All consultations and treatments are in the strictest confidence.

Two weeks' rest, then new beauty.

Complete details and a booklet on request.

MADAME MAYS
50 West 49th Street New York

at OLSON'S

MAIDS' UNIFORMS accessories

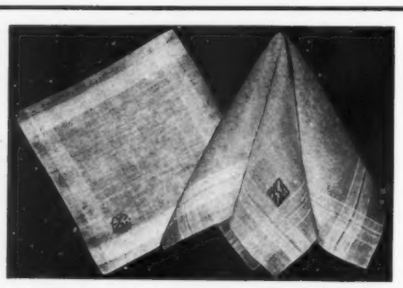
A distinctive selection of smart attire in a wide range of prices.

Send for Catalog "A"

HOUSE WARES

Modern household equipment for the kitchen, pantry, and bathroom.

Oliver A. Olson COMPANY
907 Madison Ave. at 72nd St.
Broadway at 79th St.
New York City



SPECIALS ~ IDEAL FOR GIFTS

Handkerchiefs of Unusual Quality featured by this Celebrated Old Irish House, Manufacturers by Royal Warrant Since 1759

Left #1165—Ladies'—Finest Sheer French Linen, White, Hand Rolled Hem, Corded Border. Price, $5.00 per dozen. Monogrammed, as shown, $11.00 per dozen.

Right #1865—Gentlemen's—Pure White Sheer French Linen, Assorted Tape Borders, Hand Rolled Hem. Price, $11.50 per doz. Monogrammed, as shown, $18.70 per doz.

Order by Number now to permit ample time for Hand Monogramming

WM. COULSON & SONS
LINENS OF CHARACTER
429 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 105 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON

MANUEL
TRANSFORMATIONS

MANUEL, FOR 16 YEARS AT 29 EAST 48TH STREET, IS NOW MOVING TO MORE SPACIOUS QUARTERS AT 485 MADISON AVENUE, 11TH FLOOR WHERE WE WILL CONTINUE TO SPECIALIZE EXCLUSIVELY IN HAIR GOODS.

NEW-YORK
485 MADISON AVE.
COR. 52ND STREET 11TH FLOOR

PARIS
92 CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES
COR. RUE DE BERRI 4TH FLOOR

Where to Shop in New York

How About Hair

Those who move from Ritz-Carlton to Ritz-Carlton need never be far away from the ministrations of the renowned "Charles of the Ritz". His salon in the Ritz-Carlton in New York attracts some of the smartest women from in and out of town. We hear wonderful things of his indefinite wave.

Harper's Bazar is well equipped to give you information on hairdressers, and on their smart, unusual shops. Please direct your inquiry to the Where-to-Shop-Department, Harper's Bazar, 572 Madison Avenue, New York.

Time to Rewave Your Permanent!

FOUR to six months after you have had a "Permanent," the average "Wave" grows out. Several inches of new straight hair appears and requires attention.

We have always devoted a great deal of time to this particular condition of permanent waving. We will be glad to rewave that portion of yours which requires toning up, at the very reasonable rate of ten curls for **$7.50.**

Or, if necessary, we will be pleased to serve you for an entirely new permanent wave. Frigidine, Ringlette or Eugene method **$15.00.**

Cluzelle
45 W. 57th St., N.Y.
Appointment Number Plaza 4135

Hairdressers of Highest Reputation Since 1896.

CHANEL'S evening ensemble of black lace with panne velvet jacket. An interesting note is introduced in the circular peplum
KATHLEEN INC.
118 EAST 60TH ST. N.Y.

Individual finger wave and bobbing by coiffeurs who have learned their trade in the courts of Europe and the beauty salons of Paris.
A Paris Permanent.
Hair-Coloring.

Georges & Fernand
OF PARIS
554 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK
BETWEEN 45 & 46 Sts. BRYANT 3735-6

HUNTSMAN HUMIDORS!

Distinctive humidors . . . porcelain and cedar-lined . . . finished in antiqued lacquer tone . . . quaint old hunting print on cover. One of many delightful gifts purveyed by Sherry. Filled with Sherry confections, $20 . . . with Sherry cigars, $30.

Mail Orders Filled . . . Parcel Post Extra

Louis Sherry
Madison Ave. and 62nd St., New York

SPECIALIZING IN TABLE DELICACIES

the most important of autumn shoes to go with tailored costumes—this leather-heel model in black or brown suede with calf. $18.50.

send for folder hf

SHOECRAFT
SALON: 714 fifth ave, New York
Palm Beach : Southampton
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL
SIZES 1 TO 10, AAAA TO D

New fall shipments

The latest successes of our Paris House are now on view

Sport Dresses
Afternoon and Evening Gowns
Lingerie Linens

Shipments are received weekly

KARGÈRE

636 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 39 Champs Elysées, Paris

THE DISTINCTIVE CHARLES TOUCH

CHARLES OF THE RITZ achieves a very flattering effect with an indefinite wave and ends which are curled about the face.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ SALONS:
New York: Ritz-Carlton Hotel—Ritz Tower—Plaza Hotel—Barclay Hotel—Gladstone Hotel. *Atlantic City:* Ritz-Carlton Hotel. *Boston:* Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

IN SPITE OF EXPOSURE —OR BECAUSE OF IT . . .

EVEN your back must be radiantly beautiful! Evening frocks cut to the waistline in back . . . the mere wisps of gossamer chiffon you wear for hose . . . the abbreviated poufs called sleeves in your daytime frocks . . . throw a merciless spotlight of attention on arms, back and ankles. They must be satiny-smooth in texture—youthful—exquisite. To keep them gloriously beautiful—or to regain for them the beauty they have lost, perhaps through chapping—rub them each night with soothing, almond-scented Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Use it again as a base before powdering them. Work it into your hands and cuticle, too. Even a few days' use will make such a world of difference—do try it—we'll gladly send you a sample bottle if you will mail in the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 499, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name .....

Address .....

This coupon not good after October, 1930

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, 8

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

Copyright 1929 by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 145*)

the sea as a national possession. Spain, though still strong, they feared no more; and the Dutch, as was soon to be proved, they feared too little. Had they not but lately been given some severe lessons by a Somersetshire admiral, one Robert Blake? Though he had been a servant of the late Usurper, he was still an Englishman. He had in addition singed the beard of the King of Spain in the old Elizabethan fashion, not to mention his share in having put that royal rover, Prince Rupert, himself to ignominious flight on his own element.

Such memories were very stirringly alive in the heart of our young scapegrace, late of the Inns of Court, but recently a Whitehall gallant, a roysterer of the Mohawk Club, and a knight of the King's highway, as he disposed of his various belongings in the cosy little cabin which was now to be his home. Among these belongings was an old fiddle, and three or four "books of airs," a miniature of his lady mother, and a Book of Common Prayer, her parting gift.

As he thus put his sea-house in order, he was clumsily assisted by one whose burly proportions and uncouth movements but little suggested the accomplishments of a body-servant, one indeed whom we have already seen engaged in activities more fitted to his thick-set frame. No other, in fact, than the sometime Jehu of Sir Jonas, whose prowess as a wrestler had won the admiration of his present master that moonlight night on the Portsmouth road.

One morning when Dionysus, accompanied by Captain Thunder and Mr. Pepys, was about to step into a wherry at Town Hill Stairs, who should one of the watermen prove to be than this old acquaintance, respectfully touching his forelock, and addressing him as "My Lord" with a knowing smile. The young Lord's spirited behaviour and subsequent generosity on that memorable occasion had won his tough heart and made him his slave for ever. The rumour of the forthcoming voyage of *The Happy Return* having reached him, it had come about that Phineas Elderberry had shipped as body-servant to his young idol; while the Captain had incidentally gained an extra tough hand much to his manly taste and one likely to be of good service in the changing fortunes of the sea.

WHILE Phineas and his master worked together in the little cabin, two large men much in each other's way in so small a space, *The Happy Return* was gliding down stream. Though she had been late in getting off, *The Happy Return* was a fast sailer, and, wind and tide being with her, she was soon making up for lost time.

As she sped down Channel in the arms of a merry morning breeze, the Captain was in high good humour. As he and Di stood together on the quarter-deck watching the receding shores of France, with the cliffs of England and her cozy ports sheltered under the slopes of grassy downs on their right, the immense seething stir and freshness of the open sea did their hearts good. Di was off in a lad's dream of those wide oceans and palm-fringed shores which so far he had known only in books; while the Captain pulled at his big pipe with the deep satisfaction of a man who once more finds himself at home in his own comfortable great house of sea and sky.

As they thus pursued their own thoughts in silent companionship, the Quartermaster came aft and saluted the Captain. He was a short lean man all wire and whip-cord with a keen good-natured little face and twinkling blue eyes as full of mischief as a boy's. He always seemed to be smiling to himself, as if life was a perpetual good joke between Richard Pingle and his Maker. Like many such little men, he was a terrible fighter; and, though something of a martinet, he was popular with his men; and he was a great favourite with the Captain, with whom he had sailed before.

"Well, Richard," said Captain Thunder, "what's the news?"

For answer Pingle pointed his spy-glass to a small merchantman flying the Dutch flag beating up Channel about a cannon-shot away on the starboard bow.

"I was thinking, your honour," he said, his face all puckering up with amused wrinkles, "that it's about time yonder Dutchman was saluting His Majesty's colours."

"Very right and proper, Richard," answered the Captain, "suppose you give him his orders."

Two or three of his men were standing by, one with a signal flag ready to hoist.

"Up with it," called out the Quartermaster. In another moment the royal ensign was at the mast-head fluttering a command to the Hollander to make fitting obeisance to the lords of the sea. The little group watched and waited for the result; but the Dutch colours continued to float on unperturbed.

"They must be asleep," said the Quartermaster presently; "what does your honour say to a little of Bill Ducket's music to wake them up?"

William Ducket was the chief gunner, and known to be a wonderful marksman. He was standing there all eager for orders. The Captain nodded his head.

"But don't damage him, Ducket," he commanded, "I have no time to waste on a cargo of Dutch herrings. Just a gentle hint across her bows."

THE gentle hint was given almost as soon as ordered, and when the roar had died down and the smoke curled away, all waited again for the result. But the stubborn Dutchman still paid no heed, and in another minute or two he would be out of range.

"S'death," growled out the Captain, becoming really interested, "we can't have that, if we've got to blow her main-mast into the sea."

"Have I your honour's leave to speak?" asked gunner Ducket.

"Say on Ducket," answered the Captain, "but be quick about it; for she's stepping along."

The gunner then reminded the Captain of what all seamen knew, that Dutch boats kept their "courage"—otherwise their schnapps—in a great barrel in the waist, at the foot of the main-mast. His idea was to hit her in that sensitive spot, and the humour of it at once appealed to the Captain. He roared out his consent in one of his great laughs; meanwhile the crew was crowding the bulwarks to see the fun.

Ducket lost no time, but he took especial pains with his sights, as the occasion demanded. It was too good a joke to be lost by hasty markmanship. Then down went his linstock; a flash and a roar, and all eyes were centered on the Dutchman's waist. Hardly a breath was drawn on *The Happy Return*. No few aboard had faced death far less seriously than they watched the outcome of Gunner Ducket's shot.

Then suddenly a great laughing shout went up that could surely be heard on shore. The answer to Ducket's twenty-pounder had been a geyser-like fountain, spouting and splashing high up the main-mast like an explosion of iridescent water, all the Dutchman's good Hollands blown into the air, and dashed into the sea.

"Not a drop of courage left on board," said Quartermaster Pingle.

The delight aboard *The Happy Return* couldn't have been greater had they sunk an enemy frigate. The men danced together in the enjoyment of one of the greatest strokes of humour ever known on the sea. Nothing would satisfy them but to carry Gunner Ducket shoulder high round the decks. Needless to say the Captain's laugh was far from missing from the hilarity. And—

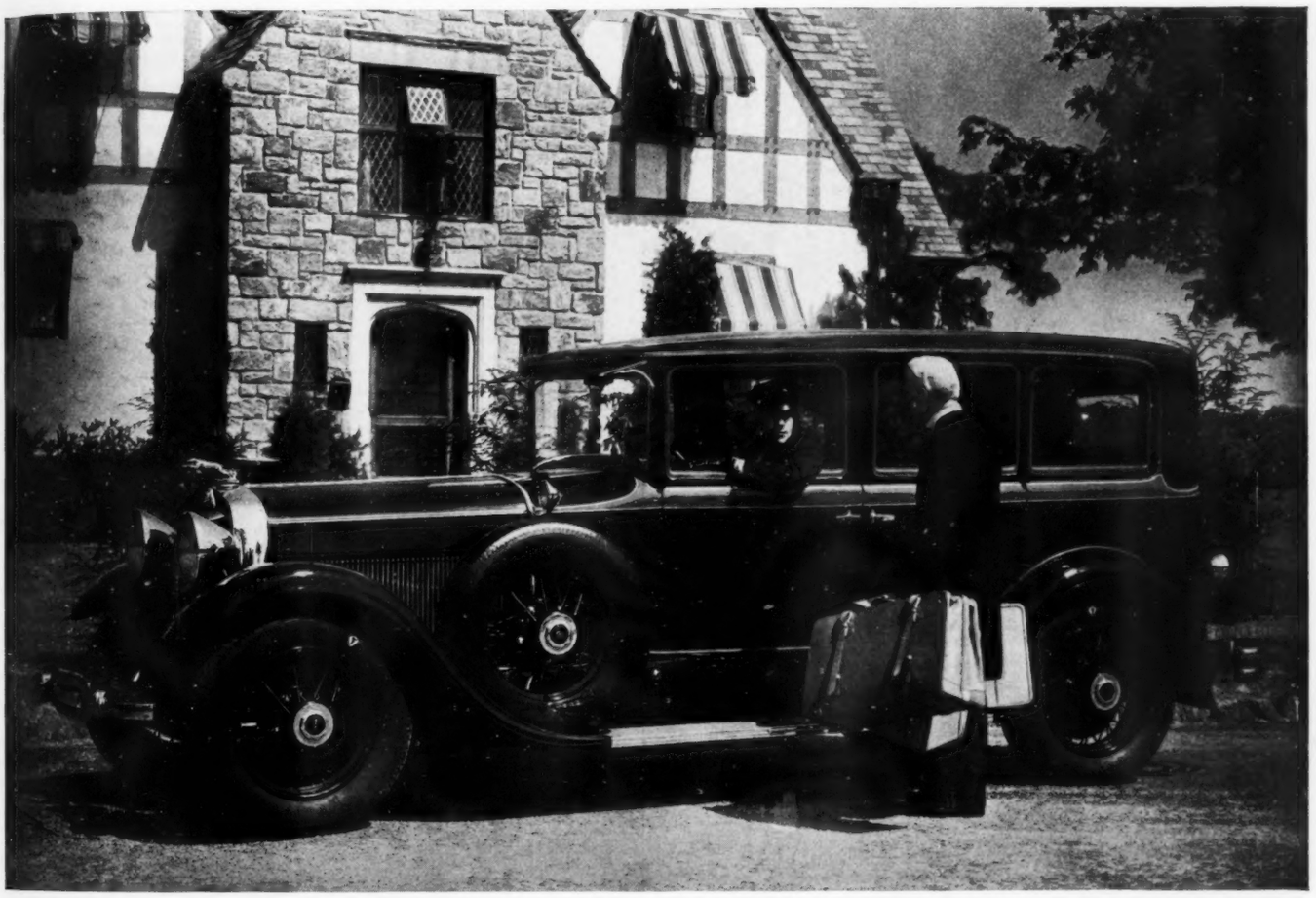
"Look!" suddenly called out the Quartermaster, "didn't I say it? Not a drop of courage left on board!" for there was the Dutchman's flag ducking three times at last, in proper respect to His Majesty's colours.

"Very right and proper," growled the Captain, "but why didn't he do it at first?"

And then, turning to the crew, he or-

(*Continued on page 150*)

THE LINCOLN HAS AN AUTHORITY AND DISTINCTION OF ITS OWN



The Standard Limousine, a smart and capacious motor car for town and social use

As YOU step into your Lincoln at the curb . . . as it carries you surely and silently through the streets . . . as you leave it at your destination . . . you have the assurance that your comings and goings reflect its effortless power, its unfailing fitness, its authentic style.

This well-founded sense of satisfaction is no small part of the experience of owning a Lincoln. For this motor car possesses, beyond its unfaltering performance and beauty of design, a tradition and an individuality of its own.

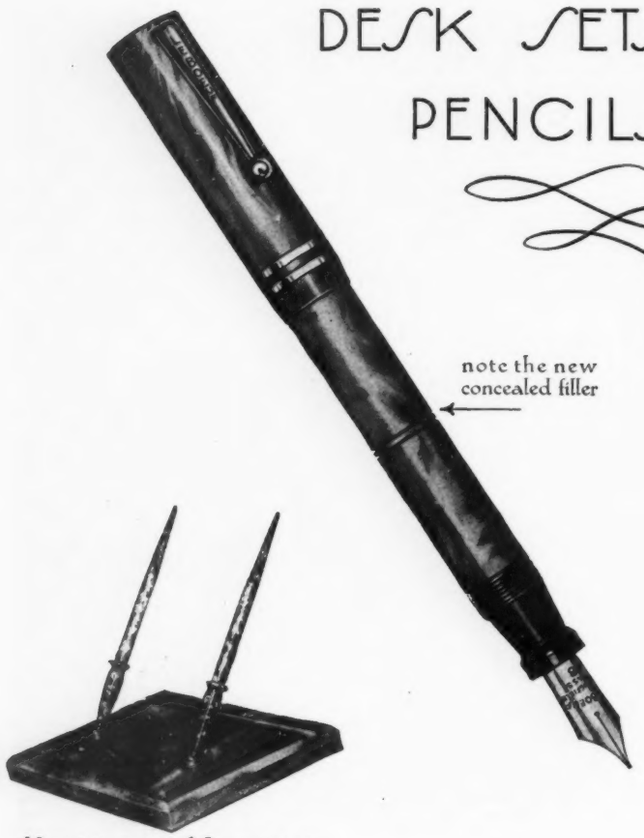
Wherever you call upon your Lincoln to take you—to the office, to the shops, to the theater—you are secure in the knowledge that it is unsurpassed by any other motor car that you see on the rounds of your duties and pleasures. Its mechanism is enduringly sound. Its smartness is assured by the designs of the country's leading coachmakers. Its performance is swift, safe and luxurious. As a result, the character of the Lincoln is a thing directly communicated to you who ride in the car, as well as to those who see it even for the brief moment in which it flashes by.

The high quality of the engineering skill and the materials used, coupled with the unhurried precision of its making, form the basis of the Lincoln's unusual character. Its excellence, in motor, chassis and body, is evident in every aspect of the car. Here is an automobile that complements and enhances the civilized routine of city life . . . one that possesses an atmosphere as unmistakable as its name . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce". . . the Lincoln.

THE LINCOLN

Leboeuf

FOUNTAIN PENS
DESK SETS
PENCILS



Here is just one of the many attractive LeBoeuf Desk Sets. In colors and styles for every type of home and office.

YOUR GIFTS of LeBoeuf Pens and Pencils will be treasured for the deep flashing beauty of their rich colors + the grace of their slender lines. + LeBoeuf pens are made for easy effortless writing + try one yourself and see + and then each LeBoeuf carries a *No Limit Guarantee* + built to last a lifetime. + For only resilient unbreakable materials are used + pen points are of 14 karat gold tipped with Australian iridium + the new hidden filler with each pen. + At the best stores and shops + in attractive gift boxes. + Priced from $3.00 to $50.00.

LEBOEUF FOUNTAIN PEN CO., INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 148*)

dered a special ration of rum to be served.

"To drink the Dutchman's health," he said, adding, "seeing that he cannot drink ours!"—a speech which was greeted with a three times three for the Captain, who thereon retired to his cabin to celebrate the occasion in a bowl of punch with his crony, Dionysus, and his chief officers.

THE afternoon of that day was noteworthy for another excitement in which Dionysus was particularly concerned. It was towards sunset and he was trying a new string on his violin, when a ship's boy brought a polite message from the Captain asking his presence in his cabin. As he descended the companionway, he saw that there were several people with the Captain. The setting sun just then lighting up one of the faces, a shock of surprise went through him. He paused before entering, just long enough to recover himself and get his wits together.

A tall handsome lad with a deep olive skin and fine fearless eyes stood between two sailors facing the Captain, to whom the boatswain was making some sort of explanation. At the table near the captain, with some papers before him on which were traced some odd-looking diagrams, sat the ship's astrologer, his impudent wily face scanning the young lad with an amused significant expression. The boy smiled a pleased recognition to Dionysus as he entered, and Dionysus smiled back.

"Mr. Lancaster," said the Captain, "you evidently know this young man . . ."

"I do," answered Dionysus.

"Young *man!*" interjected the astrologer, with a sneering emphasis.

Dionysus seeing the danger, determined to deal with it at once.

"Sir!" he said, turning a haughty glance on the astrologer-fellow, whom he had disliked at first sight. "What have you to say in this matter?"

"What I please," answered the other insolently. "Must I hold my tongue at your bidding?"

"I think so," answered Dionysus, with a menacing calmness.

"Indeed! I was not aware that you were in command of this ship. It is for the Captain here to give me orders, not you."

"That will not prevent my throwing you overboard, if you say another word that displeases me," answered Dionysus, moving towards him with a gesture that implied his immediate intention of carrying out his threat. He added, turning to the Captain, "And when you are overboard, I have no doubt of being able to satisfy Captain Thunder that the ship is well rid of you."

The Captain had been looking on at this altercation with the same broad smile with which he had watched the two young men fighting in The Ship-Ahoy tavern. It was not that he was brutal, but the quarrels of youngsters amused him to watch, like the snarlings and bitings of puppies. They seemed too young to mean anything serious.

"Come, come!" he said presently, "I can't have any bad blood between shipmates. And, friend Di, we cannot afford to lose our astrologer. We may need his help with the stars before long."

"I am inclined to think that this gentleman knows more about His Majesty's prisons than the stars," retorted Dionysus, a remark which caused the astrologer, who was no coward, to rise threateningly from his seat, his hand making a movement as if in search of a dagger. But the Captain pulled him violently down.

"Enough!" he growled angrily, "you had better leave us, Master Astrologer, we can talk over your calculations another time. Mr. Lancaster knows this young man. That is sufficient for me." Whereupon Master Astrologer slouched out of the cabin, not without casting an ugly scowl in Mr. Lancaster's direction.

THE Captain then explained that the young gipsy lad, as he appeared to be, was a stowaway, who had been discovered by the boatswain hiding behind some barrels in the forecastle. His story was that he had been living with his people near Dionysus' country home; that he had always wanted to run away to sea; and that, hearing of Mr. Lancaster's voyage, he had made up his mind to follow him.

"He seems devoted to you," said the Captain, smiling somewhat enigmatically.

To all of this the handsome young stowaway nodded assent.

"But why didn't you ask to come with me?" said Dionysus turning to him.

"I was afraid you would refuse me," came the answer in a voice Dionysus well knew; and the brave eyes looked shyly down, as a deep flush flooded the olive cheeks.

"It is true. I'm afraid I should have had to. But now you are here, we must ask the Captain to forgive you. I dare say he can make use of a spare hand."

So it was all arranged. The Captain bade the boatswain see that the lad was given something to do, and keep a fatherly eye on him as he was new to the sea; and there were some rough customers among the crew. The Captain and Dionysus were left alone.

As the Captain relit his big pipe, he regarded Dionysus with a quizzical expression.

"Well, Di," he said presently, "have you anything to say to me?"

"I have, sir," and then Dionysus made a clean breast of it. There was nothing else to do. Even had the Captain not divined the truth, it was necessary to let him into the secret and win his good-will, which was not a difficult thing to do; for there was a very tender spot in his heart under all his shaggy exterior.

"She makes a fine upstanding lad," he said, "and I don't think they'll find her out—if only we can keep that astrologer's mouth shut."

"I'll see to that," said Dionysus grimly.

"A woman aboard's a ticklish matter, a ticklish matter," mused the Captain. "Quite against the rules, you know, my lad—quite against the rules. But it's for you, Di, so we will say no more about it. Only be careful, my lad, be wise—you know what I mean—young blood and all the rest of it—your hand on it."

"Have no fear, Captain. God bless you," and the two strong hands met once more just as they had met in The Ship Ahoy.

"Women are wonderful creatures. A woman's love, Di . . ." the Captain added, as though he was speaking some old sad thoughts aloud. There was such an unwonted softness in his eyes that Dionysus could hardly believe it was the same Sir Orson who had laughed before the King.

There was another on board whom Dionysus knew he could trust. That evening he called Phineas Elderberry into his cabin and took him into his confidence; for he knew him too well not to know that that rough but true character would bear no ill-will towards Gaya for that dagger thrust in his back, that in fact for that very reason she would be all the surer of his devoted protection. And that knowledge made Dionysus feel all the easier about the astrologer, on whom Phineas promised, with peculiar satisfaction, to keep his weather eye particularly open.

POSSIBLY it was for that reason that, a day or two after, the astrologer was observed to be going about with one eye conspicuously closed.

Thus with the Captain, Dionysus, and Phineas Elderberry for her bodyguard, Gaya's position on *The Happy Return* may be regarded with equanimity, not to speak of her own considerable gift for taking care of herself.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIONYSUS, GAYA AND THE SEA

WHEN Captain Thunder said that a woman aboardship was a ticklish matter, he but expressed the general sentiment of all sea-captains with highly masculine crews to handle. The task of maintaining discipline was hard enough

(*Continued on page 153*)

Foremost bride of a brilliant Southern season

Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer

OF NEW ORLEANS

Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer, the former Miss Elizabeth White of New Orleans, in her wedding gown of ivory satin and lace.

Selected her wedding silver in the Princess Patricia pattern

ONE of the smartest of social occasions, with a bit of real historic significance, was the recent marriage in New Orleans of Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer, the former Miss Elizabeth White.

Mrs. Stauffer is a fair young descendant of Jefferson Davis . . . and her husband's ancestors include the redoubtable Zachary Taylor.

This brilliant young bride was born and bred in the Southern tradition of gracious hospitality. The selection of her silver, the most important of table appointments, was one of her chief concerns.

She found the silver she desired in Gorham Sterling, the silver that had graced her grandmother's table! And she selected it in this lovely Princess Patricia pattern. "In this finely designed, beautifully finished Princess Patricia pattern I found the silver I wanted," she tells us.

A place setting in the exquisite Princess Patricia pattern, the silver chosen for Mrs. Stauffer's new home.

Such choices, repeated generation after generation by distinguished brides, proclaim Gorham Sterling the most beautiful of all silver.

The Gorham designers are a group of artists who bring to their work not only talent but a pride in never doing less than their best. They give to silver a beauty unmatched by any other metal.

The most amazing fact about Gorham Sterling is its very moderate price. And you may purchase it on convenient terms, through the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain.

Send for our absorbing new booklets showing the lovely Gorham patterns chosen by distinguished brides and the smartest ways of table settings.

The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. B-4.

☐ Please send me a copy of your FREE illustrated booklet, "Prominent American Brides and the Silver Patterns They Have Chosen."

☐ Please send me for 25¢ enclosed your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting" by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment.

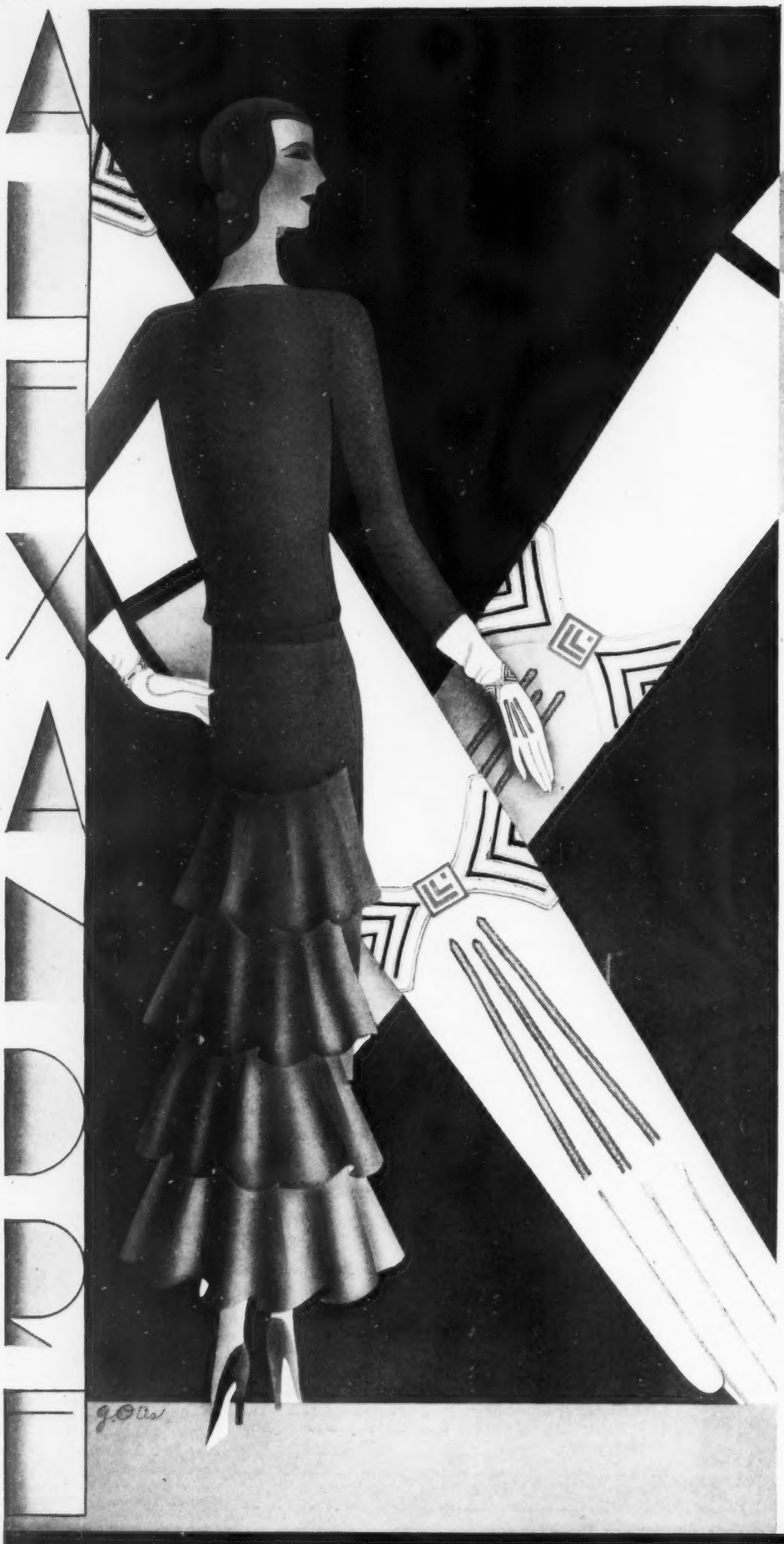
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Six teaspoons in the delicate Princess Patricia pattern of Mrs. Stauffer's selection are but $10. The exquisite finish and grace of this design have made it a favorite choice among distinguished hostesses.

GORHAM

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS



Lucien Lelong

designs three

Alexandre Gloves

"Couturier gloves" . . . embodying in their sophisticated lines those same principles of color and design that guide *Lelong* in the creation of his apparel-masterpieces.

A trio in softest suede and glace kid to grace the slim fingers of the modern elegante. Styles for street, afternoon and informal wear—all decidedly longer

Suavely smart . . . yet of that same beauty of workmanship and exquisite texture of skin that have made *Alexandre Gloves* the choice of generations of gentlewomen.

You will find these gloves today where the smartest accessories are displayed.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale

CHICAGO — SOLE DISTRIBUTORS — NEW YORK

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 150*)

without the added danger of a woman. Even pirate captains recognized this, and one famous pirate captain but formulated the unwritten law of the sea-rovers in making it a crime punishable by death for any man to bring a woman aboard disguised—as Gaya was disguised. It was well for Dionysus and Gaya that they had Captain Thunder for their friend.

Apart altogether from the risk of Gaya's presence aboard, Dionysus was far from being as happy about it as a young man in love might have been expected to be. It was not only the beautiful face of that Puritan maiden which had made an indelible impress on his imagination. It was that in sailing with the Captain he had looked forward to an adventure in which women had no part. He was not introspective, and he hardly expressed it to himself so definitely; but he was disappointedly aware that, deeply attached as he was to his gypsy girl, her presence did not add to the romance of his adventure; but in fact confused and limited it.

He was out for an experience bigger, more elemental, than a love-escapade on the high seas. It was the high seas themselves, with all their mysterious allurement, the zest of their danger, their huge exhilarating freedom, their vast forces in which mere human life and its little drama seemed insignificant, a small personal affair: it was to them that he had dreamed of giving himself with all the unslaked ardour of his youth. The only human companionship he desired was that of men like the Captain who had become so naturalized among lonely oceans, so filled with the breath of sea and sky, so saturated with vastness, that they seemed to belong rather to the elements than to mankind. They spread about them a sense of far horizons, of infinite spaces, of boundless star-lit solitudes and the mighty energies of streaming cosmic life.

To sail on forever in such companionship, further and further into those gleaming wastes of seas and stars. That was the adventure he had been seeking when he shipped with Captain Thunder. The sea, with Captain Thunder for its interpreter. That had been his plan. To study charts with that worthy, to sit with him in his cabin and learn all he had to tell of winds and tides, to listen to his stories, to be at his side in all weathers.

To take the helm on story nights under his eye and feel the great ship straining against his strength, like some noble stallion straining at the curb as he kept her on her course through mountains of swirling water, her bows plunging and thundering and smashing through seething gulfs and flying spray. To watch her towering sails, half lost in the blackness, taut to the gale, careening this way and that among the reeling stars. To take on seas sweeping along her decks, to feel her shudder through all her timbers, and, shaking herself free, forge on again, through the wild welter of sea and sky.

What loveliest woman could compare with this noblest excitement of strength against strength? What white arms around his neck could match this wild love-affair between him and the sea, or equal the rough accolade of the Captain's hand on his shoulder as with the binnacle light for his eye, he drove his mass of wood and iron and volleying canvas on through the roaring dark?

BUT here was Gaya in the wildness of her love, come to teach him that no ship, except maybe those that have vanished into the polar solitudes, have ever sailed beyond the unreflecting devotion of women. That devotion was, indeed, a wonderful thing; and he was far too tenderhearted to tell her the hard truth. How his gallant friends of Whitehall would have laughed incredulously at the idea of his desiring to be alone with a rugged old sea-man crusted with salt, when there was a woman aboard with her eyes of velvet and her bosom of spice. But so it was, and the truth must be told that his heart was glad of the hard sea-law that kept him and that beautiful stowaway apart as *The Happy Return* voyaged on through the Bay of Biscay.

With the sighting of Cape Finisterre, the dark northern waters began to give place to softer seas, the breath of more tranquil latitudes, as they sailed past the coast of Portugal, whispered of climes where palms waved on coral beaches and oranges and lemons spread abroad their sweetness across the shining levels of translucent sapphire.

Yet, of course, it happened, Gaya being a woman, that there were times when in spite of that stern sea-law and the peril of its infraction Gaya stole into his cabin and looked into his eyes; and pressed her lips to his, with her wild "I love you." And in those moments he could not but realize that she was a different woman from those for whom that law had been made; that, after all, she and the sea were very near akin, both wild creatures of the elements; and that to sail with such a woman was to share rather than to lose the adventure he had set out to seek.

This freedom he loved was in her blood from her birth. Actually she was nearer to those untamed waters and wildernesses than he. And as against his will he pressed her to his heart, he felt that she was an embodiment of them all in a woman's form, and that her bosom was but another, whiter wave of the sea.

"WE shall soon sight the Madeiras," said the Captain, as he and Dionysus sat one soft summer twilight in his cabin.

"The Islands of the Blest," said Dionysus, recalling his classics.

The Captain nodded. "Or perhaps the Canaries. No one knows which."

Then presently he added, smiling:

"I shall put in at Teneriffe, for some wine; the true malmsey, my friend, the only place you can get it. Perhaps that is why the ancients gave the islands that name."

"And talking of Madeira," he continued with a twinkle, "there is a story about its discovery that will interest you—and a certain handsome stowaway. Yes! there is a port called Machico which gets its name from a sailor called Robert Machim, and there's quite a love-story about him. See if you can't find it in your Voyages."

When Dionysus was back in his cabin he found it in his Hakluyt folios. It chanced to be one of those occasions in which Gaya had risked discovery and stolen in for a snatched kiss. I hope no censorious reader will blame him that he read her the passage as she leaned over his shoulder.

It went thus: "In the yeere 1344, King Peter the Fourth of that name reigning in Aragon, the Chronicles of his age write that about this time the Island of Madera, standing in 32 degrees, was discovered by an English man, which was named Macham, who sailing out of England into Spain, with a woman that he had stollen, arrived by tempest in that Island, and did cast anker in that haven or bay, which now is called Machico after the name of Macham. And because his lover was sea-sicke, he went on land with some of his company, and the shippe with a good winde made saile away, and the woman died for thought. Macham, which loved her dearly, built a chapell, or hermitage, to bury her in, calling it by the name of Jesus, and caused his name and hers to be written or graven upon the stone of her tombe, and the occasion of their arrivall there. And the name of the woman was Anne d'Arfet."

"That was meant for me and you," said the girl, as he finished. "For I shall die for you, as she died for him. I have seen it written in the stars."

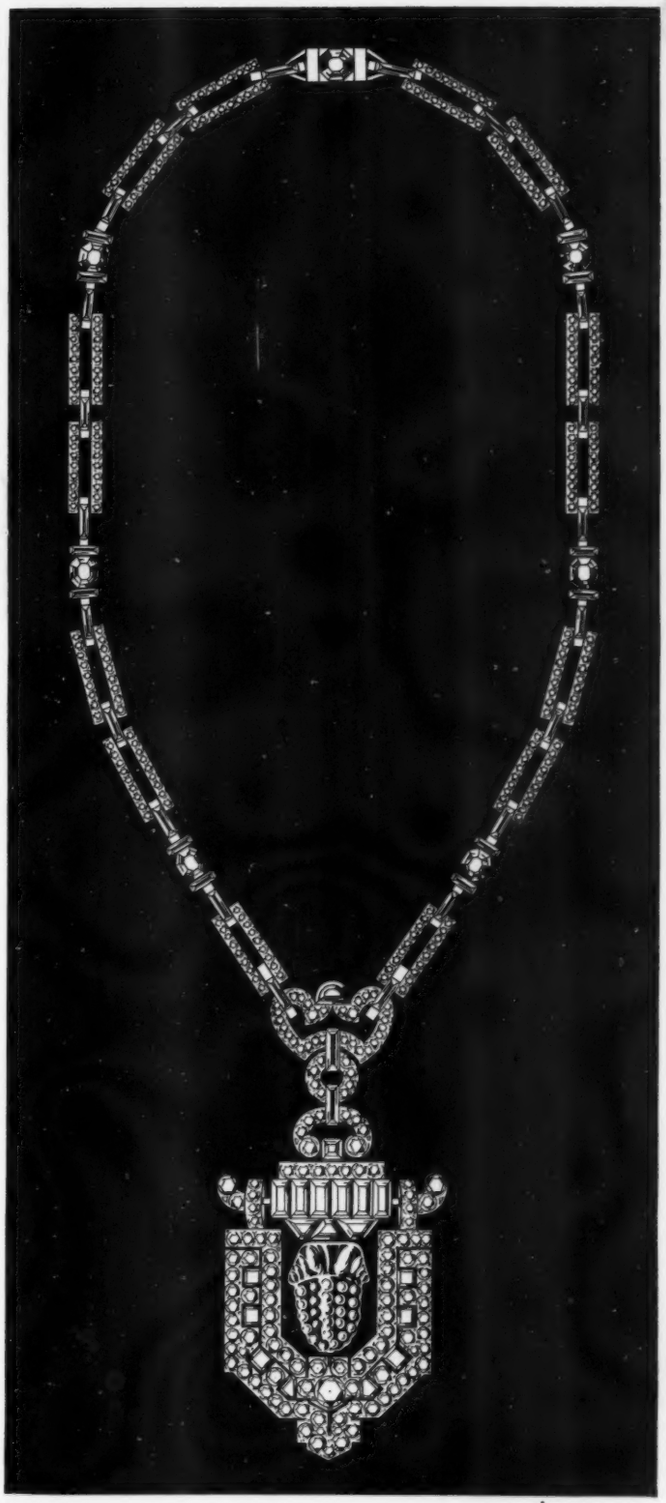
When a woman talks like that, there is only one answer.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE SINGING

UP till this time the Captain had been reticent about his plans, and Dionysus had made no attempt to force his confidence. He had taken for granted in a general way that, whatever other busi-

(*Continued on page 154*)



With the merger of the three important Jewelry Establishments of Spaulding & Company, Black, Starr & Frost, and the Gorham Company's Fifth Avenue Store, an even more interesting collection of Fine Jewelry and Silverware is now offered for your selection.

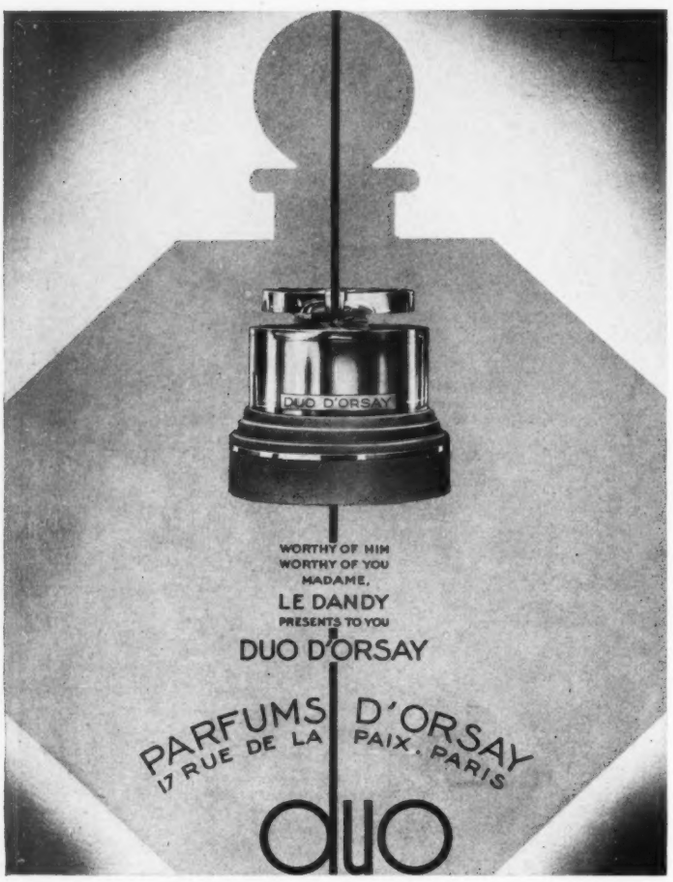
SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC.
Formerly Spaulding & Company
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

Michigan Boulevard CHICAGO · Orrington Avenue EVANSTON · Rue de la Paix PARIS

Associated with BLACK, STARR, FROST-GORHAM, INC., *New York*

The d'Orsay Ensemble

of distinguished artists, in keeping with the quality of Duo d'Orsay and Le Dandy, will entertain you over the radio each Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock.



Le Dandy Introduces Duo d'Orsay

over the following broadcasting stations:

WJZ, New York — WJR, Detroit
WBZA, Boston — WLW, Cincinnati
WBZ, Springfield — KYW, Chicago
WBAL, Baltimore — KWK, St. Louis
WHAM, Rochester — WREN, Kansas City
KDKA, Pittsburgh

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 153*)

ness the Captain might have afoot, they were after the sunken bullion at which he had so picturesquely hinted to the King. However, the Captain having now broken the ice, as they sat smoking their pipes after supper that evening on the quarter-deck in a starlight brighter and softer than any northern starlight, Dionysus asked if he might now be told the name of the island whither they were bound.

"The island has no name yet," the Captain answered, "only myself and the dead men guarding their treasure ten fathoms deep, know where it is. When last I saw it, the gold was drifting through their ribs, and the cat-fish were too busy picking their bones for me to do anything."

And the Captain went on to explain that the spines round the mouth of the cat-fish, like a cat's whiskers, whence their name, were very poisonous; and that to be pierced by them meant at least the loss of arms and legs, and often death. There was also, he said, a kind of magnetic cat-fish peculiar to the waters off the north-west African shore, which carried a sort of electric battery in addition to its whiskery weapons.

"I lost two divers through them," he continued, "poor fellows! Spaniards or Dutch they were not afraid of—no Englishman is—but cat-fish . . . Well, you should have seen them swimming in and out of the port-holes of the old ship . . . However, there can be nothing left for them now. That was over a year ago."

Dionysus laughed softly at the Captain's fantastic way of talking and suggested that probably his was a poetical way of putting it. How was it possible to see so clearly at such a depth?

"Not at all," the Captain answered. "Wait till you see the water! It is so clear that you can see not only the fish themselves but their shadows on the hard white coral sand below. And the gold too shone so bright that it made a kind of sunken sunshine down in the depths: and the bones of the dead men were as white as the sand."

"We shall soon be there now," he added, "soon after we make Teneriffe, if all goes well."

The Captain also explained that the difficulty of finding the place was increased by the fact that in those north-west African waters there were what was known as vanishing islands which came and went, and often deceived the eyes of the most experienced mariners. It was on this phenomenon that he partly relied for his particular island's remaining undiscovered. Also, it was out of the way of the regular sea-traffic. Unless one knew just where it was, one was likely only to stumble on it by chance, driven there by bad weather on to the dangerous reefs—which was what had happened to the treasure-ship they were after.

UNDER the steady north-east breeze which had been constant to him after leaving Cape Finisterre, the Captain reached the island of Madeira early on the morrow. It was like a great rock-garden floating on the sea, with deep forested mountains, cleft with chasms and with glittering streams falling everywhere through the dense green foliage into the fertile meadows below. White houses were dotted here and there amid the verdure; and the bay of the two lovers circled under the little white-walled town.

Two mornings after, in an indescribable lucidity and freshness of early dawn the towering snow-clad peak of Teneriffe shot up into the sky. They were swathed about with two broad bands of sunlit mist, white and solid seeming as the purest fleece; through the intervening planes of which, on the higher levels, forests of pine and beech, filled with luminous shade, made an immense boskage. Strange dragon-trees, huge in height and girth, clung to the rocks with fantastic roots. Nearer the sea, date palms, bread-fruit trees, orchards of orange and lemon, flashed a brighter broad-leaved verdure, the first tropic greenery the eyes of Dionysus had ever seen, and touching his heart, therefore, with a strange other-world newness.

The town ahead of them, with its two little forts, was Santa Cruz. As *The Happy Return* splashed down her anchor in a small sandy cove, a mile or so to the north-west, the singing of innumerable small birds, inexpressibly happy and sweet, came across to them from the thick woods. Presently the boatswain, with half-a-dozen men, went off in the long-boat, for here it was that they were to take on that true malmsey wine of which the Captain had spoken.

Meanwhile, the Captain and his young friend smoked their pipes, each in his own way enjoying the glory of the morning; while between puffs, with their eyes on those little forts, they recalled that notable fight still fresh in Englishmen's memories. It was barely twenty years ago when Admiral Blake had driven the Spanish treasure galleons close under those very forts, burnt and sunk all their convoy, battered the town to pieces, and sailed away, though the price in dead and wounded was heavy, with no little store of Spanish silver and gold—leaving the Spaniards to comfort themselves with the belief that "they were Devils and not Men who had thus destroyed them."

That evening, once more under weigh, the slimmest of young moons atop of the main-mast like a crescent over a mosque, the Captain and Dionysus passed judgment on the new consignment of malmsey or malvoisie. The Captain discoursed at length on the nature of that ancient wine, originally of Greek origin, and so well esteemed by learned drinkers that more than one had expressed the wish to drown in it. This death, it will be remembered, was chosen by George, Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV. and Richard Crookback, a choice not difficult to understand, as with him it was a question of his famous butt of malmsey, or the axe. Not unnaturally he decided on the more gentle executioner.

"By tomorrow night," said the Captain, as the two cronies knocked out their pipes, preparatory to turning in, "we should be there."

THE Captain's calculation proved right. All day a fair wind had been carrying them gaily along in a south-easterly direction towards the coast of Africa. It was a dreamy sea, pale turquoise in colour, flecked occasionally with vivid green patches of floating weed. Not a ship had been sighted all day, nor was there any sign of land; and nothing broke the boundless rippling serenity but the gamboling of dolphins at the speeding bows, or a sudden silver scurvy of flying-fish out of their wits with fear at the gliding enemy beneath. Towards sundown the cry of "Land ho!" came from the maintop.

Dionysus, with his landsman's eyes, could see nothing at first. Soon, following the Captain's finger, he could discern a far faint shadow, with here and there a sharp dark needle-point which the Captain said were palms. By the time the vagueness began to take form, evening was fast coming on. The sun, near its setting, was flooding the illimitable vault of space with delicate golden light of an unearthly loneliness that clutched at the heart. The wide levels of water suddenly took on a spectral immateriality, and the ship, transiently lit up with a lurid haunted glare, seemed to be suspended in ether, to hang over an immense transparency of sapphire. It moved like one walking in its sleep.

The world from horizon to horizon was in a trance. The hush was so deep and tense, that the universe seemed to be holding its breath, and one felt that the lightest whisper would be heard at the zenith. Then as the sun dropped like a stone from sight, a veil of violet shadow spread swiftly over the sea and all things took on an expression of infinite forlornness, as though all hope had passed away from the world. The little mountainous island began to grow black against the fading west.

It was now less than a mile away. As with scarcely enough wind in her sails to send her along, the ship stole secretly

(*Continued on page 158*)

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY

...opens its new salon

PRIMROSE HOUSE now welcomes its patrons at the new salon at 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Here an eminent international decorator has created an entirely new note in salon treatment, and through its quiet atmosphere Primrose House breathes the spirit of beauty and youth.

Created originally for a group of prominent society women, grown dissatisfied with ordinary results obtained from ordinary preparations and treatments, Primrose House has brought new loveliness to thousands of women by its noted Face Molding Treatments and scientifically prepared preparations . . . And so effective are the marvelous Primrose Preparations, that they now are famous wherever beautiful women go. They may be obtained at all leading drug and department stores.

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

One of the treatment rooms in the charming new Primrose House Salon where skilled fingers invoke your loveliness.

Why was the name DEAUVILLE Chosen for this Distinguished Design?

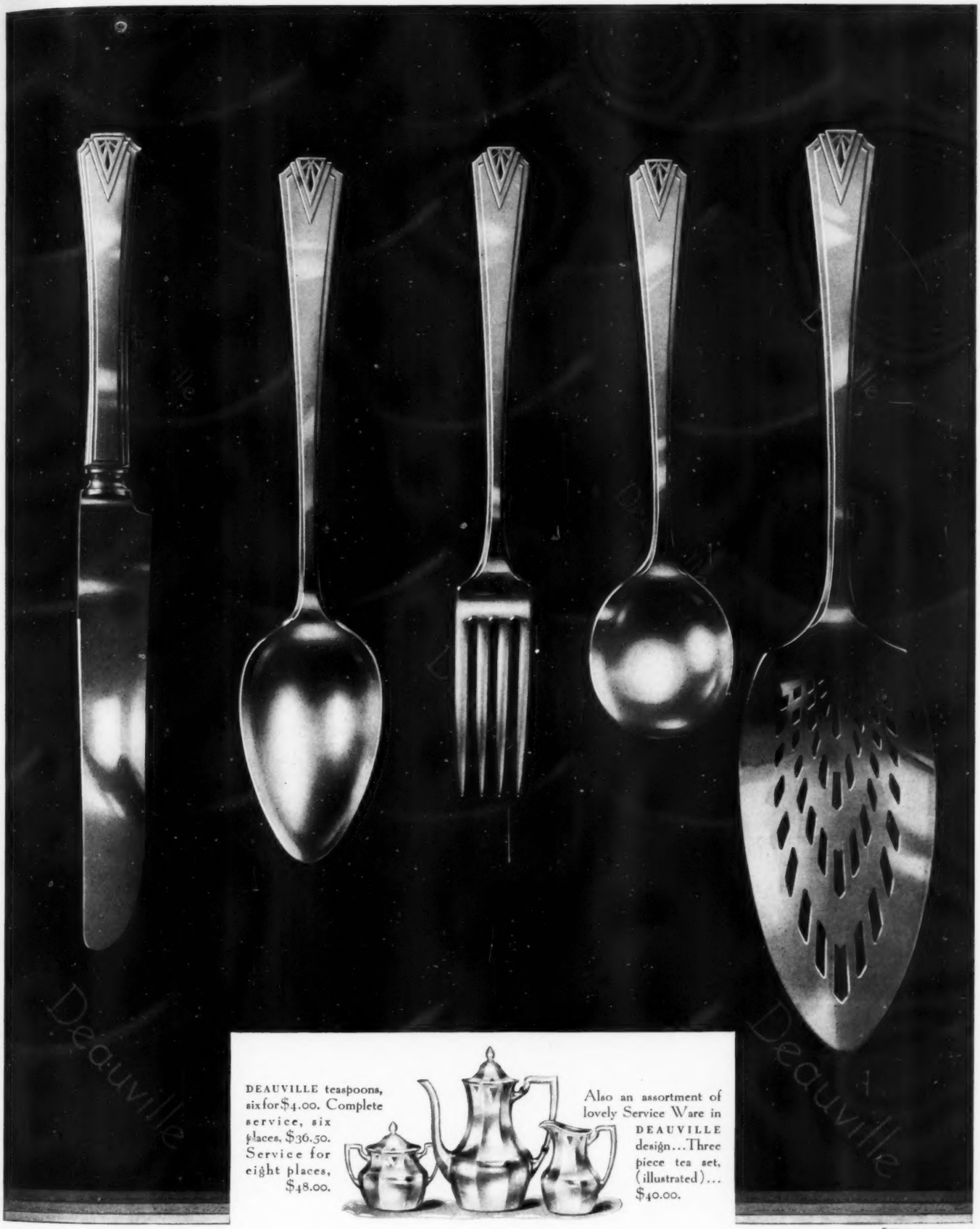
DEAUVILLE, *notable among French seaside resorts, show place of fashion. Glittering sands . . . afternoons of polo . . . sports ensembles. Tea dances . . . dinners starting at midnight . . . costumes. Financiers making holiday . . . diplomats forgetting statecraft . . . royalty at play . . . magnificent women, perfectly gowned. Whether you have visited Deauville as guest from one of the palatial homes nearby . . . or have entered directly into its whirl . . . you know how utter smartness interprets its spirit completely.*

That supreme note of what is smart perfectly expresses DEAUVILLE...and quite as perfectly describes this new COMMUNITY design. Richly bevelled planes, relieved by the ebony glow of platinum surfaces . . . outlines at once elegant and substantial . . . that is DEAUVILLE interpreted in COMMUNITY PLATE. Truly a design that appeals to those persons of taste and position, who make... as the French say . . . "the world." As you examine the DEAUVILLE at your jeweler's, you will recognize at once its style, and feeling for smartness, for modernity.

DEAUVILLE

The Style Leader of Modern Silverware

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.



DEAUVILLE teaspoons, six for $4.00. Complete service, six places, $36.50. Service for eight places, $48.00.

Also an assortment of lovely Service Ware in DEAUVILLE design... Three piece tea set, (illustrated)... $40.00.

© 1929 ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.

COMMUNITY PLATE

ONEIDA, N. Y. + + + ALSO MAKERS OF TUDOR PLATE

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 154*)

on; with a sudden shock of surprise in all that lonely silence sending a chill through the listeners as of something supernatural, there came as from the confines of the world a faint far singing.

"S'death," cried Captain Thunder, suddenly on the alert, "we are forestalled. Listen!"

THEY were now almost under the lee of a rocky headland sloping down to a sharp point, where clumps of cocoanut palms massed darkly against the last glimmer of light. Already the stars were beginning to steal out, and the sound of the singing had grown nearer. It was a deep solemn chanting, like many voices taking part in an evening hymn; and there in all that solitude it had, indeed, an indescribably eerie sound. But the Captain had heard that song, or something very like it before—on the battlefield of Dunbar. As the ship stole nearer still, the stern fantastic passion of the singers came sweeping across the sea, like the music of a lyre with iron strings. Now some of the words could be made out: "Our God shall arise and his enemies be scattered."

"You are too young to have heard that music," said the Captain to Dionysus, listening all intent at his shoulder; "but if you love a fight, we are likely to have the prettiest we can look for tomorrow. There never were such fighters as those old Puritan Saints—and now we shall see what sort of pirates they make."

"Puritan Saints!" exclaimed Dionysus, as a lovely face, beset on the Portsmouth road with a lock of solid gold escaping from her bonnet suddenly framed itself in light against the dark island.

"Yes! there is no place for them in England now, except the gallows; so they have taken to robbery on the high seas. But before they steal the King's money they will have to reckon with Richard Thunder. Now to business, and warily too. They must not know we are here, till we make our bow to them in the morning!"

Calling his chief officers, the Captain gave certain orders, the first result of which was that the anchor was dropped as softly as a feather; and the word passed round that there was to be no noise aboard that night, no singing, loud talking or music, and that all necessary lights should be shrouded.

The Captain, accompanied by Dionysus and three or four sailors, dropped into a small boat and was rowed with muffled oars to the spot where the clump of palms came down to the water and surrounding underbrush made good cover for observation of the little cove on the other side.

Cautiously crossing the narrow strip of coral rock, the Captain and his party soon came in sight of the dimly gleaming semicircle surrounded by lofty walls of blackness. There, sure enough, was floating the dark form of a ship with riding lights fore and aft, indicating a vessel of fair size. The lights in the forecastle and the main cabin, and the murmur of voices and a subdued clatter suggested that supper was going forward, while silhouetted figures here and there, with an occasional flash of weapons, indicated that the watch was on duty silently keeping guard.

All was tranquil; and it was evident that the proximity of *The Happy Return* was entirely unsuspected. After a while, all the lights went out in the forecastle, and only a light in the Captain's cabin remained. Save for the watch, the Saints slept in security; leaving two sentinels, who were to fire their muskets should there be any signs of activity aboard to alarm them during the night, the Captain and his companions returned to his own ship. He gave orders that all that could be done without noise to make the ship ready for action should be done before the men turned in.

Soon the decks were as busy as a hive with stealthy preparations for the morrow. Dionysus wondered at the speed with which so many men could work together with scarcely a sound, and with only a dark lantern here and there to give them light. And with what gaiety they went about it! They seemed to be as happy as larks; and it was evident that they could hardly keep from singing, as they hummed old sea-catches under their breath or cracked jokes or horse-played like lads with each other. That they were going to kill and be killed on the morrow seemed to fill them with the greatest hilarity. Such was the fighting man always.

They had been looking for a fight ever since they had left the Thames; and there was to be a fight in the morning, a fight with a lot of crop-headed, psalm-singing hypocrites too; and a fight—it had been loudly whispered from the start—for Spanish gold as well. So here was reason enough for the men to work with a will—and the Captain was another reason too. For his men loved him as only a leader of men can ever be loved; and to say that they would have followed him through the gates of hell is a mild way of expressing their devotion.

(*To be continued*)

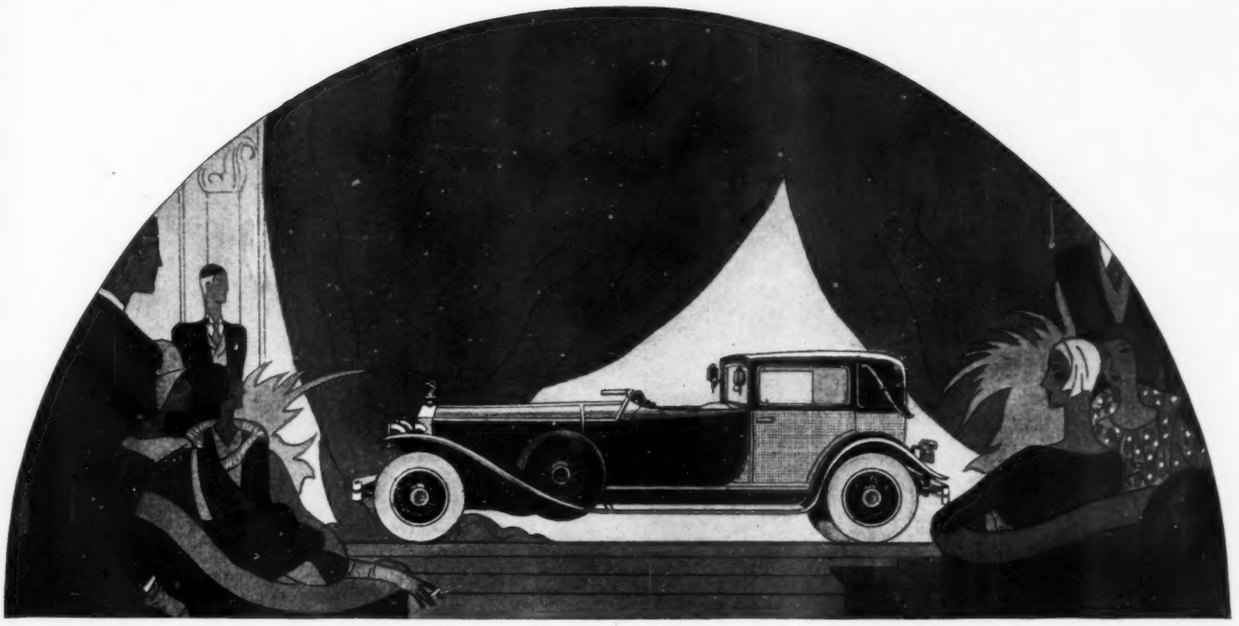
ON LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES

(*Concluded from page 134*)

adopted a method by which his impressiveness was magnified as a whisper is magnified by a loud speaker. "It is a curious thing," he would say, "but the only language which I have never been able to learn is French." As a matter of fact he spoke French like a rather lower class Parisian, but still a Parisian. His gambit rarely failed. For whereas it was unlikely that anyone would hear him breaking into Amharic or Serbo-Croat, we all, and frequently, heard him discoursing in French which we could understand and appreciate; the excellence of which enhanced the scale of values which we placed upon his other accomplishments. "If French," we thought, "is the language he has always failed to learn, what *must* he be like in Swahili?" Such is the sly effrontery of the professional linguist; by such sly effrontery did he leave us all agape.

Let us accord to the gift of tongues the very low place in the hierarchy of intelligence or culture which is its due. It is a meagre faculty; an immoral faculty; a faculty which unfits one for the higher feelings or emotions. Were I also a successful linguist I might feel more warmly about the art of foreign speech: but I am not a successful linguist, and I regard (and rightly) all philologists with dislike, suspicion and contempt.

I feel that I have the right to make these gentle criticisms since I am not myself very arrogant about my mastery of foreign tongues. The one occasion on which I displayed any arrogance of this nature is a painful memory. I was present, on this occasion, at an important and highly personal interview between Ismet Pasha and Lord Curzon. Ismet Pasha was accompanied by Riza Nur, and, being very deaf, he discoursed in loud Turkish tones with his confederate, confident that he would not be understood. But I am, in such eventualities, in such dramatic eventualities, a man of honour. I intervened at the outset. "It is only fair," I bawled to Ismet Pasha in French, "to warn your Excellency that I understand Turkish." He seemed somewhat incredulous at this disclosure, but when next he felt obliged to consult his colleague, he retired with him to the further end of the room. And when all was over, and when the tea was brought, Ismet came up to thank me (in Turkish) for my frankness and good taste. Not a word did I understand, not a word did I answer. It was obvious to all present that I had forgotten all the Turkish I had ever known. Lord Curzon for his part was highly entertained by the incident. "That's what comes," he chuckled, "of being a language snob." And it may be to this remembered humiliation that is due the virulence of my present attack.



Who sets the fashions for the world's motor cars?

WHO SETS the fashions for everything? Isn't it true that nothing is fashionable until certain women of taste and social position approve it? Then it becomes the mode.

Motor cars are no exception. Here, too, the word of this group of social leaders is law. And because they are, almost everyone of them, included in Rolls-Royce's clientele, this car has become the criterion of motor car fashions.

Rolls-Royce has won this acceptance, not by straining for the bizarre, but by a complete understanding of that irreproachable good taste which always appeals to people of gentle breeding.

The color schemes that you see on this car, even when they flash their brightest, are always in complete harmony. Upholstery fabrics and fittings are of that simple, *livable* beauty which you choose for your own home. The gleaming coachwork is the creation of Brewster & Company, the coachwork division of Rolls-Royce, and the oldest, most famous coach-builders in America. No note of the rococo will you find anywhere in this car—Rolls-Royce gains its smartness from the perfect blending of every detail.

The flawless correctness of these externals extends beneath the surface, into every mechanical part of the car. Rolls-Royce's performance, like its appearance, is always quietly, unobtrusively smart. Ask anything of this car—it responds, not with the straining of a "show-off," but with the easy nonchalance of a thoroughbred.

You float over boulevards with no other sound from the car than the swish of the tires on the asphalt. The motor? You have to strain your ears to hear its silken purring. Rolls-Royce is so quiet, so vibrationless, that you can read a novel as you glide along.

Should a red light flash, the sudden stop seems leisurely, so gently do Rolls-Royce brakes take hold. Even rough roads fail to mar the arm-chair ease of your progress, for Rolls-Royce's springs absorb the shocks before they reach you. You ride serenely, cradled in comfort, secure in the knowledge that Rolls-Royce is the safest car in the world.

Yes, Rolls-Royce is all that you have wanted your next motor car to be. A car whose aristocratic bearing will never cease to charm you—whose lithe performance will never cease to thrill you. A car that, like your gowns, helps to set the fashion for the world.

Rolls-Royce Direct Works Branches in all principal cities. Executive Sales Office: Brewster Building, Long Island City, N.Y. Chassis Works: Springfield, Mass.

ROLLS-ROYCE

La Valle presents the Moire Oxford for afternoon and dinner wear

Every La Valle shoe is entirely made by expert hand... a bench product so fine that it has clearly won the highest trade reputation for fourteen years.

These shoes await you in almost every fashion center.

Your inquiry for the name of the salon nearest to you is cordially invited and prompt, courteous response is assured.

LaValle
INCORPORATED
632 BROADWAY NEW YORK

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 117*)

Just give her her head!" added Pat.

"I will," said Wee.

Dinner was a great success. The apartment was large, and decorated with a comfortable effect of overfurnishing. The chairs were numerous and ample, and so were the sofas; it was impossible to put down one's hand without finding a matchbox, or a cigarette, or some other useful object.

"Just two women living alone," Lily said. "Just a place to come back and rest, when you're worn out—as I am every day. But how nice it is to feel exhausted in the evening; it proves you have really lived all day. That's not an original thought, but what thoughts are? Here's dear Boxy—he'd be furious if we told him his thoughts were not original. Boxy, you know Mr. and Mrs. McCoy. Go and show Tompkins how to make cocktails, Boxy; he's English, like me, and it just isn't in our race spirit to make cocktails.

"Here's Jimmy. Jimmy, you are going to sing after dinner. I promised Mrs. McCoy that you would sing your own dear songs, and if you don't I know she will get up and leave. How any woman dares to have people to dine without asking Jimmy to amuse them is more than I know. I wonder what man that is, in the hall. Oh, what luck! It's Pierre! How good of you, my dear, to drop in and take pot-luck."

The prince swept Wee's fingertips with his lips, and was placed at the foot of the table at dinner. He charmed her with another, and very different version of the reason for his divorce. It was due, he said, to Lily's invincible preference for English cooking.

"I am delicate," he said. "Scaling the Matterhorn is difficult for me; my heart becomes agitated, I do not breathe well. Ah, but I breathe still less well—my heart gives me anguish, Mrs. McCoy—when for the fourteenth day I am expected to eat boiled mutton and cabbage, when toad-in-the-hole is placed before me, when—"

He spread out his hands, laughed, and raised his champagne glass gallantly to Lily.

"She is adorable," he said. "There is not another woman like her. To dine at her house is a privilege which I cannot deny myself. But tell me about Boston, Mrs. McCoy. It is the same as New York, is it not?"

"I think," said Wee, "that no two cities in the world can be more different."

"What are you saying?" called Lily Damfreville, from her end of the table. "Are you telling Pierre a tale of two cities, Mrs. McCoy? But you mustn't do that. You must let him talk to you. There is no such talker in the whole world. Except Jimmy, of course—and Boxy, too. To think that we have these three all together. Go ahead, all of you. Talk!"

DESPITE the stream of conversation from Prince Pierre Damfreville, Wee could hear bursts of talk from all around the table.

"Progressive monogamy," someone was saying, "is the only cure for the dullness of life."

"You should take up racquets," Alice Thorpley said to Jerry. "There is no other game that almost nobody plays—you would be national champion in no time at all."

"Dancing," said somebody else, "is musical massage."

"Few dealers are above putting reeded edges on old dining tables—it increases the value at least a hundred dollars, probably more."

"There are nine monosyllables in the English language which everybody knows, and nobody writes; and the effort is to put all of them into the first act of every new play."

"Beastly jolly!"

This happened to be Major Steele-Bright's remark, and he was sitting on Wee's right. When, over the salad, she turned to him, he made no remark of any kind for a long time.

She looked at his gray, seamed face, with the skin so tightly drawn over the temples, and the deep hollows in the cheeks. It was a face like a skull; the face of a man who had drained life's cup to the lees. His evening clothes, Wee thought, were by far the best in the room; his hands were the most sensitive, and the best kept.

"My name is Wee Legg," she began. "It is Mrs. McCoy, now. I am married to that large young man on Miss Damfreville's left."

"Beastly jolly!" said Major Steele-Bright, and concentrated on his alligator pear.

"I come from Boston," said Wee, bravely. "It really is rather confusing to hear so many brilliant things being said—at least, they seem brilliant to me. It is just like the theatre here; I'm not quite sure yet if I understand the plays, or not. It always seems to me that there's a double meaning. Some of the plays are apparently so silly, and so vulgar, too. But when I read the reviews next morning, I am amazed to find that all the plays are so clever, so successful. What do you think of New York life, Major Steele-Bright?"

"Beastly jolly!"

"I suppose that's true," said Wee, doubtfully. "You take life as you find it, I'm sure. Pat Damfreville told me this afternoon that you had such a terrible time at Gallipoli. All this must seem very trivial to you. But it is absolutely thrilling to me. I've led a very quiet life, you know. I—"

LILY DAMFREVILLE came to the rescue. She swept her guests out of the dining-room, saying that nobody wanted dessert, and that coffee would follow them. Boxy Keck sang; each of the others, except Wee, did some little recitation or trick. Even Jerry, blushing furiously, tore a pack of cards across with his fingers, put the half packs on top of each other and tore them again.

"Bridge is such a bore—it makes you concentrate," Lily Damfreville said. "We play games that make you disperse. Anybody can concentrate, but it takes a genius to forget all about himself, and send his intelligence sky-rocketing all round the room. That's what we all need. I wish we could take off our flesh and sit in our bones. Who said that? It doesn't matter; it deserves to be said again. What, going already, my dear? And you too, Mr. McCoy? I do hope you will both dine here soon again—Pierre is fascinated with both of you, I can see."

The prince disguised his fascination, and kissed Wee's hand in an almost absent-minded way. But that was not wholly his fault; she was too much interested in what Boxy Keck was saying to pay any special attention to him.

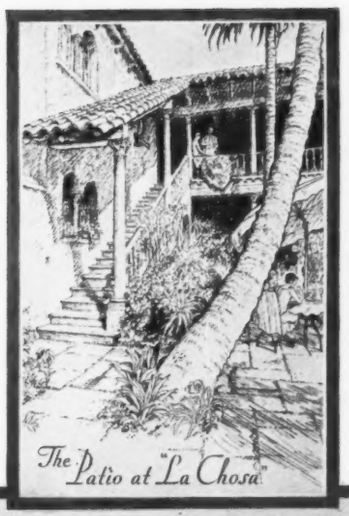
"Dear Mrs. McCoy," said Boxy Keck. "I hope and think we shall meet again very soon. You are such an acquisition to New York—to our little corner of New York. I am sure you are going to show us many things we don't know; and I cannot tell you how much Lily's description of your pent-house has intrigued me. I take such an interest in beautiful things, and I can see that you will be the one person in ten thousand who makes no mistakes in choosing them."

It was very flattering. Wee looked at his little pinkish eyes, under their white eyebrows. What had caused this sudden interest? Did Mr. Keck know about Uncle Roger's million dollars? Was he a salesman for something or other? Wee would like to have asked him. But she decided that the admiration in his little eyes was sincere.

He went down in the elevator with Jerry and Wee, and when they reached the sidewalk she discovered that the Major was there too. Both of them lived in quite the opposite direction from the Archduke Hotel; but it seemed impossible not to offer them a lift home. They accepted without hesitation. When the Valkyrie dropped Wee and Jerry at their door at last, they went to bed with the conviction that they had spent a delightful evening, and made several new and charming friends.

(*Continued on page 162*)

To "La Chosa" the Palm Beach home of MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY

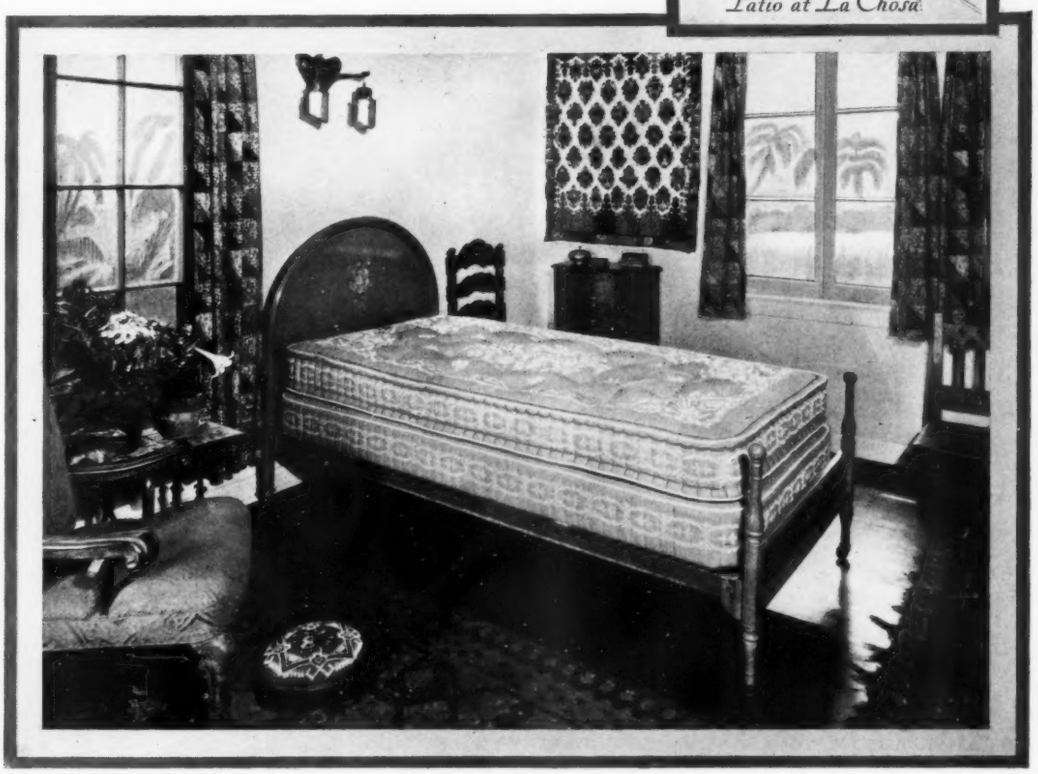


The Patio at "La Chosa"

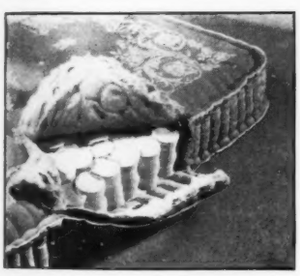
this Spring and Mattress bring fitting Comfort

MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY

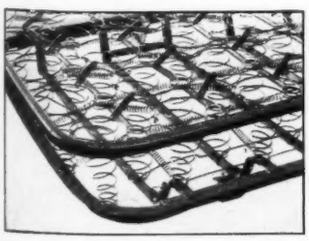
She is lovely, with masses of wavy brown hair, vivid eyes, a statuesque carriage. She plays golf and tennis with as much ease as she directs her favorite charities. She has wide social connections in Minneapolis, Palm Beach, wherever she goes, and she is a moving spirit in the musical and cultural life of her home cities. She is much sought after, yet remains unspoiled, as charming as she is lovely.



In this lovely Spanish bedroom Mrs. Pillsbury has a Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. She says, "For the well-ordered home I consider these mattresses and springs a necessity."



The inside of the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil construction makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils in separate pockets insure individual action, are stitched to edges. Over coils, thick upholstery. Damask covers, choice of six colors, two designs. The Ace Box Spring matches the Beautyrest Mattress in every detail of superior construction and fine finish.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light in weight. Hundreds of closely placed coils afford marvelous resiliency. Small governor springs prevent side-sway; banded border protects sheets.

"LA CHOSA," the Palm Beach home of Mrs. John Sargent Pillsbury, is furnished with the luxury of old Spain, yet maintains the modern standards of well-ordered American living.

In this colorful bedroom sunlight streams through many windows, suffuses creamy rough plaster walls, vivid hand-blocked linen hangings, rare antique embroideries, and enriches the old carved Spanish pieces.

Mrs. Pillsbury chose Bed No. 1581 by Simmons, most harmonious for this setting, and fitted it with the famous Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring.

"For above all," in Mrs. Pillsbury's own words, "I wanted complete comfort. The buoyant Beautyrest is exactly right with the resilient Ace Box Spring. I have discovered that for thoroughly restful nights there is no equipment like Simmons."

Simmons is justly proud of their achievement—the evolution of this wonderful mattress. Because of its unique inner construction—hundreds of resilient coils which give proper distribution to body weight—the Beautyrest insures complete, unbroken rest. And the new Ace Box Spring matches it in superior construction and finish.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Bed No. 1581, $32.75. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Send 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. B-12, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and decorative ideas.

© 1929, the Simmons Company

SIMMONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

A tweed coat that flares from raglan shoulders . . . with the smart simplicity characteristic of Mrs. Franklin . . . is shown with a little shaded chenille cap . . . an outfit particularly suited to the outdoor events of autumn . . . The Fall collection includes this coat in several interesting new weaves . . . and the hat may be reproduced from the Paris original to blend with the tones of the tweed.

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street

PHILADELPHIA
260 South 17th Street

CHICAGO
132 East Delaware Pl.
Just west of 900 North
Michigan Boulevard

Mrs. Franklin inc.

WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 160*)

"WHAT about tonight?" Jerry asked.

"We're going to a very amusing place—it's said to be a real old-fashioned saloon."

"Who are 'we'?"

"Boxy, of course. And Alice Thorpley, and the Jeff Cubitts, and maybe the Major, if he can come."

"He can come, all right. He can always come."

Wee had long since stopped feeling disturbed by Jerry's little digs at the new circle of friends which surrounded the McCoys. It was his way. As soon as a party began, he enjoyed it as much as anyone. It was only when he was tying his white tie in front of the mirror, or telephoning down to the valet to ask why his dinner coat hadn't been pressed and sent up, that he permitted himself to be cross.

"What does Boxy Keck do?" he asked. "His business seems to be the business of having no occupation at all."

"Does that matter to you?"

"I haven't a job yet," said Jerry, flushing. "But I'm looking for one, every day. I don't believe Boxy gets up till three in the afternoon."

"I don't care. I like him. He is always ready to go anywhere, and he has always been there before, and can get the best table. He's always amusing, always pleasant, always thoughtful."

"Everything which I'm not."

"Ah, Jerry, must you be so personal? I love you, you know. I wonder why you want to picture yourself to me in such unpleasant ways. Yes, you do. I wish you'd stop fretting about a job, and do something that would really occupy your time and interest you."

"For instance?"

"Paint," said Wee. "You had quite a gift for water-colors—you really had. You could go to the Art Students' League, and study, and next summer you'd have ever so much pleasure out of it. Why must you think about earning money all the time?"

Jerry said nothing. He had made a very simple financial arrangement with Wee—in fact, she had made it herself. Their two bank accounts were kept separate. When the bills came in, they were divided into two equal piles. Then Jerry paid half, and Wee paid half. It was like a game. They played it for three months. Sometimes Jerry found all the biggest bills in his pile, and sometimes Wee did. Meanwhile the bank accounts were shrinking so fast that it seemed ridiculous to want to earn sixty or seventy dollars a week.

THAT was Jerry's value as a bond salesman, and he knew it. Months would go by before he could build up a good list of New York customers. Competition was deadly. Hundreds, thousands of men just like himself were selling bonds in New York. They belonged to the best clubs, they had the entrée everywhere. And Jerry didn't want to sell bonds. He wanted a desk job of some kind. The bankers he knew had little to offer. Instead of taking him on, they sent him around to each other with vague recommendations. He learned from Freddy Wilson that there were no vacancies at all in Dunn & Rustum; that office had lost two large customers, and was cutting down.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" he asked Freddy, one night in the Harvard Club.

"I can answer that question," Freddy said, "if you'll tell me how much money you've got."

"A lot, if you must know. It isn't mine, of course; it's Wee's. But she insisted on giving it to me, and I spend it on her. We do everything together, and divide the bills."

"When you say a lot, just what do you mean?"

Jerry paused.

It was a curious question, but he had never had any secrets from Freddy. Next to George Hamill, Freddy Wilson was the best friend he had in the Glim. Freddy was a little eccentric, of course, or he wouldn't have written sonnets in college, and then gone into the advertising business; but Freddy was trustworthy. He could keep a secret.

"I've got almost four hundred and eighty thousand dollars," Jerry said.

"One white chip," said Freddy Wilson.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's a lot of money in the small towns. You could buy a nice little business with it in Troy or Emporia—an automobile agency, or control of a small department store. But what is it in New York? One white chip!"

"It isn't," said Jerry. "It's a lot of money anywhere."

"Enough to start a lousy little bond business," Freddy admitted. "One of those little firms that play up to the big houses, and get small participations. Or you could start manufacturing something in a shed in Jersey City, and go broke in two years. You've got just enough to sit in the big game, Jerry, but not enough to bet."

"I have done some betting with it." Jerry was getting angry fast. "I've bought some stocks. This isn't a very good time to invest, however. Everything I've touched has gone down."

"You bet it isn't a good time. The stock market is poison for the outsider now, and will be for months. Even the office boys know that. I'm sorry to be so frank with you, Jerry. Have another French vichy?"

"No, thanks. What I want to do, Freddy, is to leave my money where it is. It's Wee's money, anyway, not mine. She's spending pretty fast, I don't mind telling you. A hundred thousand went out of her half before we got started, almost. The car was twenty-two thousand, and the cruiser seventeen, and she put twenty-five more into clothes and so forth—and she bought twenty South American bonds for the fun of it—and—"

"Stop right there. Shut up, I tell you. Stop!"

"Why should I?"

"Because the minute a New Yorker starts bellyaching about his wife's extravagances, he's ditched. You're raving along as if it was your money. It's your wife's, you say. Well, hasn't she got a right to spend it if she likes? Those little tuppeny-ha'penny items you mention, they're just chicken-feed. Small change! Wait till your wife starts decorating an apartment, or wants to build in Palm Beach."

"She *has* started to decorate an apartment—a pent-house on Eighty-first Street."

"Let her," said Freddy. "It's as good a way of spending a couple of hundred thousand dollars as any. You've got a million to spend between you, less the small items you've already bought. Well, go ahead and spend it—and for the love of Mike, stop complaining."

"But I don't think we ought to spend the million. I think we ought to live on the interest of it. No, I think Wee ought to have that, and I ought to make my own way."

Freddy Wilson looked long and earnestly at the ceiling through the bottom of his vichy glass.

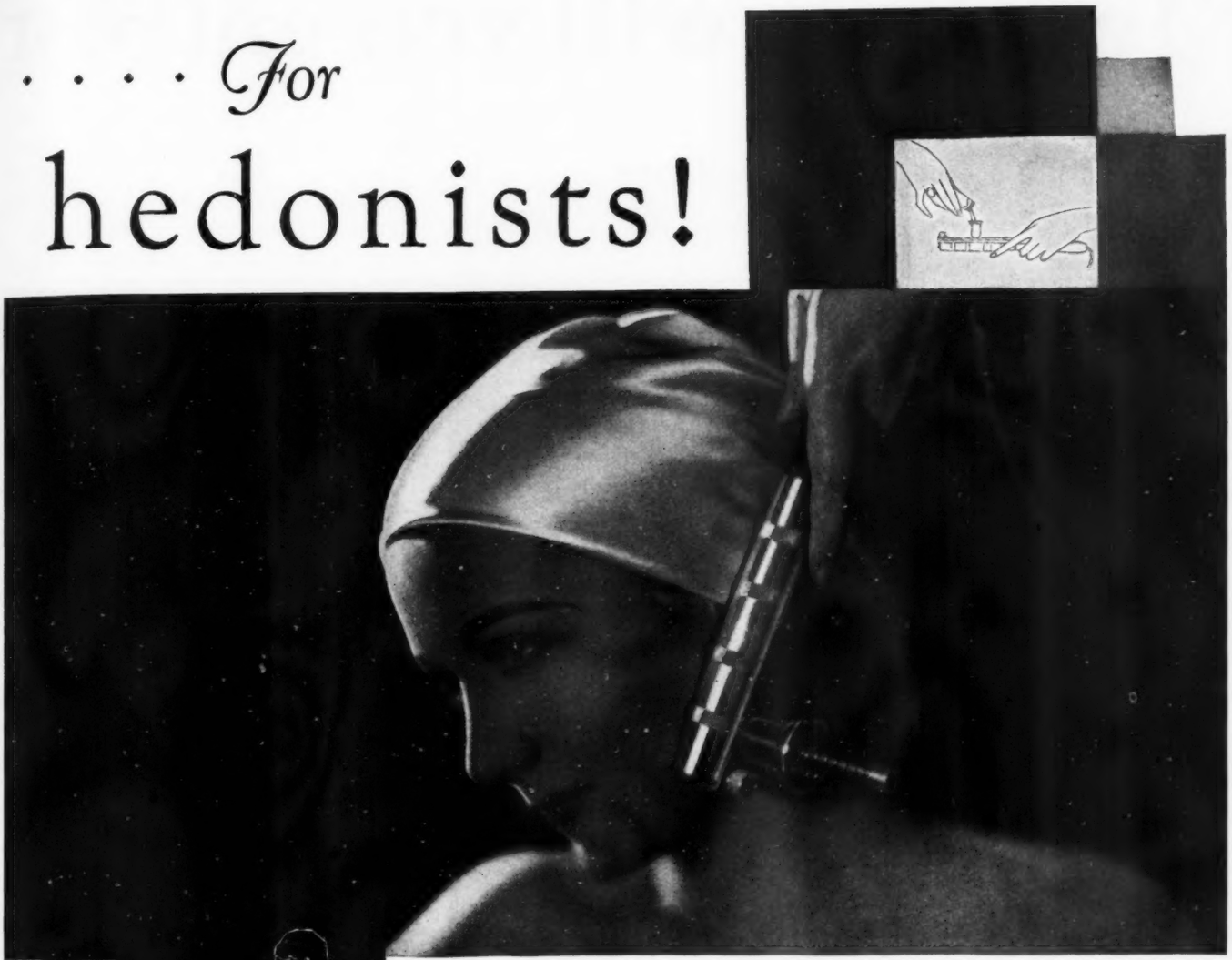
"You don't know what you want," he said, at last. "Now don't argue. George Hamill told me all about you, and how you suddenly found that instead of being the brave young rescuer of a damsel in distress, you found yourself with a ton of money hanging around your neck. You've been frank with me. All right. I'll be frank, too."

Jerry listened dully, while Freddy Wilson explained his own way of life. He had four thousand dollars a year of his own, and ninety dollars a week from the office; his wife had an allowance of three thousand dollars from her mother.

"I live," said Freddy, "in a small house on Cow Lane, in Greak Neck. Don't laugh. A lot of other poor young fellows live there; and it's in a really fine bit of woodland—if in France, they'd call it a forest. We have tennis and very good bathing a quarter mile from my house—a private beach. We dress for dinner. We all have cars, and two maids. If we

(*Continued on page 166*)

. . . . For hedonists!



contouration

treatments given exclusively at

better beauty shops

Hedonists—lovers of luxury—revel in Contouration Facials... though their luxurious origin is modernly scientific.

As the warmed Contourator rotates and twirls, you are lulled by a delightfully "rich" sensation... a sensation that's but incidental to the usefulness and helpfulness of the Contourator. Its touch is caressing and soothing so that it eases tender nerve-centers and taut muscles; its manipulation is gentle, lingering—yet deliberate, to induce the skin to absorb the valuable preparations with which it is saturated.

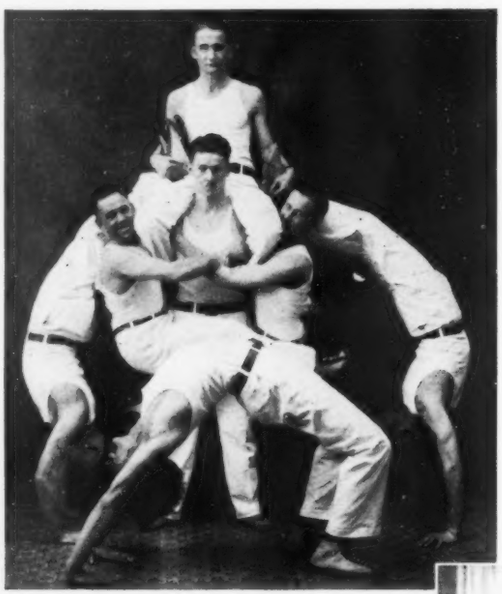
These preparations—a *Plastic Lotion* or the *Contouré Emulsion*—are each designed to bring about specific results. And when the Contourator has melted them deeply into the cells and tissue, reactions are quick—and assured.

Dry skin and coarsened pores... deepening wrinkle lines... chins that are twins... these are soon banished by a Contouration treatment in your favorite beauty salon. Because of their laboratory basis, these facials will really renew the youth of your complexion and contour, and will remedy the flaws of neglect—or of passing years!

Your own beautician will gladly tell you which of the luxurious Contouration Treatments will be the best facial for you. If the Contourator and the preparations are not yet installed in the shop you usually visit, may we introduce you to one nearby? We've an interesting booklet for you, too—gratis. Address: Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 235 East 45th Street, New York City.

To whom will you entrust

Practical training first. The experts shown above train all new men in the practical field work. Every new man must go through a thorough course of training and be proved out—no untrained men are ever used. These selected instructors are men of character, intelligence, and professional attitude



Tumbling Team—Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29. Davey Tree Surgeons are athletic types. They are carefully selected with the idea of physical fitness. The nature of the work and their training make them more so. In addition to intelligence and character, they have physical energy: that is why they are diligent workers

LET us talk about *your* trees. They are living things, subject to disease, decay, starvation, insect attacks, mechanical injury and other ills. They are priceless to you—only time can replace them, long time at that.

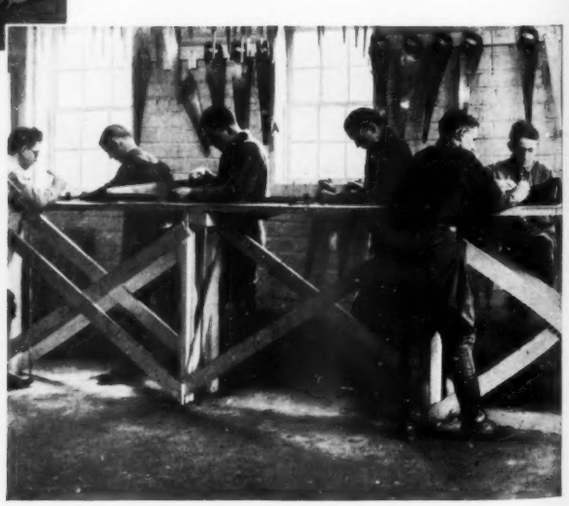
Just for the moment, think of the most valuable tree on your place. Suppose it is starving. Wouldn't you, in self interest, insist upon scientifically trained experts who know what to feed it, and how, and when—without guessing or experimenting?

If this priceless tree is decaying in the trunk or limbs, and is growing steadily weaker, liable at any moment to break off or break apart in any high wind, wouldn't you entrust its treatment only to men with proven scientific knowledge and real personal skill?

If *anything* is wrong with that tree—and dozens of things might be wrong, because it is a living, breathing organism—wouldn't you demand reliable experts who are trained to diagnose tree troubles? Certainly proper treatment cannot be given without correct diagnosis.

You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction. They are carefully selected and reliable men. They are thoroughly trained and have real demonstrated skill. They are educated scientifically in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, the only school of its kind in the world. They know how to diagnose the ailments of trees. Their knowledge and skill are based upon a half century of Davey experience. They are backed by a responsible business organization.

Scientific Training. A laboratory class at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—using high-powered microscopes and dissecting lenses to learn the sciences relating to their work. They must know the scientific reasons for all the things that they have been trained to do skilfully



Practical Training. This is a class learning the important art of saw filing at the Davey Institute. Every man is taught how to keep his tools sharp and in proper condition. Sharp tools mean good and rapid work. Practical training plus science means efficient service

your priceless trees?

Surprisingly low cost

In 1928, Davey Tree Surgeons served 21,608 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. 76 per cent of these clients paid less than $100.00 each. The following table tells the story.

17,022 clients paid less than $100.00 each
2,223 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
1,642 paid from $200.00 to $500.00 each
721 clients paid more than $500.00 each

You can afford to employ the expert, reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons for your trees. They will do as much work as you want—and no more. They will do their work right—they will save any tree that can be saved—they will give you professional and conscientious service. There is no charge except for working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage.

Davey service is local

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. They are almost as conveniently located as your dentist or doctor or surgeon. They are not sent from Ohio for your individual work—they are trained in Ohio, but they live in your vicinity and work regularly for other nearby people.

Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for examination of your trees without cost or obligation. Permanent representatives are located in principal cities; the nearest one can serve you conveniently.

Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*
THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 235 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Revealed TO YOU

The Personal Beauty Secrets...1193 Fashionable Women in One Day Have Come to R. Louis to Learn

By JUDITH CARR

Imagine an intimate consultation with the beauty advisor to the most fashionable women of New York—the one man, women say, who knows more about women's beauty than a woman! It is this opportunity that R. Louis, the inspired head of the famous R. Louis Salon in New York, now offers you. With all the convenience of home treatments and the added advantage of indispensable daily care thus made practical, R. Louis can create a new fresh beauty for you. His rich life-time experience is embodied in the R. Louis beauty preparations and in Beautistics, the R. Louis science of individual beauty.

Each R. Louis preparation makes a delightful ornament on your dressing table. The absolute purity of each crême comes to you exquisitely preserved in a jar of genuine green pottery, each lotion in a modern bottle, crystal clear. The actual making of every preparation is under the personal direction of R. Louis and his laboratory staff.

In the science of Beautistics, there is laid out a simple beauty procedure that fits the needs of each individual skin. A free book describes the R. Louis methods and individual skin needs. You may also obtain the services of the chief diagnostician of the R. Louis New York Salon, without obligation. A diagnosis questionnaire will be mailed you on request, and later returned to you with complete, simple, expert recommendations for the daily care most suited to your individual skin.

Do not delay your discovery of the many unique R. Louis preparations. You will find them at the more distinguished places. Diagnosis questionnaire H-6, and the book, "Beautistics," will be mailed you without charge, on request.

R. LOUIS

Beautistics

26 WEST 58TH STREET

New York, N. Y.

PREPARATIONS OF R. LOUIS

Gleansing Crême Skin Tonic Muscle Oil Pore Crême Circulation Ointment Tissue Crême Special Astringent Bleach Crême Autour des yeux Hand Crême Basic Crême Liquid Rouge Crême Rouge Compact Rouge Lip Stick Cleansing Tissue Face Powder Dusting Powder

MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 162)

weren't living there, we'd be on some lane in Cedarhurst, living in houses that used to be given to people's coachmen, in the old days. I couldn't afford to join the Rockaway Hunting Club, though—golf and tennis there, or at Piping Rock, is far beyond my speed. You might as well face it, Jerry. Anything less than thirty thousand dollars a year is genteel poverty for a young couple in New York."

"Have you any children?"

"One and a half," Freddy said. "When the second one comes, I'll have to pay for him on the instalment plan—and probably give up my car."

"But—but—" Jerry was stuttering now, in confusion. "There must be thousands of young people just starting out in New York. I know they can't have very nice little houses, or apartments in good districts in the city—"

"At a thousand dollars a room a year!" put in Freddy.

"But they get by, somehow, don't they?"

"With the Mrs. stewing up supper in a kitchenette," Freddy said. "*They* don't belong to the Racquet Club, Jerry, or the Knickerbocker, or the Brook. I hear your name is up for all three."

"Yes, of course it is."

"Then spend your million and be done with it. You *can't* live on its annual interest—and you *can't* make enough of your own to count."

"But when the million is spent, what then?"

"My God!" Freddy was up now, putting on his overcoat and preparing to catch the 11:38 train to Great Neck. "Don't ask me riddles, Jerry. All I can tell you is facts."

THE memory of that talk with Freddy Wilson lingered in Jerry's mind.

Strange, perverse fancies came to him. He doubted only one thing that Freddy had said. It would be possible to live on $50,000 a year, the interest on one million at five per cent. "You can't live on it," Freddy had said. Well, of course, Freddy knew Wee. Freddy knew that Wee didn't do things by halves. Wee was living hard, spending hard, enjoying herself hard.

Her psychology was Uncle Roger's own, with a reverse twist. He wanted to save a ten dollar bill forever; she wanted to throw it away as fast as possible. If she had ever heard of Death Valley Scotty lighting a cigarette with a banknote for a spill, she would do the same. Would she? Yes, if she thought it would give pleasure to Jerry—make him feel easy, comfortable, secure.

He scowled at his face in the Archduke's *art moderne* mirror. A coffin shaped mirror! It fitted his mood.

"Where's the real, old-fashioned saloon?" he asked Wee.

"I don't know, but Boxy Keck does."

She took three dancing steps in front of her mirror, smoothed her gown over her hips, and stepped up to him to be kissed. It was her way of ending all tiresome domestic arguments. She knew, inwardly, that Jerry liked routine—a regular job, a regular orbit around the city, a regular seat on the 8:19 train. She adored the absence of routine in their present life, feeling it in such delightful contrast with her stodgy old days in Boston.

The saloon proved to be in the theatre district. Its name on its business card was the Midtown Merchants and Traders Association. But one entered it through the rear entrance of an office building, past the freight elevator. The janitor and a group of his truck-driving friends were passed, and then there was a door with a grille, and a hard-faced watchman behind it; and then a big, square room with a painting of Cupid and Psyche, larger than life, over the bar.

"This used to be called the Eagle Bicycle Club," said Boxy. "But that was before it was fixed up so nicely. The atmosphere is perfect, and we call it Kearney's Mahogany Wine Palace now."

The bar was thirty feet long, and four bartenders stood behind it. They were elderly, bald, rather paternal looking men, with old-fashioned, sweeping mustaches like the handlebars on a bicycle. Round, dark-topped tables and iron chairs were scattered around the room; but most of the patrons preferred to stand at the bar.

WEE was amused by the regulation touches—the brass rail, the soiled towels hanging from hooks, the pyramids of glasses behind the bar, the Bock Beer signs with their funny goat heads in lithography, and the rather skimpy free lunch, consisting of nuts, pretzels, and olives in saucers of dirty water.

To Boxy and the Major and Alice Thorpley all this decoration was of no interest. Boxy led the way briskly to the nearest bartender.

"Now what will it be?" The man asked the immemorial question of his craft, wiping the top of the bar with a damp rag.

"Five old-fashioned," said Boxy Keck.

Ready, on a shelf behind the bar, were two or three dozen little tumblers containing dark red whiskey. The bartender added sugar, lemon peel, and bitters, and set five of these bar glasses down before the party with a flourish. Jerry paid the check—five dollars.

"That man used to be at the old Hoffman House," whispered Boxy. "He's a wonder. Try him with any mixed drink at all."

"You mean he can drink anything?" asked Wee.

"I mean he can *mix* anything. Well, his supplies are rather limited now—but I'm sure Jerry would like to try a New Orleans fizz. One New Orleans, Tom."

Tom's eye brightened. He took lemon juice and cream, orange juice, thick syrups, bitters, sugar, and various other seemingly incompatible things and shook them earnestly together for many minutes—having added liquors of at least three different sorts before the shaking began. Rhythmically, beautifully, his hands vibrated up and down.

"The absolute poetry of motion," said Boxy, as the minutes passed. "No machine in all the world can mix drinks as a first-rate bartender can."

"Give me a taste," said Wee, as the smooth white liquid slid out of the shaker into Jerry's tall glass. "It's wonderful, of course—but I don't like it. I didn't like that red stuff, either. It smells rather queer here, too, and I think we've seen it thoroughly. Let's go to Nevada Finn's new club, Boxy. You promised me I'd see her some day."

Jerry paid for the fizz, and for four more old-fashioned cocktails, offering his own to Major Steele-Bright. "Do you mind leaving?" he asked that warrior. "Perhaps this new club will be amusing."

"Beastly jolly!" said the Major.

The night club was far uptown, but there was plenty of room for all five in the Valkyrie. In fact, just as people eventually choose favourite chairs in a room, Boxy Keck and the Major and Alice Thorpley all had their own preferred positions in the car. It hummed smoothly up Broadway; the asphalt of the city was far more to its liking than the "thank-ye-marms" of Maine.

NEVADA FINN'S latest club was in a wide and extremely long room, with a small lobby in front, and a raised platform for the orchestra at the other end. Tables were placed so closely together that it was difficult to know whether you were in your own party, or someone else's—but that, as Boxy Keck said, made things all the more intimate. As they forced their way over people's legs to the table he had reserved, by telephone from Kearney's, a man with black patent-leather hair was finishing an exhibition dance with a dark girl.

"Heffle and Ginsky," said Boxy Keck. "They used to be in a Brooklyn department store; and now they are in the Scandals, and here. It shows to what heights the young working girl and her boy friend can aspire."

(Continued on page 169)

parfums isabey originally created for the exclusive use of one of the present nobility of france

isabey presents mimosa in a new de luxe ensemble

In a Greek legend it is told that the *mimosa*, most sensitive plant in the world, was originally the shy maid Cephisa. Fleeing in terror from the wild love she inspired in Pan, she appealed to the gods for protection. And thus she was transformed into the mimosa . . . whose alluring fragrance love ever follows. ▲ ▲ ▲

The de luxe ensemble of Mimosa d'Isabey consists of the Extract in an attractive bottle of yellow opaque glass . . . the Bath Powder with a caressing yellow down-puff . . . and the Face Powder (in Ocre, Mauresque, Rachel, Naturelle) with fluffy down-puff.

bottled sealed & packaged in france

Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster tooth and gum disorders

FREE . . . *a 10-day tube to everyone who wants white, dazzling teeth*

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon.

HERE is a marvelous scientific way to combat the beginning of tooth decay and pyorrhea . . . to give teeth a brilliant whiteness you have never dreamed is possible. Will you write for your free tube?

Simply try it for 10 days. That is long enough to see results. You will be amazed at what Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, can do.

The reason for the change

If you run your tongue across your teeth you will feel a slippery, viscous coating. That is film.

It clings to teeth so stubbornly that brushing alone will not remove it successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth "off color" and dingy.

This film hardens into tartar. Germs breed in it by the millions. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and other serious disorders.

Based on exacting scientific study, a special film-removing dentifrice, called Pepsodent, has been compounded. It acts to curdle film and to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do.

Use for a few days

Get a tube at your druggist's for a few cents, or write to nearest address below for free supply. You will see far whiter teeth and firmer gums ten days from now.

See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 2410, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . **London**, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney**, N.S.W.

Only one tube to a family 3313

© '29 V. R. Co.

The mode is fitted and feminine. Frocks are more elaborate, underthings more lacy. Loveliest of all undies is the Singlette—by Van Raalte. Pictured on the little figure—the only foundation one wears beneath dancing dresses—is Singlette No. 9783. See its Alençon lace brassiere; rich encrustations of the same patrician lace on the panties; and the extremely practical concealed girdle with garters. In a delicious "Melo-tan" tint, this is $25, but there are equally well-cut Singlettes in V-R Tex—from $4; in glove silk—from $8. *Nine* new styles are ready now! Van Raalte makes *any type* of Underwear which you personally prefer—whether Vests, Short Panties, Bloomers, or Step-ins.

VAN RAALTE

"...because you love nice things"

Though America is indebted to France for many lovely styles, it is France who looks to America for Silk Stockings which are both beautiful and enduring. Supreme in this land are Silk Stockings by Van Raalte. Women of fashion know so well Van Raalte's fine "ingrain" styles—for example Nos. 682 and 668—their cobweb beauty, slender seams, exquisite clocks, colorful hem linings, lacy circlets; but Van Raalte also makes amazingly sturdy, practical styles: like Nos. 638 and 613. Exquisite "dipped" styles; Extra Length Stockings, too; and a new Slenderizing style—"No. 5, the Flatterer". Prices $1.50 to $4. At good shops. Van Raalte Company, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

And now— the same plump, round, firm cigarette blended, *puff-by-puff*, with the added nicety of **TIPPED ENDS** for those who prefer them

Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR TIPPED

BROWN *and* WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION *Louisville, Kentucky*

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 166*)

After an interval for general dancing, eight Happiness Girls—also from the Scandals—came on the floor, attired in costumes resembling small pink parasols without the handles. Jerry, with Boxy's advice, had ordered supper.

"Pails," said Boxy to the headwaiter.

"For five, sir. Yes, sir."

"What does that mean?" asked Wee, when the man had gone. "What are pails?"

"Champagne. Quarts of champagne. Oh, wouldn't it be nice to see a magnum again?"

"Or a jeroboam," said Jerry, bitterly.

Boxy Keck jumped to his feet. "Fool, fool that I am! In all these weeks and months of our friendship, why didn't I think of that? It's a wonderful thought. Come here, young lady. Tell your boss that I have a billion-dollar idea for her—present my respectful compliments to Miss Finn, do you understand, and tell her that Mr. Keck hopes she will come to his table, and receive a large idea."

The cigarette girl smiled at him, but continued to show her wares to Major Steele-Bright. He chose a tin cigarette holder, painted in blue and gold. Collapsed, it would fit the waistcoat pocket; but it expanded to two feet or more. Jerry paid four dollars for this, and watched the major fitting a cigarette neatly into it.

"I'm sorry for those girls," Wee said, when she had gone to find Miss Finn. "She looks like an underfed monkey."

"The effect of underfeeding is most fashionable," Alice Thorpley drawled. "Like underfurnishing, you know."

Jerry wished she would not drawl. Why couldn't she bite off her words, as true New Yorkers do? Boxy Keck spoke as a machine gun fires. Staccato, that was the word. Alice came from New Orleans, and she was a long way from home—but was that any excuse? Silly to be annoyed because Alice Thorpley drawled! Jerry squared his shoulders. He wished his head would stop aching.

My table! That's what Boxy Keck had said, confound his impudence. Who was paying the cover charge at that table? Who was going to pay for everything from Major Steele-Bright's tin cigarette holder to the scrambled eggs and the pails? Jerry was going to pay for everything. No, he wasn't. He hung his head for a moment in shame. The money wasn't his. It was Wee's—and Wee was having the time of her life.

A LARGE gentleman from the west, in a dark green Tuxedo coat with velvet collar, was at that moment sticking his elbow firmly into her back. That couldn't be helped; the tables were so close together. The gentleman needn't nestle against her, though. He was quite unconscious of it, Jerry thought. He was talking to his companion, a very young girl in a low-cut red dress and no underclothes. How could you insert any underclothes between such a tight gown and yourself? Oh, forget it! Wee wasn't thinking dark thoughts like these, Jerry knew. Wee was laughing gaily, delightedly, into Boxy Keck's ear.

"Here's food," said that authority, suddenly. "Here's food, everybody. Bunch, lunch! Lunch, bunch!"

Wee giggled. Jerry looked down at his plate as a dab of scrambled eggs was placed on it; when he looked up again, he saw the most dazzling blonde head in the world, and a pair of enormous bright blue eyes.

"Nevada," said Boxy, with ceremony. "This is the new boy who has just come to school. Shake hands politely, like a good little girl, with your new playmate from Boston, Mr. Jerry McCoy."

"Welcome to our city!" said Nevada Finn.

It was a drawl, yes—but not the sleepy drawl of New Orleans. It was the low-pitched voice of the great southwest. A voice full of provocation, a voice that can say "Put up your hands!" or "I love you!" without the slightest change in timbre.

"I am very pleased to be here," said Jerry McCoy, still dazzled by the hair and eyes of his hostess.

"Nevada," said Boxy Keck. "This is a great day in your business career. Won't you sit down?"

"And have a conference?" asked the lady, archly. "That's what my lawyers say. I'm all stuck up with lawyers. I'll sit down if the subject is business, not law."

"Nevada," said Boxy, "what is this?"

"One pail. A bottle of wine. We called it bubbles out in Tonopolis, when I was a little blue-eyed kiddie in my dad's saloon."

"Is this the only kind of bottle you know?"

"Say, what is this anyway—a cross-examination?"

THE lady was still arch, still smiling, but a film was settling over her eyes. In another minute, Wee thought, she might draw a revolver from her ample bosom—a delicate little lady's model revolver with a pearl handle—and say: "This has gone far enough. I'll shoot!"

"I'm doing this for your good, my dear creature," pursued Boxy. "Do you know any other size in wine bottles than this contemptible quart?"

"Pints," said Nevada. "Rotten little pints for tightwads. *We* don't sell 'em. No!"

Boxy's eyes swept the table in triumph. "Ever heard of a magnum?" he asked.

"I guess so," replied Nevada. "But it was before my time. Say, Boxy, lover, how old do you think I am?"

"Perpetually and eternally twenty-two! Now listen to me. Pints are for tightwads, quarts are for common persons who don't know any better, and magnums are for rich Americans in Paris. It's a bottle as big as this," said Boxy, holding his hand eighteen inches above the table. "It has class, Nevada. It has tone! It satisfies the kings and queens of night life. But the emperors—ah, the emperors want something bigger and finer still. So the dear French wine-growers prepare special bottles this high!"

Boxy's hand was now so far above the table that Nevada laughed.

"Oh, what a fish story!"

"Ask the man who's used one," Boxy said. "It's called a jeroboam, and here's the man who gave it the name. Mr. Jeroboam McCoy. At least, the big bottle and he have an ancestor in common, I suppose. Go ahead, Nevada. I'm not stringing you. Ask anyone here who knows."

Nevada frowned, smiled, flashed her dazzling glance around the table, and then walked straight to a party of elderly men across the room. She came back in a minute, nodding her spun gold hair.

"It's so," she said. "Gee, what class it would give this club, Boxy—if only the dear American bootleggers could produce big bottles like that!"

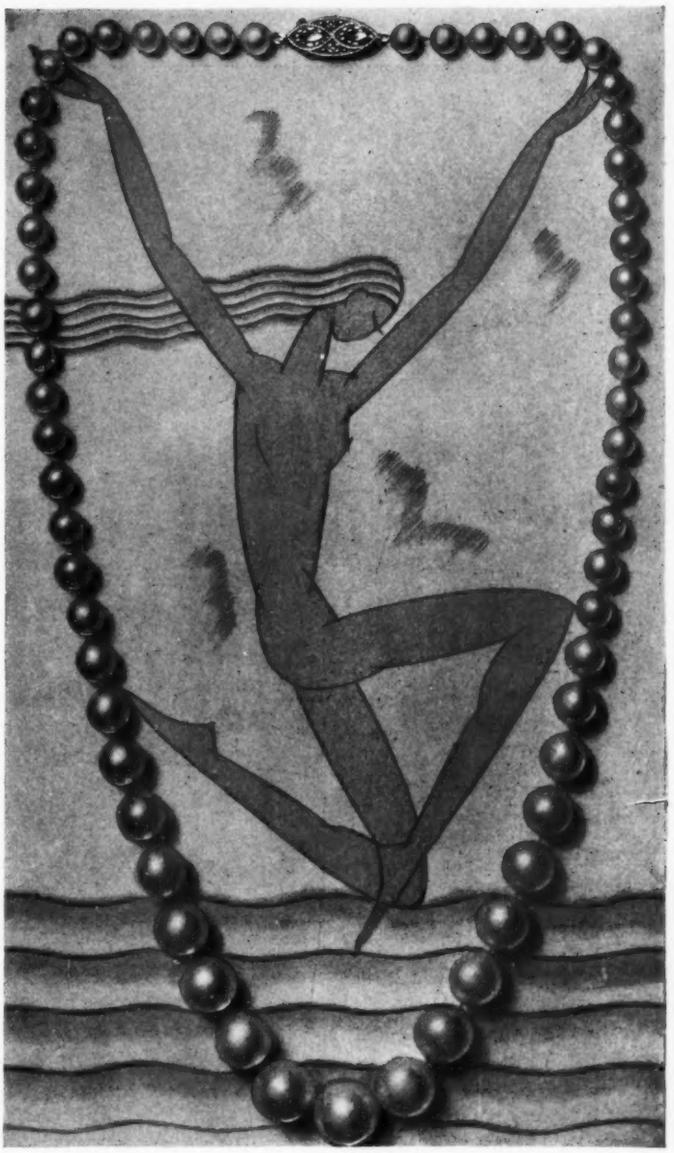
"They can. The American industrial spirit is dauntless. It laughs at obstacles. Just see yon wine merchant, Nevada. We've given you the tip. Now it's up to you."

SHE went away, dimpling, and smiling from ear to ear. They saw her sitting in earnest, unsmiling conversation with a small, ratty looking man at a table beside the wall.

"That's her bootie," explained Boxy. "Scarface Mike Gee, they used to call him. He had a picturesque past, but he's had some excellent plastic surgery, and is now a business man in a large way. He's really the chairman of Nevada's board of directors, as well as her bootie. She's passing our tip to him. Jerry, you'll be famous here. Wait and see."

"It's all perfectly thrilling," Wee cried. She looked at her very thin platinum watch. Past two o'clock, and the evening just beginning; the club was so jammed now that it was impossible to dance, and almost to sit. Only Major Steele-Bright was impassive. He had rested his long holder on the bare shoulder of a young woman who was squeezed against him; and through it he inhaled long and dreamy puffs of smoke. He had said

(*Continued on page 170*)



59 shimmering Richelieu pearls...each an authentic reproduction of a fine oriental pearl...all hand selected and perfectly matched for iridescense, color and texture...the last a beautiful twin of the first. This is, indeed, the smart necklace for every woman. So successfully have Richelieu craftsmen duplicated the loveliness of Nature's masterpieces that Richelieu reproductions are precious for the very qualities that make the originals priceless. In fact, they are so amazingly like the genuine that it takes an expert to differentiate. Price, $500 to $5. With complimentary jeweled clasps beautifully matched, if desired. Other Richelieu creations: Genuine Stone Necklaces and Genuine Stone Ensembles.

JOS. H. MEYER BROS. • 389 Fifth Avenue • New York

RICHELIEU PEARLS

With the new Princesse frock and tucked-in blouse styles, your waistline is no longer a secret. But the Lily of France Duo-Sette models the waist into slenderness—the hips into youth's firm lines! At any quality store.

Lily of France

"makes beautiful women more beautiful"

© 1929, L. of F. Co.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 169*)

nothing all evening, except once when a fat lady tripped and fell into his arms. And then all he said was, "Beastly jolly!"

An hour later, Nevada Finn forced her smiling way to Wee's table.

"All arranged," she said. "We'll have some class and tone here, with those big, big bottles of wine. I'll service Mr. Bogan with them, see if I don't."

"Who's Mr. Bogan?" asked Wee.

"He's a pest. He's one of those emperors of night life, and he's here all the time, and spends money without kissing it good-by—I'll say that for him. But he's a pest. He wants so much service. Sometimes I think he's a Federal Prohibition Agent in disguise."

She jerked a thumb, not very elegantly, toward a gentleman by the wall—a gentleman only less ratty in appearance than Mr. Mike Gee. Mr. Bogan, however, was not alone. He had a lady companion in a low-cut red gown; and there were two pails beside them.

"Well, so long as he spends freely, I can't complain," said the philosophical Miss Finn. "I came here to thank you for the lovely tip. It's a money-maker, but what I like best about it is it's so exclusive and refined. Oh, Mr. McCoy, I think you're lucky. I think you've brought me just the punch this place needs. Watch for my big jerries—no, I'll call 'em jeroboams. Here's something for you."

She leaned over and kissed him, dazzlingly, on the brow.

"Stick around with me," she said, invitingly, "and I'll write your name on Broadway in letters a mile high."

"WHAT are we doing tonight?" asked Jerry.

"We're giving," said Wee, "a dinner for Lily Damfreville at the Colony Restaurant."

"Haven't we given her enough already?" growled Jerry. "No," he added quickly, "I didn't mean to say that. Who else is coming?"

"Boxy, of course," said Wee; "and Major Steele-Bright and Alice Thorpley. I am afraid the Jeff Cubitts may not come, but they said they would make a great effort. I love these little dinners. You know, Jerry, every time I see the Major's eyeglass fairly trembling over his soup, it thrills me. Oh, and there is another very nice man, Mr. Marion Wyeth from Palm Beach."

"Who's he?"

"He's an architect."

"An architect!"

"Quite a wonderful architect, too—Boxy tells me that he has planned some very astounding houses down there and I thought it would be very interesting to meet him and get his advice."

"On what?"

"Well," said Wee, "on the pent-house—and some other things. I've got another idea, Jerry."

Two lines formed with startling clearness between Jerrry's eyebrows. Wee paused, kissed him, and ran out of the room.

Jerry went on opening the mail. The first publication of their names among the Dilatory Domiciles in the New York book had added so very much to the daily flood of letters that Jerry had to give at least half an hour's scowling attention to them every morning. It was something to do, but he hated looking for personal letters among the circulars. Wee was amused to find how the Social Register is the guiding star of every exclusive mail order advertiser and charity or hospital in New York.

TODAY Jerry divided the letters into several neat piles, and when Wee came back he announced the morning catch to her in the tones of an angler gloating over his creel. Was there a heavy overtone of irony in his voice? Wee was not quite sure, but she smiled with delight when he informed her that there were seventeen letters from charities, eight from interior decorators, eleven from night clubs, tourist agencies, bootleggers, churches, hotels and detective agencies, and several more from the organizers of subscription dances and banquets.

From the very bottom of the pile, Wee pulled out a letter from Poop & Galley, the well-known yacht brokers. It took the form of a memorandum on blue paper pinned to a folder made of deckle-edged paper. Wee read the memorandum aloud:

> "My dear Mr. McCoy:
> We consider the attached yacht offering one of the most unusual values we have had to offer in a long time. Feeling sure you are interested in securing a yacht of this type, we can make you an irresistible proposition. Why not act at once? Don't you want more details?
>
> G. HERBERT GALLEY,
> President."

"The details," said Wee, skimming through the folder, "are a steam yacht, 215 feet long, with sun room, lounge room, dining salon, ten guests' and masters' staterooms, pantry, galley and engine room complete. No, I don't see any bowling alley?" Would you like a yacht without a bowling alley.

"What do you want with a bowling alley at sea?" said Jerry roughly.

"Why," said Wee, "the rolling of the ship makes bowling ever so much more sporty and amusing. Same with billiards. Same with racquets. By the way, how are you getting along with your racquets, Jerry?"

"Pretty well, I guess," said Jerry. "The instructor is giving me a lot of praise and I can serve hard—I really can."

Like any other male when asked about his athletic prowess, Jerry thereupon seized the nearest implement, which happened to be an umbrella and swung it in fine swishing circles around his head.

"That's fine," said Wee encouragingly, "because Clarence Pell wants to give you a game this week."

"Clarence Pell wants to give *me* a game!"

"Yes. He was that very attractive, good-looking man I sat beside at dinner last week—at the Robinson's, you remember. You said it was just like getting into society again, after so much slumming with Boxy Keck & Co."

"Did I?"

"You did! Jerry, I'm afraid you're an incurable snob."

He laughed. But he stopped soon, remembering her remark about Mr. Pell. He was nearly always the national champion in racquets. Champion of the United States, and Canada, too. A phenomenal player!

"Did you really tell Mr. Pell about me?" Jerry gasped.

"Of course, I did. And I told him the very amusing thing you had said; on the day you took your first racquets lesson, you know."

"What was the very amusing thing I said?"

"You said that you couldn't bear to be merely an average player of anything. You were the best football player in Harvard, and the best oar—don't scowl so, Jerry, you know you were. And you told me that you knew you hadn't a chance to be national champion in golf, or tennis, or squash, or any of those overcrowded games. But you went on to say that racquets is such an undercrowded game that only Mr. Pell himself, and Mr. Stanley Mortimer, and perhaps five or six others play it at all. And as Mr. Pell is eighteen years older than you are, or so you said, you would surely be able to beat him sooner or later—perhaps on his sixtieth birthday, when you will be only a young man of forty-two!"

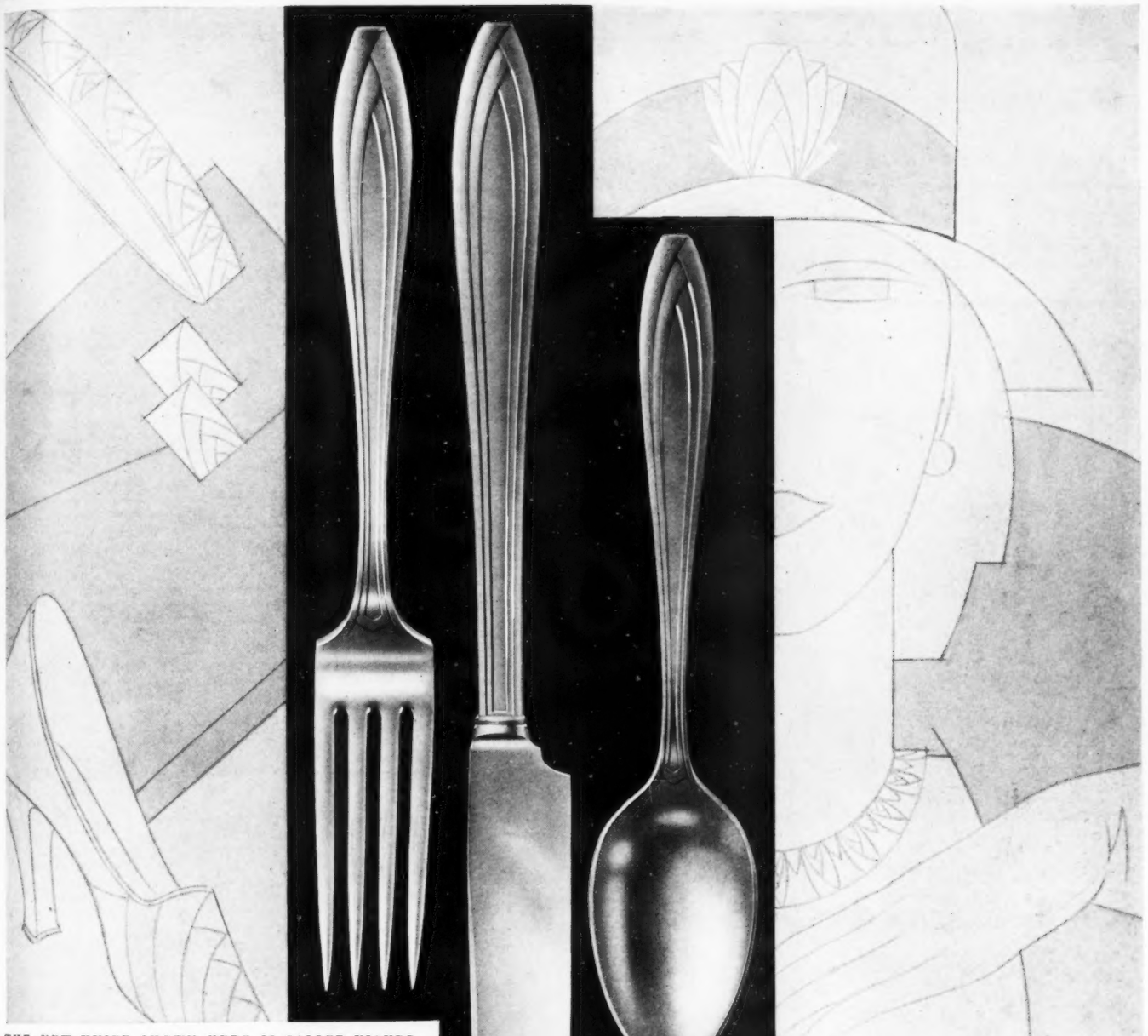
"And you told *that* to Mr. Pell?"

"Of course I did. It amused him very much."

JERRY looked so sick, so much as if he were about to faint, that Wee went to the cellaret for brandy. He waved it aside, and then threw himself full length on the sofa, face down.

"Anything I may have told you was a

(*Continued on page 172*)



THE NEW KNIFE SHOWN HERE IS CALLED VIANDE. [PATENT APPLIED FOR.] CREATED BY SAARINEN. REGULAR DINNER AND DESSERT KNIVES ARE ALSO MADE.

Presenting SILHOUETTE

Look at you, a modern. Look at all the lovely details that go to make you you—a 1929 you. Paris has given certain swirl and line to your hat. To your frock. Your jewels. Your footwear. Something crisp and clean . . . and right! Certain basic lines, lean lines, stream lines, running sweetly through all of them. That's modernism, in its newest, truest sense. And that's SILHOUETTE . . . for now Paris has given to 1847 ROGERS BROS.' new modern pattern these same basic lovely lines. Keyed to you . . . and all of your intimate personal possessions. For your dinner table, and not for the woman who is ten years behind you in thought. Designed to accent the service of a meal as your clothes and jewelry accent you. Modern as this day and age, but ageless in style, quality, and length of service. For 1847 ROGERS BROS. is the finest of silverplate. The lines of SILHOUETTE are the sure, basic lines of good taste, and good taste knows no calendar. You'll be seeing SILHOUETTE upon the smartest dinner tables soon. See it sooner than that, at any silverware counter. For illustrations and prices of SILHOUETTE pattern write for booklet K-25 to Sales Promotion Department, Factory E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER ALL LUGGAGE IS PART OF THE PICTURE

And smart-looking trunks are as essential to good grooming as the correct clothes. If you're going away—try this simplest method of acquiring the world's smartest wardrobe trunk. First lay a sprig of reverent lavender on the iron bound family heirloom in the attic. Then drop into any smart luggage shop and merely say "Hartmann."

The result is a mad desire to own everything in sight. For Hartmann Travel Things, from the tiniest wardrobe case for air trips to the huge extra size wardrobes, are so gay, so colorful and so marvelously practical, traveling becomes sheer luxury.

A Hartmann matched group in tan canvas grain Ducord with Regimental Striping is stunning. A whole array of sizes and models. Priced from $27.50 to $225. See them at the better shops and department stores.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 170*)

joke," he said, with his voice heavily muffled by the pillows. "Surely you don't take my confidences, and tell them at dinner tables—as jokes!"

"But I was so pleased, so proud of you," said Wee. "I thought you were getting seriously interested in something. You seemed to have a goal. You were as excited and interested about racquets as you used to be about football—or about selling bonds."

No answer came from Jerry. After a time Wee went over and kissed the back of his neck.

"Cheer up," she said. "If there's any damage it's all over, and worrying about it won't help at all. Mr. Pell wasn't annoyed at all. On the contrary, I met him on the street yesterday, and he stopped and asked me when you were coming over to the Racquet Club to do him down! He said he'd be free any morning this week, and will be ever so glad to see you."

"He did, did he?"

"For Heaven's sake, stop being so silly. I'm going out now, and I'm lunching with Lily and Pat, so we won't meet until this evening. Please try to be on time, Jerry. You ought to start dressing not later than seven. Dinner will be at eight."

"I hate dinners!" It was a muffled snort.

Across the table at the Colony that evening Jerry heard Wee talking raptly to Mr. Wyeth, who sat at her right. "I am so bored with the Spanish and Moorish styles in all their forms," she said. And a little later: "But isn't the Taj Mahal a lovely thing to adapt for a home, Mr. Wyeth—a winter home in Florida?" And then: "Yes, I have seen pictures of it. It is like a dream in marble . . . a great marble bubble, rising against a blue tropical sky."

JERRY tried not to listen, but while Alice Thorpley's drawling voice droned in his ear, he tried to estimate the cost of a great marble bubble rising against a blue tropical sky. Next day he startled the librarian at the Harvard Club by demanding Vol. XVII. (Tab-Tit) of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

When the green bound volume was laid in his hand, as dust-encrusted as an old bottle of port, he turned its leaves until he found an astoundingly lyrical description of the great Indian palace, the most beautiful building in the world. There was no picture, unfortunately. But Jerry didn't need one. When he went home at six o'clock that evening he found Wee poring absorbedly over some sketches on drawing paper, rubber-stamped "F. Marion Wyeth, Architect."

"Isn't it amazing?" she said. "So many architects want to cram their own pet ideas down your throat, but Mr. Wyeth confessed that he hadn't even dreamed of the Taj Mahal until I suggested it. He has made such an amusing sketch—he shows how it would look, not merely in Palm Beach where it would be quite appropriate but on the water side of Beacon Street."

Before Jerry's stupefied eyes she spread out a sheet which bore a picture so carefully executed that Mr. Wyeth must have gone directly from the dining table to his drawing board and worked with pencils and water colors all night and day.

In his sketch a whole block of knobby old brownstone buildings between Dartmouth and Exeter Streets had been razed, and in their place a great white marble dome soared into the air, with four tall minarets around it.

"This is only a hasty sketch," Wee explained. "Mr. Wyeth would want to go to Agra before making formal plans and I think it would be an economy to send him there."

"A good idea. Let's send him there on a one-way ticket at once."

"Of course not! We will never want to build a big house like that in Boston, refreshing and stimulating to Boston as it would be. We want to make plans for a Palm Beach house and if you will look on the back of that large sketch, you will see what Mr. Wyeth suggests for Florida."

It was a smaller house that met Jerry's eye, but it was in the same Indian style of incredible magnificence, and a large white marble bubble surmounted it.

"Perhaps we couldn't inlay the spandrels with semi-precious stones, but this is a darn sight more striking than one of those common Spanish-type homes, isn't it? There are simply loathsome nests of them all over Long Island already, and they have no individuality at all. I want something that will be all our own."

Jerry blinked his eyes rapidly, smoothed his brow with his finger-tips, and lay down on the *art moderne* bed. It wasn't really a good example, Wee knew; it was only a hotel's crude, machine-made approximation of the truly modern beds that she was having built for the pent-house. In fact the Archduke's conception of *art-moderne* beds was altogether machine made.

The pent-house would not err in that direction. The pent-house would be neither old-fashioned nor modern; it would represent the free, untrammeled point of view of twenty, perhaps fifty years hence. Wee told Jerry that, in all New York, there were only a few large pieces that could be put into it. All the others had to be made.

THIS took a great deal of time, but Jerry did not regret the delay; he wondered now and then what the bills for making these articles would be, just as he wondered how long Wee's explosion would last.

He read, surreptitiously, in all the books on psychiatry he could find. They perplexed him, and yet there was an undercurrent of sense in them. The very use of the term "explosion" by their authors reassured him. He knew that Wee was exploding mentally like a bomb. She had been compressed, spiritually, during all her years in Boston; and she was now bursting into freedom. Day after day, she found new ways in which to burst.

The Valkyrie's wheel-base proved far too long for New York traffic. It was like trying to run a railroad car through the shrieking jams in the theatre district. So the Valkyrie sat in its garage and a very smart town brougham was bought and used.

Christmas came, and Jerry and Wee decided that they would not try to give each other anything. After that, like all husbands and wives, they went out and looked earnestly for possible gifts.

Jerry solved the problem in the fur department of the most fashionable importer. He looked at sable wraps, but the price tickets appalled him. He selected a mink coat and enclosed a card on which he wrote:

"Minks for the Minx."

It was pleasant to see Wee's smile when she opened that box on Christmas morning, and Jerry smiled too. But the smile left his face at Wee's first words:

"Merry Christmas, Jerry. I have bought you an airplane! See, here's a toy one to amuse you till you see the real thing. Don't you think it will be amusing to take our first flight on Christmas Day?"

Jerry shivered, though the room was warm.

"Why do you want to spend Christmas in this way?" he asked.

"Last year I distributed baskets in Roxbury on Christmas Eve. Then I put lighted candles in Aunt Carrie's windows and watched them to see they didn't set the house on fire. After that I took some children to sing carols in the street. Next day I took Uncle Roger a present—"

"May I ask what?" said Jerry.

"A coin purse," said Wee. "Aunt Carrie and I spent a quiet afternoon and some of her friends came in for tea. It was a dull day, a horrible day. I think flying our own airplane this Christmas will be a delightful change."

"How are you and I going to fly?"

"Why," said Wee, wide-eyed, "I thought everybody knew that modern airplanes come with pilots, just as really *good* automobiles come with chauffeurs. Our man is Mr. Eddie Britt. He's waiting for us now."

(*Continued on page 174*)

GREET THE FALL WITH A FAULTLESS FACE

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World Famed Beauty Specialist

TO BE CORRECT, in the facial sense, this fall, one must present a countenance of faultless beauty. The complexion must be cleared of discoloring overtones. The skin must be refined to a delicate, lucid winsomeness of texture. Fatigue lines must be dispelled. Even the contour must reveal the concise, clear-cut modelling of youth.

No compromise is tolerated—or necessary. For modern femininity has recourse to the scientific certainty of HELENA RUBINSTEIN. The efficacy of her Valaze beautifiers reflects years of close research and laboratory work, intensive study of climatic conditions the world over, a mastery of dermatology and allied sciences.

In the intimacy of your own boudoir—you may apply the corrective creations made by Helena Rubinstein—bleaching cream, anti-wrinkle cream, stimulating lotions, muscle-tightening balsams—whatever your individual skin demands.

Or, to speed the achievement of faultless beauty, you may visit the salons of Helena Rubinstein, where gifted fingers pat mysteriously effective creams, unguents and lotions into your face, giving you Professional Beauty Treatments that have no counterpart the world over! Even one treatment discloses the reality of a far younger and more beautiful YOU!

A DAILY BEAUTY RITUAL
—for the fastidious woman

Cleanse the skin with the exquisite Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream which contains youth-renewing essences of water lily buds (2.50). Revivify face and eyes with the rare anti-wrinkle lotion, Valaze Extrait (2.50). Now wake the tissues with the unique rejuvenating stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte (3.00) and while the skin is tingling and responsive, pat in Valaze Emailline (1.75) a bracing, astringent cream of amazing efficacy. Finish with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two month's supply—with full instructions. 11.00

Have squint lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles appeared?

Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream. Excellent also for dry, wrinkled hands, thin, undernourished throat. 1.75, 3.50

Is your contour relaxing, settling?

Drooping chin, settling contour or baggy eyes need Valaze Georgine Lactee—the amazing muscle-tightener. Youthifies contours. 3.00, 6.00

Vexed by enlarged pores - blackheads?

Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Removes blackheads, dirt, impurities. Contracts pores and normalizes oily skins. Use instead of soap. 1.00, 2.00

Do you know the charm of Gypsy Tan while natural tan is fading?

Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation tints the skin a ravishing beach tan. 1.50, 2.50. Valaze Gypsy Liquid Powder—transforms the fading tan into a vivid colorful tone. 1.50. Gypsy Tan Powder—gives you a most charming tan effect. Complete even when used alone or can be used with the other Gypsy Tan creations. 1.00, 1.50

Have you glimpsed the smartest in modern vanities?

The distinctive Water Lily Vanities—in their cases of Jade Green, Chinese Red, Jet Black or Golden—are really sublime expressions of Helena Rubinstein artistry! Double Compact, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50. Water Lily Lipstick to match—extremely smart, too, and indelible. 1.25

SPECIAL BLEACHING REGIMEN
—for the very tanned, discolored or freckled skin

Cleanse the skin with Valaze Bleaching Cream (1.00). Restore delicacy of tone and texture with Valaze Refining Lotion (3.00)—unexcelled for the coarsened, irritated skin. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the skin-clearing masterpiece—which should be part of your daily regimen all year 'round. (1.00). For obstinate tan and freckles, use Valaze Freckle Cream. (1.50). Complete treatment with detailed instructions—a two month's supply. (6.50).

SMART FINISHING TOUCHES
Do you wish to accent your "individuality"?

Water Lily Foundation is extremely beautifying. Makes powder and rouge doubly enhancing, doubly adherent (2.00). Water Lily Powder subtly flattering, fragrant, clinging (1.50). Poudre Enchanté, the most exquisite powder in the world (3.00). Red Raspberry Rouge for daytime, Red Geranium for evening (1.00 to 5.00). Cubist lipstick to match—indelible, Parisian (1.00). Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00). Persian Eye-black (Mascara) 1.00, 1.50. Eye Shadow, brown, black, blue or green (1.00).

PARIS *Helena Rubinstein* LONDON

8 East 57th Street, New York

CHICAGO—670 N. Michigan Avenue BOSTON—77 Newbury Street
DETROIT—Woman's Colony Club, Park Avenue and Montcalm Street
PHILADELPHIA—254 South 16th Street CANADA—Toronto—126 Bloor Street, West

Helena Rubinstein Creations may be procured at leading stores—or may be ordered direct.

THE smart American woman, with her true Parisienne instinct for the fashionably correct, looks to Gloves of Meyers Make for the novel — the original — the new. She knows that Meyers showings always include the exact gloves to match her ensemble — to express her individuality. ¶ Gloves of Meyers Make represent the combined efforts of international style authorities, master designers and expert craftsmen. The latest Meyers creations are now being shown by the smart shops of America.

Louis Meyers & Son, Inc.
One Park Avenue, at 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

GLOVES of
MEYERS MAKE

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 172*)

"But I can't let you fly, because—because it's so risky! Because people get killed, all the time, in airplanes."

She looked at him, and there was a tenderness in his eyes that made her Christmas a success.

"Jerry," she said softly, "suppose you don't talk like that until you've been up in the air!"

HE PUT on his clothes, hoping he had not shown her that her gift was unwelcome. An airplane! An airplane in which he was expected to fly at once! Jerry was among the people who expect to fly some day—some day in the distant future, when everybody will be flying as a matter of course.

He had few fears that he could not master. He had not flinched from the bumps and bangs of football, the dislocated knees and shoulders, the pain of a broken jaw. A man can bear all that for his college, and his own self-respect. And Jerry was not afraid of horses; a man can sit tight, even if he is not a good rider, and commend his soul to God, and shut his eyes, and get over a fence or wall somehow. And if he doesn't, it's only a broken wrist or collar-bone. But flying! Flying introduces a new set of terrors—old, primitive terrors of falling from great heights, and new terrors that spring from the knowledge that, at any moment, the aviator may be roasted alive under his crashed and blazing plane.

Jerry stuck out his jaw, and forced himself to smile.

Little voices began to whisper reassurances into his ear. The art of aviation has taken giant strides. Flying is safe, swift, economical, clean. It is actually safer than driving a car.

Jerry thought of Lindbergh, and his confidence was much improved when he found that Eddie Britt looked very much like him. He was a blond, blue-eyed, debonair young man who arrived in a high powered green roadster without a top.

"That's my new baby," said Eddie Britt. "Hi-jackers killed the owner. Friend of mine."

He invited them to ride to the flying field in this speedy car, and Wee accepted. She wedged herself with Jerry into the front seat beside the driver.

"My husband," she said, "has the feeling that flying is too risky for us."

"Risky!" said Mr. Britt, spitting out his gum. "Gee, lady, you would take more risks driving across Times Square."

BY WAY of proving these comforting words, he turned the roadster around in the middle of Park Avenue and headed it toward Times Square. Jerry and Wee were so surprised that they did not immediately restrain Mr. Britt. He raced downtown at a speed far in excess of the crawling pace of the cars and buses on Fifth Avenue.

Red traffic signals made very little difference indeed to Mr. Britt. He seemed to have a knack of not seeing them until it was just too late to halt. By the time Wee had finally persuaded him to give up the idea of going over to Times Square to demonstrate how many risks you take in an automobile there, they had reached 44th Street and Fifth Avenue. The traffic going north and south was halted by a red light.

"All right!" said Eddie Britt cheerfully. "We'll make Park Avenue before this light changes."

Turning left, he shot through 44th Street at a terrific speed, turned north on Vanderbilt Avenue—speeding two blocks against the traffic light—and turned east again to Park Avenue. The signal had just changed as they reached the corner and cars had already begun to move downtown, but Eddie Britt wormed his way past them, made another left turn and headed north on Park Avenue.

The speedometer now registered forty-five miles an hour. Fortunately the traffic was not very heavy. Jerry turned around to see why no motorcycle policeman was pursuing them for these incredible violations of the rules against speeding and reckless driving.

"This car can do seventy," said Eddie Britt. "I say, let her do it."

The car *would* have done it, but its flight was ignominiously checked by a hook and ladder which extended clear across Park Avenue on 58th Street. Mr. Britt stopped with a screeching of brakes that outdid the siren on the fire engine.

"These Christmas trees are dangerous things," he said. "I'll bet this fire was caused by a Christmas tree."

As he spoke, a policeman, red in the face and almost speechless with fury, approached the car.

"Jail," whispered Jerry to Wee. "Well, this little ride's been quite enough excitement for your Christmas day."

Mr. Britt smiled meaningly at the policeman.

"You ought to have your gold teeth filled," he said, gently.

The policeman stepped back a pace, grinned, and motioned to Mr. Britt to proceed.

Mr. Britt kept his speedometer between sixty and seventy miles, all the way to Roosevelt Field. But this swiftness of motion did not stop him from talking steadily about the joys of flying, and the perils of driving on the road.

He led Jerry and Wee into a large hangar, full of airplanes.

"There's your ship," he said. "It's a Chummy Cloverleaf Air Sedan, made by the Air King Corporation of Detroit."

He spat, rather disparagingly Jerry thought, on the gleaming white rubber tire of its wheel.

Wee was quivering with delight. She showed Jerry the three seats arranged like a trefoil around the joystick and other controls. Opening the door, she followed him into the little cabin, and pointed out the flower holder on the wall, the vanity-case, the electric cigarette lighter, and the tiny locker containing a cocktail shaker.

"They didn't forget anything, did they?" cried Wee.

"Yes," answered Mr. Britt, morosely, "they forgot the motor. It was to be here yesterday and it ain't come. This ship can't fly to-day."

"Oh!" said Wee.

"I'm very sorry," said Jerry untruthfully, "but it has been fine to see the ship."

"How about a nice little joy ride in mine?" said Mr. Britt. "It's a *real* job."

HE LED them across the hangar and showed them a small and business-like little gray monoplane with an enormous rotary motor and very short wings.

"Could we go up in that?" asked Wee, incredulously.

"I'll say we could," answered Mr. Britt.

He gave orders and the little monoplane was rolled out of the hangar by four mechanics, and its motor warmed up with a deafening roar. Then he handed Wee a greasy leather helmet, and helped her with ceremony into the front seat.

"Now you will see something, brother."

Jerry watched this tiny-winged airplane run forward across the field, take off, and float gently up into the air. It was a mile away, almost before he knew it had started.

So this was flying! It seemed a beautiful, a poetical way to spend Christmas. After the perils of driving with Mr. Britt, perhaps flying would be an anticlimax, almost too safe, too languid.

Mr. Britt landed, not twenty feet from where Jerry stood, as lightly as an autumn leaf drifting down on a pool. The little monoplane ran lightly along the ground until it could be turned and brought back.

Wee hopped down, her eyes shining.

"It's divine, Jerry," she said. "I feel so selfish to have taken the first hop! Mr. Britt calls it a hop."

Jerry put the helmet on his head and walked out to the plane. He felt exhilarated and eager. The motor was now running so slowly that it was quite possible to hear Mr. Britts' words.

"I gave the little lady an easy ride," he said. "How do you like this ship? I designed her myself."

"She seems to fly very well," said Jerry, climbing into the front seat.

"You'll see how well she flies. Fasten

(*Continued on page 176*)

OF COURSE *you are a fundamentalist*

France by motor . . . That's where smart Americans picked up LA LASINE . . . discovered the assurance of a complete "mouth-cleanse" that this refreshing European antiseptic gives. Now as a result of their insistent requests you too can have that security—*LA LASINE*. An exhilarating mouth rinse with this new correct antiseptic gives you the fundamentally clean mouth condition which you have never enjoyed in the quickly evaporating antiseptics such as we have heretofore used in America.

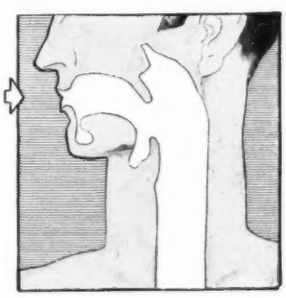
LA LASINE instantly mixes with and cleanses mouth secretions. It quickly spreads over the entire area of delicate mouth membrane—80 square inches! It is here that odor producing decay bacteria thrive. Your toothbrush cannot reach this area and cannot clean it. At the temperature inside your mouth, 98.6°, decay bacteria thrive on food film—the residue left in your mouth after each meal.

The French antiseptic formula, LA LASINE, destroys this food decay bacteria and leaves a medication-holding deposit of lasting effectiveness on the membrane inside your mouth. Quickly reaching the source, the LA LASINE deposit stops decay bacteria growth. It also prevents infection from disease germs. Thirty disease germs, our physicians tell us, are introduced through the mouth. Any fear of mouth odor, uncleanliness, or infection is quickly dispelled by the fundamental "mouth-cleanse" which a daily rinse with LA LASINE brings.

*Enchanting flasks or bottles of unusual décor are procurable at pharmacies, or the toiletry department of your favorite store, here or abroad.**

at mouth temperature 98.6°

FOOD DECAYS



80 square inches inside your mouth where germs of 30 diseases start; and decay bacteria thrive.

LA LASINE

PRONOUNCED LA LASEEN

PREVENTS FOOD DECAY IN THE MOUTH

A bit of France for your bathroom shelf!

**Purse or vest pocket flask* (1½ oz.)	$ .10
Travel flask (5 oz.)	.35
Home size bottle (10 oz.)	.65
Family size bottle (20 oz.)	1.00

(With distinctive bakelite screwcap top)

La Lasine International, Inc. J 10-29
56 West 45th Street, New York

Messieurs: I would like to receive your purse flask of LA LASINE. I enclose 10c.

Name (Print) .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

ALWAYS a favorite with fashionable women (and their consorts!) No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, unchanged through the years, fully meets every requirement of today. Its cooling lather protects as it cleanses . . . and soothes as it protects. Its delicate fragrance and delightful mildness are manifestly in accord with the proprieties.

No. 4711 REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *White Rose Glycerine Soap*

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS &
KROPFF, Inc.,
25 West 45th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 174*)

that safety belt tight!"

Jerry strapped himself fast into a small, bucket-shaped seat, with his head so near the engine that he could smell it. The plane was open, not enclosed. Mr. Britt sat in the seat behind.

"Designed her myself," he said again. "Lots of power and small wings. Fine for stunts."

"Are we going to do stunts?" asked Jerry, weakly.

"Sure! It's the quickest way to learn to fly. See what the ship will do and then do it yourself. Fasten that belt tight!"

They were off, bumping at first over the rough field and then climbing almost straight upward in a hurricane of wind and noise. It was a high-powered engine, no doubt of that. It seemed to jerk them vertically into the air, like a runway elevator.

Jerry suddenly remembered the roller coasters at amusement parks. The loop the loop, the dip of death. He had always hated these things, full of screaming passengers. First you went up, up, up, wishing you had stayed on the ground. Then you dived sickeningly down, lurching from side to side until you struck the water at the bottom of the slide.

Mr. Britt did not dive. At a height that made Jerry feel sick, after he had taken one short glance over the side, Mr. Britt cut off the motor and shouted: "Here's a pretty one—the Barrel Roll."

Jerry felt the plane lurch sideways, with the engine roaring again. Then he saw the earth, an enormous brown saucer, roll over his head. He knew, during several seconds, that he was suspended upside down with only the safety belt holding him from plunging five thousand feet down to the ground.

Then the earth snapped into position again, and Jerry fought back an overmastering sickness at the pit of his stomach, just as Mr. Britt put the ship into a steep dive.

Jerry crouched in his seat; then he saw the earth turning over and over him. He looked over the side and saw they were diving again. He looked up, and felt his stomach surging against the safety belt with a violence that nearly cut him in two.

"Three loops," yelled Mr. Britt, a few seconds later. "Not much to *them!* Here's a real one—the Falling Leaf."

Jerry's head snapped sideways until his ear touched his right shoulder. He struggled to sit erect and balance the plane, but the plane wouldn't be balanced. It was now spinning and swishing to the left with a rush that made it vibrate and scream. Then it paused, staggered, lost its balance. The great saucer of the earth did inconceivable gymnastics, now rushing straight up at them, now spinning, now rocking crazily over their heads.

"Tail Spin," called Eddie Britt.

It was during the tail spin that Jerry McCoy was sick. He came out of this seizure just in time to hear Mr. Britt's voice in tones of genuine triumph. "We'll finish with an Outside Loop," he called. "It has never been done with a passenger. But we'll show them something!"

The plane darted straight down for a long, long time; then it turned over forward, until Jerry and Mr. Britt were sitting upside down, a thousand feet above the field. Then it turned still further until they found themselves completing the first outside loop with passenger in the history of flight.

"Lucky these belts held," said the demon cheerfully. "Now we'll just sideslip down to the field."

The side-slip lasted until Jerry was straining against the other side of the airplane as though he could somehow put it on an even keel. He was so dizzy that it was a long time before he realized that the horrible motion had stopped and that the plane was running gently over the ground toward Wee.

"Oh, it was wonderful to see you do those easy, graceful maneuvers," she cried. "So gentle, so rhythmic. Mr. Britt flies exactly as if he were dancing."

"Mr. Britt," said Jerry, "flies like a bat out of —"

"It's a shame," interrupted the flattered pilot, "that we can't do none of that stuff in your family bus."

"A shame, indeed!" said Jerry between set teeth. He pinched himself as if he were amazed to find that he was still solid flesh and bone. Faintly through his roaring eardrums he heard the screech of a locomotive whistle. He staggered, and recovered himself.

"It's too cold to drive back to town," he said. "Let's go by train."

(*To be concluded*)

WEDDING PARTY

A Short, Short Story

By GRACE GIERIN

THE murmur of expectant voices grew louder as the church filled. The barn-like gloom was mellowed by soft lighting, and the hot air was rich with the odor of flowers. The muted tones of the organ made a soft obbligato to hushed conversation.

Ushers, stern with the dignity of swallowtails, moved noiselessly up and down the aisles with handsomely gowned women clinging to their arms. Men in full dress followed self-consciously. The altar looked cool and shadowed and aloof, banked with flowers and dimly lighted by tall tapers. The atmosphere was charged with expectancy. The music had stopped, so that the opening notes of the wedding march came with the unexpected shock of a pistol shot. The bridegroom and best man appeared mysteriously at the altar, but no one noticed them. Heads were turned and necks were craned toward the back of the church.

A tall, slim girl in deep yellow led the procession, followed by a short, plump girl in paler yellow. Both looked demure and carried huge sheaves of flowers. Two more shades of yellow followed them, and more flowers. The matron of honor, dark and regal and rather splendid in a breath-taking gold gown, drew a few polite murmurs of admiration. Then the bride. Very fragile, very blonde and very lovely, she moved gracefully up the aisle on her father's arm. Her eyes were wide and starry, and the expression of wonder and humility and love on her face was so beautiful that many eyes were wet. What tender thoughts she must have to make her look like that.

"It's going good," the bride thought. "They think I'm beautiful. I *am* beautiful. Half the men here are wishing they were Don to-night. I wonder where Carter is sitting. I wish I could see him. I'll bet he looks tragic. He wanted me pretty badly, poor old Cart. If only he'd had some money. Don looks like a sheep up there. He's rather a fool, but he loves me so, and oh Lord, he is so rich. Clothes, clothes, clothes. I'm gorgeous in white. I'll wear white a lot. White clothes are stunning if they're from a good house. Everything I'll have will be from a good house now. I wish Don weren't so short. Cart's much better looking. Don's a gentleman, though. Family, money . . . I'm lucky. But then, so is he. A lot of men have wanted to marry me. Perhaps I should have waited longer. But the attractive ones are always poor, and I couldn't stand being poor. Georgia is lovely in that gold dress. Still, she isn't stealing my wedding. She's rather big through the hips. Almost there. Why does Don look so humble? I wish the next few weeks were over. However, Europe, even with Don . . . there will be others. It's going to begin now. I hope my voice will be clear. The bride was beautiful . . ."

"God make me worthy of her," prayed the bridegroom silently, as he looked down into the starry eyes of his future wife.

"What is fashion without fashionable toiletries?"

Lucretia Vanderbilt

answers this important question for the women of America

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gaiety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in a rich blue and silver container that adds so much to the personality of the Aristocrats of Toiletries.

PERFUME: The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fadeproof satin receptacle, lined in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6.

FACE POWDER: In White, Ochrepink, Rachel, and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

DOUBLE COMPACT: Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal mirror and two puffs of downy wool, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

TRIPLE COMPACT: Identical with my double compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

LIPSTICK: Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbright. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. The stick moves in and out, pencil-fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

PERFUME. *Purse Size:* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Encased in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price, $2.50.

* * *

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact. The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 113 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

H. B., Oct.

THE DRAMATIC BEAUTY OF ORINOKA DRAPERIES

SUPERB DESIGNS—INTRIGUING WEAVES—AND THE RICHNESS OF COLORS THAT ARE GUARANTEED FADELESS

IT IS A COMFORT to know that whether one is decorating a country house, or merely furnishing a room in a city apartment—there are Orinoka draperies to achieve any decorative scheme. For in Orinoka draperies style and beauty are combined with color permanence, assuring good taste as well as true economy ■ Whether the designs of the Orinoka draperies express our own new art or that of ancient civilizations; whether the fabrics are of deep chenille in a gorgeous fantasy of scarlets and golds or sensitively sheer in mysterious mellow tones—the arresting colors of these Orinoka fabrics are guaranteed fadeless ■ The threads in Orinoka draperies are hand-dyed by a special process that makes them fast. If the color changes from washing or exposure to the sun, merchants are authorized to replace with new materials or refund the purchase price. Assurance

of the color fastness of Orinoka draperies is given by the guarantee tag attached to every bolt. It pays to look for it ■ We have just issued a new and interesting Orinoka booklet, "Draperies and Color Harmony." It is illustrated with full color drawings of smart interiors and reproductions of the materials used. It is filled with practical suggestions. We believe you will find it well worth owning. A copy will be sent on receipt of 20c in coin. The Orinoka Mills, Dept. C, 215 Fourth Ave. New York.

ORINOKA

DRAPERIES—SUN AND TUB FAST

SABLES

(*Continued from page 95*)

been stated, he was a connoisseur, and a connoisseur of taste. But, powerful as was the lure of her charm, it was swamped by that of her breeding.

There may have been something in his choice of a mistress that appealed to his latent cynicism; that he should pursue and possess this daughter of a hundred barons must have tickled his sense of humour. Perhaps he thought of the girls he had known when he was a young man, of the sweat and grime of that factory in the Midlands where he had passed his youth; if he did, the intrigue must have taken on a richer lustre by contrast. Be that as it may, it is an undoubted fact that five minutes after he had seen Lady Maedor and been told her name, he started in chase of her. And in this, as in all else to which he turned his hand, he had been successful.

Honorine's husband, for she was married, very much married, was a chubby and amenable little man with scarcely any means at all and very little credit. The pair of them lived in a house on the north side of the Park, and maintained a ménage that only escaped sordidness by virtue of Alan Maedor's unfailing sense of humour.

It was commonly supposed that Alan worshipped his lovely wife, who returned his devotion with a kind of detached affection that was as much tolerance as anything else. A kind of semi-maternal pity for his futility, his unvarying good intentions and his unquenchable optimism.

Rupert Galer had burst into this association like some golden bombshell. Alan Maedor liked him, borrowed money from him, took him everywhere, and was apparently quite unconscious of his friend's intrigue with his wife. It seemed as though the realization of Honorine's unfaithfulness could never pierce the solid ivory of his sensibility; he was utterly without intuition. People regarded him with a sort of good-natured contempt. It was so like him, they said, so like Alan. One just couldn't be angry with him; and certainly, most certainly, one could never enlighten him. It would break his heart.

So people laughed, and Galer conquered, and Alan Maedor lingered on in a state of blissful ignorance. And it was all very funny and amusing, but just the least bit pathetic, too.

IN Rupert Galer's flat Honorine rose to her feet and lazily stretched out her arms. She looked very lovely, her cheeks flushed with the warmth of the fire, her hair tousled like a boy's.

"I must go, dear," she murmured drowsily. "Seven o'clock, and I promised Alan that I would be in for dinner. He has put off a party with the Harbuckles specially for me, and one can't hurt Alan."

Galer was touched by her loveliness.

"Don't go yet, sweetheart," he begged. "Just a few more minutes. A few more precious moments."

"No. Can't be done. D'you know," she laughed lightly, "do you know that Alan actually told me yesterday that he seemed to be seeing very little of me these days?"

Galer grinned.

"He's growing observant," he remarked. "He may even make some comment on this coat, when you first appear in it in public."

She stared at him in sudden horror, and quickly pressed the back of one hand to her red mouth.

"Oh, Rupert!" she exclaimed, aghast. "It's suddenly struck me!"

"What has?"

"That I can't possibly take this coat from you. How can I? What am I to say to Alan? Even he isn't as blind as all that. And as for other people—!"

She collapsed disconsolately onto the sofa.

"Everybody knows that we're flat broke. I simply wouldn't have the nerve to do it.

"Oh, Rupert dear," she wailed, "why didn't you think of this? Why do you torture me with a present that you *know* I can never accept? Why didn't you foresee this?"

The other took a cigarette from a box on the mantelpiece; lit it; and deliberately blew a cloud of smoke.

"My child, I did," he observed.

"You did? But what—" Her rapturous astonishment tailed away into silence. She was breathlessly waiting for him to speak, hanging on his words; afraid, almost, to hear what he had to say, in case she should again be raised to the heights only the more cruelly to be cast down.

"You don't really think that I failed to foresee this difficulty, do you?" he asked her gently. "Why, of course I did. And, equally of course, I have a scheme to meet it. Just leave the coat here in my flat for a few more days, my dear, and you can take it away openly and wear it where you please. Flaunt it." He laughed.

"But how? What's the great idea?"

Galer lowered his eyes and flicked the ash of his cigarette.

"My dear, if you wait one moment, I'll tell you," he said.

And he did.

AN hour later it occurred to Alan Maedor that his wife was really a very beautiful woman. This simple truth was always occurring to him at the oddest moments, yet repetition robbed it of none of its novelty.

And it must be admitted that in her low-cut evening frock Honorine could be said thoroughly to deserve his praise.

She had hair of a warm shade of chestnut, and the biggest of liquid blue eyes. Her remaining features were perfect with an almost Greek perfection, and, as though in pursuance of the classical theme, she was cast in a slightly heavier mould than most women. She was unusually tall, for one thing, but gloriously graceful; her curves were full but unobtrusive as the lines of some fine jade vase. And yet one was definitely aware of those curves; of the fine sweep of her flanks, for instance, the rounded symmetry of her shoulders. Her throat was like a pillar of marble, and her breasts were round and firm as two little cups.

She greeted her husband without enthusiasm, and the two went in to dinner. They were just finishing the fish when there came a ring on the telephone; and the parlourmaid, who answered it, entered to announce that the call was for Lord Maedor. With a sigh of annoyance he left the table and strode out into the draughty hall; as he picked up the receiver he heard Rupert Galer's voice and was instantly all attention.

"Hullo, hullo," came the voice. "Is that you, Maedor? Galer speaking. How are you? All right? Splendid. Look, I'm sorry to come rousting you out at this time of night, but I've just heard of rather a good thing, which I don't want you to miss."

"Really? And what might that be?"

"A raffle. Princess Alhoukhina—you've heard of her, no doubt (he hadn't)—is raffling a coat of hers. A sable coat. I believe that it's something rather extra special, too, in its way—the skins are supposed to be the finest in Europe, so I'm told. I managed to get hold of a few tickets, and I thought that I would keep a couple in case you wanted them for yourself and Honorine. It's impossible to get them now; they've sold like hot cakes. Been snapped up everywhere. Any use to you?"

"How much are they?"

"Two guineas a time."

"Righto, old man," said Alan carelessly. "Put me down for a couple if you have them to spare, will you? I'll pay you when we next meet. Might as well have a smack at it, anyhow."

"By all means. All right, then, I'll shove you down for two."

"Good enough. Cheerio, then."

"Good-bye."

He returned to the dining-room, but made no reference to his recent conversation, and Honorine did not question him on the subject. Instinctively she feared

(*Concluded on page 180*)

Lipstick

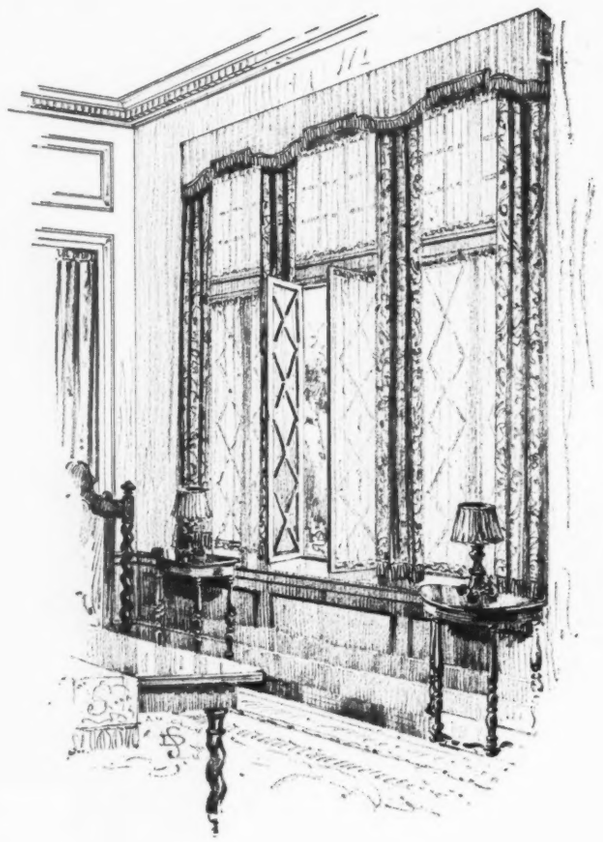
TUSSY

FOREST GREENS, *Venetian reds, and browns from taffy-tan to rich tobacco shades—these are the autumn colors important to the Parisian couturier and the smart American woman. And she who is truly wise knows that the perfect ensemble is one where clothes and cosmetiques make subtle color harmony. She chooses the lipstick for her costume as carefully as she chooses the hat. Most often she selects Lipstick Tussy, for it may be had in different shades for different frocks . . . for every time of day. It is a miracle of smoothness and delicacy, of fragile fragrance. And its case of colorful galalithe makes it a proud accessory for the smartest handbag. Besides Lipstick Tussy comes from France, from Lesquendieu—Europe's greatest maker of cosmetiques for more than a century.*

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to J. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

© L. 1929

COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU



KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics

Giving satisfaction for over 19 years at sunny windows, on furniture, etc.

Inferior draperies never saved money for anyone. In the end they cost *more*. KAPOCK on the other hand, saves you time and money because it guarantees you against bothersome replacements and has been tested many ways in thousands of homes for a score of years. Repeated tubbings and bright sunshine will never fade KAPOCK for it is as durable as it is exquisite.

See it at better dealers and decorators, or send 5c for sample to

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
Dept. J, 2301 W. Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Make sure it's KAPOCK—name is on selvage.

AQUAPRUF—KAPOCK, moisture pruf for shower curtains, used on boats for draperies—cushions, etc. No rubber to harden. Write for samples.

SABLES

(Concluded from page 178)

to tackle even the outskirts of the dangerous topic of the coat; she knew that she could not bring herself to discuss it with the necessary equanimity. She felt an absolute certainty that, in spite of Alan's stupidity, she would somehow manage to give herself away. Blunder irretrievably. Better let Rupert carry out the whole thing on his own, she reflected; he could dissemble better than she, and was used to this kind of thing.

THE only indication of the successful working of their plan was given her later on in the evening, when they were both upstairs.

"Who the deuce is Princess Alhoukhina?" Alan abruptly enquired, turning to his wife.

"Alhoukhina, did you say? Oh, just one of the many Russian princesses that one finds in London and Paris these days."

"Never heard of the woman."

"Then what makes you so curious about her?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Saw her name in the paper or something, I suppose."

Honorine, who was applying a dab of powder to her charming nose, smiled at her reflection in the mirror, which smiled wickedly back at her. Then, shutting her vanity-case with a snap, she lay back in her chair and gave herself up to thoughts of Galer and the sable coat.

Exactly four days later Galer went to his telephone and asked for a number from the Paddington exchange. When he was connected, he asked to be put through to Lord Maedor, and was answered by the voice of Alan himself.

"Hullo, is that you, Maedor?" he enquired.

"It is."

"Galer speaking. I say, Maedor, you're a lucky devil!"

"Am I? I hadn't noticed it myself."

Galer laughed.

"Well, you're in luck this time, all right. D'you know what has happened?"

"Haven't the faintest. Some dear old lady died and divided her millions between me and the Dogs' Home, or something? What's the trouble?"

Galer laughed again. He was playing his part well.

"Only this. You remember those two tickets I sold you for that raffle?"

"What raffle?"

"That sable coat."

"Oh, Lord, yes, I'd clean forgotten. Well? What about them?"

"Nothing very much, except that you've won the coat."

There came a gasp of elation from the other end of the wire.

"I say, old man, is that really true?" asked Alan, almost incoherent with excitement. "Are you absolutely certain?"

"Absolutely. You've pulled it off, my lad."

"You're sure?"

"Good Lord, yes. Of course."

"Well, of all the luck—!"

All at once a silence fell upon the wire. The telephone buzzed and clicked for as long as one could count ten, but no words came through. At length, just as Galer was about to enquire whether he had been cut off, the other began to speak. And Galer noted with a quick stab of apprehension that his tone of voice was utterly different to any that he had ever heard before. In it there was a quality of harshness that was new to him; he could scarcely believe that it was the same man talking.

"Look here, Galer," said Alan Maedor sternly. "Does my wife know anything about this business?"

The other was conscious of a moment of actual panic. Could it be that he had been mistaken in Honorine's husband? That everyone was mistaken? Was it possible that he had fatally misjudged him, that he was by no means so blind as people believed? Could his bluff and brainless affability be no more than a mask for a very penetrating intelligence? Galer was absolutely taken aback. The very unexpectedness of the change in the man took the wind clean out of his sails.

There was a definite pause before he answered. Then—

"Why— Why, of course not!" he stammered. "Nothing at all. Why should she?"

"You're certain of that? You're sure that she knows nothing whatever about the whole thing?"

"Good gracious, yes. Quite sure."

"Nothing about the coat?"

"Not unless you have told her."

"On your word of honour?"

The voice continued its relentless catechism. Quick thoughts of blackmail danced through Galer's brain. The man was penniless and in debt. It would be a wonderful opportunity. No man knew better than he the effect a scandal would have on his position, how completely it would destroy all hope of the longed-for peerage, now so near at hand. At all costs, he must not discover the truth.

"On your word of honour?"

"Yes."

"Then," continued Maedor, "on your life, not a word to her! Not a word to a soul!"

Galer struggled helplessly in a sea of perplexity.

"But why?" he demanded feebly. "Whatever is the matter?

From the other end there floated the sound of a rich chuckle.

"Look here, Galer," said the voice of Lord Maedor, the old voice, as the other noted with relief. "You're a man of the world, and I can speak to you openly. But keep what I'm going to tell you under your hat. This raffle is the biggest stroke of luck I've had for years. That coat is the very thing I've been looking for. It's just exactly what I want for a little girl of mine!"

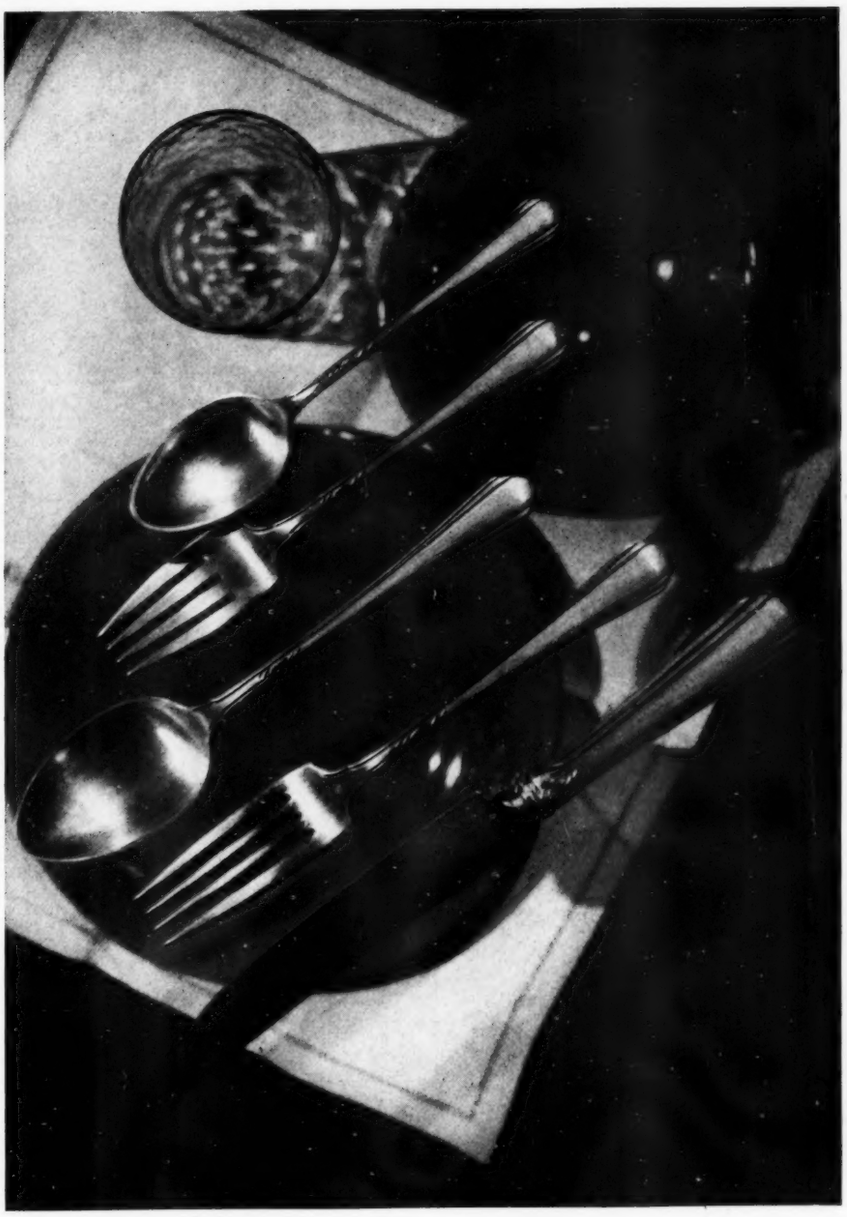
Galer gasped.

"A—*what?*" he asked, unable to believe that he heard aright.

"A girl. A peach. A darling. The most marvelous thing you ever saw in your life. You realize well enough, old boy, that Honorine has never had much time for me. Well, this other girl has, and I have been racking my brains for months wondering how on earth I could get her a present worthy of her. And now this has turned up. My dear old lad, it's the best ever!"

Galer waited to hear no more, but slammed down the receiver with an oath. Then, breathing hard, he collapsed into a chair and commenced to wipe away the moisture that had broken out on his forehead.

THIS will serve in a great measure to account for that extraordinary incident which took place at lunch time at the Hotel Luxuriante, and which caused so much talk in certain circles. Lord and Lady Maedor were sitting at a corner table with two friends when Miss Jessica Gramont of the Orpheus Theatre swept down the room, wrapped in a magnificent coat of sables. At the sight of her Lady Maedor rose from her place and rushed into the foyer, where she publicly and incontinently burst into tears. There was a scene; head-waiters hopped about like sparrows; but no explanation was forthcoming. It will also account for the expression on Rupert Galer's face when he opened an envelope to find that it contained a bill from the most famous house of furriers in London.



The Lady Diana is so winningly slender, its lines are so modern in their flowing simplicity, that although still a debutante, The Lady Diana is already acknowledged as 1929's own pattern . . . The Lady Diana (and all other Towle Sterling Silver patterns) may be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild Purchase Plan which your jeweler will gladly explain to you.

Emily Post's Booklet for Brides:

Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage," standard reference on all matters pertaining to weddings, outlines briefly in a new and charming brochure the more important modern wedding conventions. We will be glad to forward a copy upon receipt of 20¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. C-10, Newburyport, Mass., I enclose 20¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

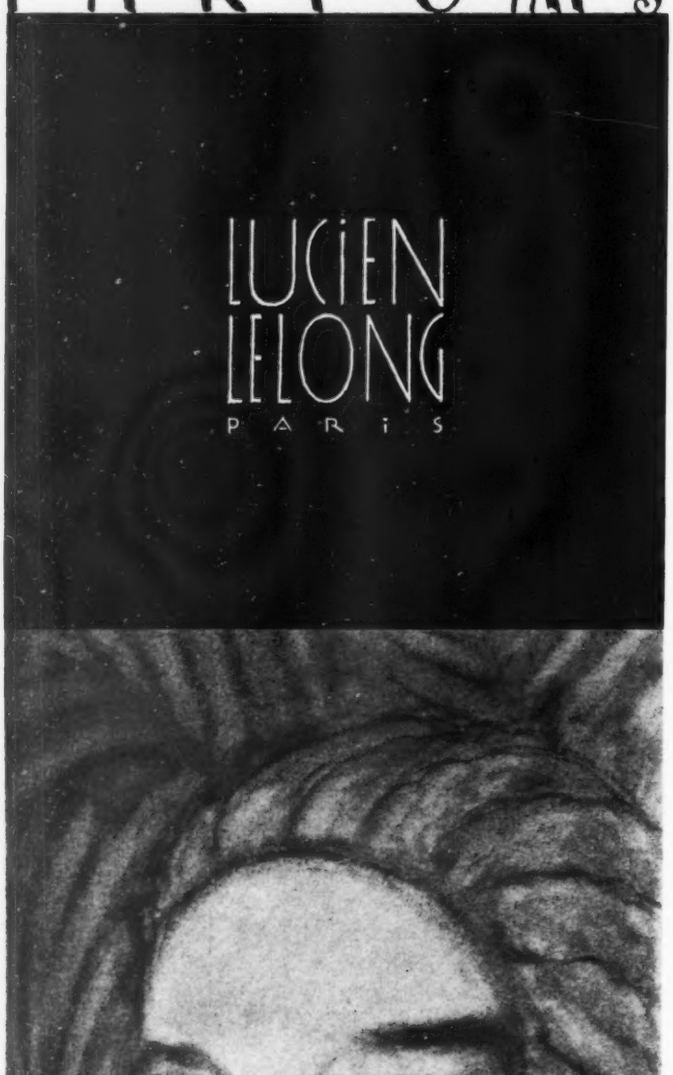
*City*_____ *State*_____

*My jeweler is*_____

TOWLE

Sterling Silver Exclusively

PARFUMS



A whisper of loveliness in the air lifts beauty to the uncommon. From the delicate fields of fragrance I have garnered four scents. My parfums A, B, C and N interpret charm in separate ways . . . all enticing. I need only say of them: Do try them soon. They are at the better stores.—L. L.

NOTHING IN RETURN

(*Continued from page 99*)

"If you dare to tell me that you put *her* among the girls you've just described . . ."

"Well?"

"I'll pull the cord and stop the train."

Meriden was amused and surprised. Righteous indignation on the part of the modern young was an extremely astonishing thing. "Pull it, then," he said. "Haven't you gathered that I don't believe in women?"

Nina sprang to her feet. "Guard," she called out, "arrest this horrible man."

Underneath what appeared to be an affectation of cynical lightness there was a very definite seriousness in Meriden's attitude. He said, "You challenge my experience, do you? All right, my child. Watch me tonight, or rather this morning, and I'll show you that I know more about women than you do; although you're so ancient and wise."

She twisted away from his hand. "What *is* your beastly experiment? I'm certain that beastly's the word."

Meriden lowered his voice. "In spite of the fact that I'm in love with Joan Millett," he said, "I accuse her of being a very perfect specimen of the modern parasite, the girl who takes everything and gives nothing in return. Not to mince words I accuse her of being a professional card player, who, unlike the unassisted male members of the business, is not always anxious about how much she loses because there's generally a man in the party who'll pay up and smile in the hope of a certain reward."

"You're absolutely wrong. Joan may play cards for a living—I wish I could—but I'll bet my boots she's straight."

Meriden liked her enthusiasm. "You may be right," he said. "She may be one of the rare exceptions. I very much hope she is. That's what I'm here to see. There are times, of course, when a convenient man is not about; and I have a notion that Joan Millett is in that serious predicament now."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because there's something about her mouth which tells me that her little bag is considerably short of the couple of hundred pounds that she'll probably have to pay."

"What!" Nina was aghast. "Is it as much as that?"

"Round about that," he said. "And if she fails to settle her career is over in houses like this. *She* knows that. But what she doesn't know is that I intend to make myself the new convenient man, without the slightest hope of reward."

Nina eyed him for a moment. She shot out her next question in an icy voice. "What diabolical thing have you made up your mind to do?"

"Refresh her bag, of course, and prove my point when, just as she's going to make a lame excuse about paying, I give her the tip that the money's under her hand."

"She won't make use of it."

"Oh, yes, she will. You see."

"If she does, she'll pay you back."

"Then I shall be wrong," he said. "Whereupon I'll offer you my sincere apologies and lay all my hats at her feet. And if by any chance she's the one great exception I shall be able to look forward to a short stay in Paris or watch the gondolas for a few days on the Grand Canal. But that I'm betting against."

"Game, rub, and bed," said Saunton, pushing back his chair. "Thank the Lord for that."

Meriden turned to Nina. There was excitement in his eyes. "Now then, come and see."

HE put his hand under her elbow and led her across the room. And then, while everybody sighed with relief, he bent over the table, possessed himself of Joan's bag, unseen by her and the rest, and slipped in a handful of notes.

"I'm dreadfully tired," said Mrs. Biggleswade, "must we settle tonight?"

"I don't care," said Felix. "Any time suits me."

"Let's face the music now," said Joan. "One can only die once."

"Settle as you go, is my motto," said Saunton, who proceeded to add up the score. He had a fancy to sleep with money under his pillow. It was a hobby of his.

"I like your bag," said Meriden, looking at Joan.

"I don't," she said. There *was* fear behind her smile.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Nina. "You've had a pretty bad time."

"Perfectly hopeless," said Joan. "I've not held a card all day. My chequebook's up in my room, Mrs. Biggleswade. May I settle later?"

"Any time, my dear. After lunch will do."

Meriden pushed the bag against Joan's hand. "It feels full," he said.

It was a hint that she couldn't miss. With a quick look into his face she felt the undoubted bulge. "Wait a minute," she said. "By Jove, I think I've enough . . . Yes, good. Who can give me change?"

She dropped the notes on the table and the smile that she flashed at Meriden took Nina's breath away.

THE sun was shining at half past twelve that morning. A magnificent anticyclone had got the better of a deep depression. Assisted by a following wind, it had sailed over a sodden country with a blue sky in its wake. A chorus of joy had echoed through the gardens of Old Burgess. Every flower in all the herbaceous borders held up its head with renewed hope; and the men who hired boats and were at the mercy of the weather whistled in the performance of their all too frequent bailing.

Meriden, up at eight o'clock, had collected his host and waded round the golf course, on which there were several water hazards which had no right to be there. Returning to the house in an optimistic mood they found, as they expected, that no one else was about. Biggleswade went off to the library and with him went the Sunday paper in which a weekly master of words pours out several columns of dire prophecy which ruin appetites. And so Meriden went out among the roses, to consider the question of Joan.

Well, in spite of Nina's abrupt and frank dislike of his beastly cynicism he was sorry to have to tell himself that he had won his point. With an alacrity that he considered was brought about by constant practice Joan had accepted his money with which to pay her debt. So far as it had gone his test had been successful. He hadn't finished yet. He intended to put her under an even heavier obligation, feeling perfectly certain that she would take everything that she could get and offer no return.

He was still betting on the fact that she was not one of the great exceptions; and in his queer distorted way he would gain a certain satisfaction from her probably laughing refusal to be honest with him. He chuckled at the recollection of Nina's description of himself as one of the bitter outraged heroes of women novelists' books, which he considered to be good. If he had been a blabber he might have told her that he had had rotten bad luck in several of the women who had come under his observation on his way through life. He might have gone into details especially as to one whom he had asked to be his wife, the memory of whose inherent ingratitude had coloured his point of view. It was an incident dating back to the days when he had been at Oxford, an optimist, an idealist. The wound had never healed.

Nothing had happened since then, unfortunately, to change his point of view; and he had been right about Joan. Not only had she taken his money, but the nasty stories which surrounded her name placed her definitely in the category of what he called parasites. And so, simply because he loved her, he intended to put her out of immediate trouble, take away the smile that was all that she would give him, leave her to her next inevitable exploit, and carry on. When he said that he didn't marry he meant it—thanks very much.

He rounded the corner of one of the walks and there was Joan, as re-

(*Continued on page 185*)

NOTHING IN RETURN

(*Continued from page 182*)

freshed and gay after dreamless sleep as the flowers all about.

"Well, life-saver," she said.

"Well, gambler," he answered.

"I've been hunting for you everywhere."

"That's very pleasant. Why?"

"I want to thank you for what you did last night. What *can* I say?"

"I don't want you to . . . to *say* anything."

"When I closed my fingers on that miraculous bulge in my bag I felt like someone snatched back from the edge of a precipice."

"As bad as all that, was it?"

"Worse than ever before. My Waterloo." She gave a laugh that ended in a sob.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Is there anything to tell? It's obvious that you guessed what a frightful hole I was in. Hence the rescue."

"I had my own idea. But I'd like to hear your version."

"My version? Can there be two versions of the truth?"

"Always, so long as there are Conservatives and Labour men."

She studied him for a moment as he stood there with serious eyes but a smile round his mouth. "I have an uncomfortable suspicion that you don't believe in me. Why is that? I don't like it."

"Neither do I."

"Queer . . . And yet I suppose I've laid myself open to distrust."

"Yes, I suppose you have."

"Well, all I can do is to make a clean breast of it. If you can stand that sort of thing."

"I can stand anything from you."

"That gives me courage," she said, putting her foot on the plinth of a nice old sun-dial. "When my father died two years ago everything had to be sold, if you remember."

"Yes, I do remember. I was staying with the people who bought your house a week or two ago."

"Oh, were you? Dear old house! Well, when I emerged from the dust of the auction I found myself alone with three hundred pounds a year."

"I've known one or two single women," he said, rather dryly, "who could rub along respectably on that."

"I could and did," said Joan, "but like many others who still believe in fairies I succumbed to the eloquence of a friend on the Stock Exchange who insisted that he could double my small capital and proceeded to lose it all."

"Um! There are lots of men like that. And then what, may I ask?"

"Then I did what every girl does under those distressing circumstances."

"You didn't!" Although that was precisely what he thought she would say he hated to hear her say it.

She shook her head. "I mean I tried to find a job."

"Oh, I see. And did you?"

"No. I failed in every attempt."

"Why?"

"Because I happen to belong to the smatterers, the girls who come out of the smart schools having learnt nothing that's of any use and who're just as incapable of earning a living as a chow or a pekingese . . . the girls who last exactly two years after they've come out and who if they don't snatch a husband during the time that they're new are as dead as yesterday's paper."

"The smatterers is a good word," he said. "What becomes of them?"

"They retire disgruntled to the parental roof and go like martyrs into their mother's set; and as all the boys of today are too poor to marry they catch on with married men. Or, when they're fed up with hanging sulkily round the house they paint little lampshades that nobody ever buys, go in with an interior decorator who doesn't know how to decorate, or waste poor father's money by setting up a hat-shop into which nobody ever goes."

"I see," said Meriden. "What did *you* do when you couldn't get a job?" He looked her straight in the eye.

"I enrolled in the small army of girls who have no reluctant parents to keep them comfortably, who refuse to slip out of their places, hang on to Society by the skin of their teeth, and live by playing bridge."

"Exactly as I supposed."

"Self-preservation and a question of pride, you see," she said with a quiver in her voice. "Not easy, I assure you, because, like everything in which pride plays a part, there's bluff, heartburning, humiliation, suspicion, sleepless nights, offers of illicit week-ends, faked dresses, dunning shops, and moments when death would be very welcome." She gave a mirthless laugh.

"Not an alluring picture."

"No, nor an unmoving one, as I think you'll agree. When luck's in a good mood the ice is fairly firm, especially when one's partner plays out trumps. Hostesses are always glad of a cheerful presentable girl who can make a fourth and keep their husbands bright. But when the cards go wrong and stakes are frightfully high, ice gives, courage totters, and pride becomes a very shaky crutch."

"As it did last night," said Meriden, "though you hid it awfully well."

"Well," said Joan, "that's me—the smatterer, the girl who isn't able to keep her place in any other way."

"How long have you been playing this very risky game?"

"About a year," she said. "Safe one day, slipping the next, with pride between my teeth and a grin on my face that's part of the stock in trade of every tight-rope walker. But I've lost everywhere for weeks, badly; and I'm horribly dipped. I've had to play as recklessly as I did last night in order to try to pull up . . . When I came here on Friday I hadn't enough to keep my tradesmen quiet or to pay the rent on my little flat in town. In fact, I was the proud possessor of exactly three pounds ten which a pawnbroker generously lent me on the last of my rings. If, because of something that seemed to me like miraculous intuition, you hadn't slipped that money in my bag—*Mafiche*, the end."

She gave a shiver and laughed, turned away and lit a cigarette.

IT WAS a plausible and pathetic story, simply told. Meriden would have been overjoyed if he had been able to believe that there was nothing else to tell. He said, "Some people say that you could have chucked skating on thin ice two months ago if you'd liked."

"And others that Felix provides me with funds."

"Yes, and there have been other names, other convenient men. But I was thinking of the Hunter Stuart story. Why didn't you marry that fellow and live in Easy Street?"

"Because even Easy Street has objectionable corners and shady sides, you know."

What was the use? It was obvious that she didn't intend to be frank. Her game was to play for sympathy, he considered, to pose as a social martyr. "I see," he said. "Well, now ask me a question, for a change."

"What, for instance?"

"Don't you want to know why I put the money in your bag?"

"I do know. Kindness and understanding."

"There's another reason."

"Is there?" She looked up eagerly.

"Of course, there is. I told you yesterday morning that I'm only staying in this house in order to be near you, as near as I can get. But before I explain more fully you might relieve me of these." He took a batch of papers out of his pocket and held them out to her.

"These?" she said. "What are they?"

"Your familiar enemies: bills for frocks, hats, shoes, grocer[illegible]cent, hair-dressing, and rent. The wh[illegible]tory of your recent sleepless nights, the collective bully that goaded you to the card table during the last two days—receipted."

Joan was breathless. "But . . . Good heavens!"

"As to how I knew the tangle that you were getting into and the names of the

(*Continued on page 186*)

what a whale of a difference just a few *inches* make

YES

and what a whale of a difference just a few cents *make*

A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Carlin Comforts

FOR BEDROOMS

DETERMINED TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Lovely women everywhere have sighed for a shop where they could procure the magnificent Carlin Creations — Exotic Chaise Longue Covers — Pillows of Fairy-Spun Lace — Gay and Colourful Spreads — Artistic Comforters and Blankets — Modish Bed Jackets and Travel Requisites — Distinctive Boudoir Accessories. Now I. Magnin & Company, the fashion barometers of the Pacific Coast have decorated and established a beautiful new room in the art moderne, devoted exclusively to Carlin Comforts. Today these luxurious treasures for the Boudoir and Bedroom may be obtained in three smart shops from coast to coast.

Perpetuating the French Tradition of Boudoir Luxuries

CHICAGO
662 N. Michigan Ave., *at* Erie St.

NEW YORK
528 Madison Ave., *at* 54th St.

SAN FRANCISCO
I. Magnin & Co., Grant Ave., *at* Geary

NOTHING IN RETURN

(*Continued from page 185*)

people who were biting your heels, I happen to be a director of the bank which has the honour of your account."

"All these . . . paid! You take one load from my shoulders only to pile on another. I can't allow . . . This is going too far." She was almost in tears.

"If a man can't do a little thing like this for the girl he wants, who can? And now let's stroll down to the river and talk about something else. Me, this time, perhaps."

She put her hand on his arm. "I want to talk about you, in your rôle of fairy godfather. I can't find words to say how grateful I am. There's only one way in which I can pay you back. I'm not one of those girls who takes everything and gives nothing in return."

"Aren't you? I thought you were." It was his turn to be breathless—now.

"I told you that I had an uncomfortable feeling that you didn't believe in me. But when you say that you want me . . ."

THERE was a burst of laughter and talk. Mussy Saunton, Mrs. Tissington, the fat Felix, Nina and Mrs. Biggleswade bore down upon them. They all wore hungry expressions and murmured the welcome word "Lunch."

"Where can I see you tonight?" asked Meriden.

"The drawing-room, the terrace . . ."

"No. Somewhere alone."

"My boudoir?"

"What time?"

"Eleven."

"Excellent," he said. "That's exactly right."

The remainder of the day was so fine that it wiped out all recollection of its lamentable predecessors. The gallant sun, which in that part of the world really does its best not to be blotted out by those persistently filthy depressions which chase across the sky, warmed the earth, put colour into the dullest places, and brought cheerfulness to man and beast.

The Biggleswades had been wise enough to lay down two hard courts, and so the members of the house-party were able to play tennis without the risk of breaking their necks or the humiliation of cutting up a perfect piece of turf. Meriden made an orgy of that afternoon and found two able abettors in Joan and Nina. Tissington, the fat lad, fat, of course, simply because he honestly and truly enjoyed food and was greedy, gave out after three sets. Muzzy Saunton, although soft, stuck it with more courage than one would have thought possible on the part of a dancing man. Poor old Biggleswade, who was nothing but a sovereign machine and, therefore, had never had time to play games like poorer men, looked on, counting the number of his cigars and treating himself as though he were an engine which belonged to someone else. The penalties of being rich are very great.

It was noticeable to everyone that Joan's spirits soared like a swallow when gnats fly high. She laughed at nothing, gamboled like a larky lamb, threw chaff at Meriden, and, when playing against Saunton, made him work for his life. It appeared to everyone that the gorgeous effect of sun rays had made her intoxicated with the joy of living. They little guessed that this exhilaration was due entirely to Meriden, to his apparently beneficent rescue, and to certain things that he had said to her before lunch.

In the secret places of her heart the name of Oliver Meriden had been tucked away for months. Soon after she had met him nearly a year ago, she had said to Felix Tissington, who had imagined himself in love, "Yes, my dear Felix, I like that man very much. I like him for refusing to sit down long enough to play bridge. I like him because he's the first on and the last off the golf course every week-end. I like him because he turns on his heel and goes away when women begin to purr. I like him because I don't know anything about him and because he says as little as a prima donna when she's saving her voice. In fact . . . I like him."

To which the fat boy had replied with pathos, "What the hell can I do against a man with the figure of a gym instructor?"

Since then "like" had blazed into another word of the same length and a far more dangerous meaning. As in Nina's case, however, she had found his cynicism and his determination to remain a bachelor not only astonishing but stultifying. It seemed a little pitiful that he should go through life cutting off his nose to spite his face, and such a nose. She would gladly have proved to him the fact that there are women who have the gift of wifehood, possessing gratitude, loyalty and give and take. He wanted her, he had said; and, although she had lived in what is called the world, she was still naive enough to think, in spite of her uncomfortable suspicion that he didn't believe in her, that he intended to play the game according to the rules. She was a simple soul.

Her boudoir was a nice little room. There was a charming view of the river from its two windows. It was rather pleasantly furnished with pieces of old oak and its panelling had ripened and gone black. Not Mrs. Biggleswade but her efficient and perhaps rather fussy housekeeper, dead against anything like nouveau art, had kept the room scrupulously in its period; so it was simple and utterly devoid of tinpot vases and curtains which represented the bad dreams of designers who called themselves futurists in order to cover a lamentable ignorance.

AT ABOUT quarter to eleven that night Mrs. Biggleswade, who had followed Joan Millett up from the drawing-room, came to the end of a long emotional explanation as to the need of an "escape," to which, with her eyes on the clock, Joan had listened with sympathy. Women must stand shoulder to shoulder. Muzzy snoozed on the sofa nursing a magazine.

"And now, my dear," said the good lady, though she made no effort to rise, "I'll leave you."

"Oh, no," said Joan, "don't go." After all there was a quarter of an hour before Meriden kept his appointment, when he would ask her to be his wife.

Muzzy rose. "Time for bed," he said. "You were very late last night." He put his hand beneath Edith's elbow and raised her to her feet. How deft the dear boy was.

"Very well, Muzzy dear. What should I do without you?"

"My sweet amenable Edith," he said, as to a well-trained child. "After a nice hot bath I'm going to give you a couple of little bromides, and as soon as you pop into bed, a cup of quite hot milk."

"But I dare not drink hot milk!"

Muzzy held up his finger. "Say good night to the girl who refused to play bridge after dinner."

Joan laughed. "That seems to have given you the greatest shock of your life."

"You and bridge—the inseparables. Then, too, here was your chance to get back some of your losses from last night's play."

"I know. But they don't matter a bit."

"Oh," he said, and gave her an examining look. After which he raised his eyebrows and turned away, handing a handkerchief to Edith. "They get smaller every year. Isn't science wonderful?"

As Saunton led Edith to the door, in came Nina in a Highland dressing-gown. "I barged in to borrow a book," she said. "Anything worth reading here?"

The others made their way out.

"Yes, anyone of these," said Joan. "I sha'n't read tonight."

Nina selected a Galsworthy and held out a cordial hand. "Good night, old thing," she said.

"Good night, young thing," said Joan.

"You seem to be—how shall I put it—less under a strain tonight, running on a smoother road."

"I am and I like it," said Joan. "I've had several months of the other things. I'm not as strong as a camel."

"No. It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

"And a girl's spirit."

"Well, good luck."

"Thank you. I can do with a little luck."

(*Continued on page 188*)

Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr. N. G. Payot
12 rue Richepause
Paris

Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.

The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.

FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

5304

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments.

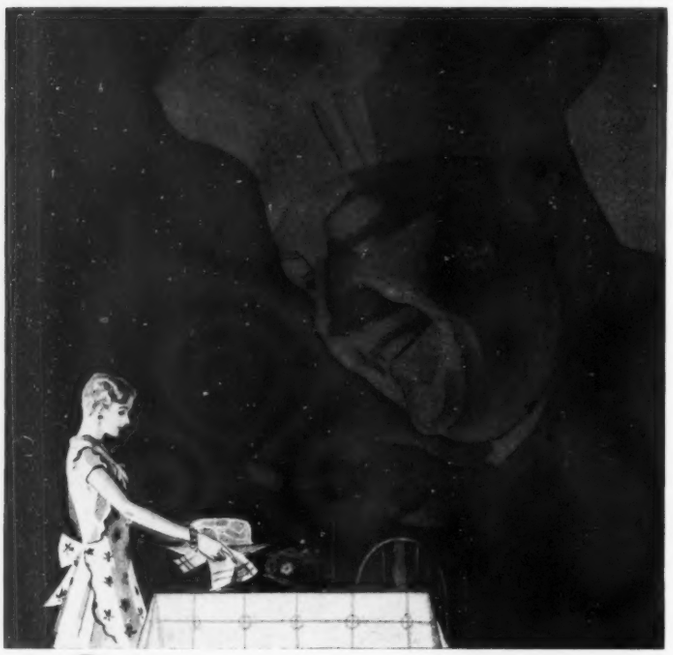
Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6 30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"



One PERFECT COOK for a Million Homes

Where once there were a million cooks in as many homes

Where once there were long tedious cooking hours and uncertain cooking results

—there is now *one perfect cook for all*

—one way to capture and hold the flavors and juices formerly lost

—one way to save hours of kitchen time and labor—now brought to your home through Flavor-Sealed cookery, an exclusive Hormel achievement declared by food experts to be the outstanding contribution of the age for more savory, quicker, better meals.

By the Flavor-Sealed process a selected mildly cured ham★ is first vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then* vacuum cooked. Thus, all those natural flavors, delicate juices and valuable vitamins which escape in water and steam by usual cooking methods are saved.

Flavor-Sealed Ham is instantly ready to serve cold. Fries deliciously tender in 3 minutes. To bake, simply heat through and brown (60 minutes for whole ham; 30 minutes for half size).

A masterpiece for the formal dinner. An ever-ready reserve food. Economical. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat, no waste. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.
GEO. A. HORMEL & Co., *Austin, Minn.*

★ Flavor-Sealed Good Food Products also include:
Whole Milk Fed Chicken; Spiced Ham; Luncheon Meat; Pork Tongue and Pigs Feet. Cooked and sealed in vacuum they are always available to you—fresh—flavorful—tender—ready to serve.

★ Flavor-Sealed HORMEL HAM

NOTHING IN RETURN

(*Continued from page 186*)

Nina laughed a little bit. "Flotsam and jetsam," she said, "the serio-comic sisters trying to keep afloat. And jolly well going to, what?"

"I should jolly well think so," said Joan.

Nina waved her hand and was gone.

Joan went quickly to one of the tables to see that there were cigarettes in a silver box on which was stamped the rather comic crest of the Biggleswades. And then she put her hands to her hair. She was not satisfied that it looked as well as it might and went into her bedroom, singing the song which had come across the quiet air from the river a quarter of an hour before.

ELEVEN o'clock struck. After the briefest pause there was a knock. Meriden came in.

He was in a curious frame of mind. It was idealism which, oddly enough—was it oddly enough?—had made a cynic of him. It had been his misfortune to meet only those women, of whom there are many, who were tainted with moral laxity. He had been let down many times, so that it had become his fixed idea that there was not a woman on earth who played the game according to the rules. A ghastly notion, calculated to destroy the happiness of the greatest optimist.

For that reason Meriden was far from being happy. He was a rather decent person, a die-hard, in that he was old fashioned in his principles. He was, therefore, a good sportsman, perfectly ready to do his part with the utmost loyalty in marriage, which, was, really and truly, the be all and the end all of his life. Here, in the case of Joan, was a girl with whom he had been deeply in love for months; but in whom he didn't believe. If she had been working in a shop or knuckling down honestly to the conditions in which she had been placed by the death of her father, he would have begged her to be his wife and done everything in his power to make her contented and happy. But as soon as he had met her, her name had been surrounded with the nasty insinuations and venomous gossip of the women, older and less attractive, which is part and parcel of the set in which she mixed.

Then, too, her name had been bracketed frequently with those of the mackerel men who take advantage of those courageous but mistaken girls who hang on to Society by the skin of their teeth. Although he hated to believe it he was convinced that Joan was as unmoral as the others of her kind; and that she had not only taken money from other men when faced with a momentary Waterloo, but that, according to her own statements, she gave a return for cash. That being so he had kept his appointment in that boudoir solely for the purpose of putting her to the final test, hoping to God as he stood there that she would give him the surprise of his life by routing his distrust. How? That was the point.

"Nice here," he said, casually, when she came in.

"Gorgeous view," said Joan.

"And what air! A great spot, this."

"Yes, I love it, when it's fine."

He threw his fly into the stream. "It's going to take an unforgettable place in our memories," he said.

"Is it?"

"Isn't it? A frightful long evening. I've been waiting impatiently for this."

Joan spoke lightly, although her heart was beating fast. "A new experience for you."

"Yes, I've never been through it before. I mean, exactly like this."

"Interesting to establish a record."

"There's a better word than that."

JOAN began to fence. She had told him her little story. Why not know something of his? "But why have you never been through it before? I always thought of you—whenever I have thought of you—as a man to whom nothing's new."

Meriden touched her hand. "You don't have to ask me that. I told you this morning . . ."

"Yes, but this morning's a long time ago. A woman likes to hear things over and over again." She took up the silver box. "Cigarette?"

"If *you* will."

He took one and put it between her lips, struck a match and lit it, and put the match to his own. There was the sort of deliberate intimacy and familiarity in his attitude which, although it was not in the least ill-bred, was that of a man to a light woman, one who had hit him hard on his sensual side. Hers was that of a perfectly straight girl deeply in love and convalescent from trouble who expected to receive an honourable proposal which she would gladly accept.

He continued to play his part, reluctantly; because outwardly she answered to all his high demands. "You're a darling," he said.

Joan moved away from his hand. "Thank you for those kind words."

"You slip away like a little fish. Don't work your fins so hard."

"You're a pretty fast mover yourself."

"I am when I want anything as much as I want you." He caught her in his arms and kissed her on the mouth.

"Do you think that's perfectly fair?" She bent away from his face, breathless and surprised.

"What do you mean? Oh, kiss, and don't waste time."

"I mean, aren't you taking me a bit too much for granted?"

"Isn't the bargain struck? What more is there to say? Don't you like the way I kiss?"

"I'm hardly a judge of that yet."

"Write a notice about this one then." And before she could free herself he kissed her a second time.

"Oh, Oliver, you . . . you . . ."

"What? Call me what you like."

"There's only one name to call you."

"Well, what is it? If you must continue to talk."

"Trespasser," she said, making a barrier with her hand.

"Trespasser?" He received his first surprise.

"One who commits an unlawful act with force and violence on the person, property, or relative rights of another."

"One up to you," he said, hoping against hope. "Oh, come on. Why waste time?"

"No, please. I'm serious now." And she was, as well as amazed. These were mannerless times, but it didn't seem to her that this was the sort of way in which Meriden should propose.

"Not half so serious as I am." He held her tighter and tried to kiss her again.

"Let me go," cried Joan.

"I'm not here to let you go."

She stamped her foot. "Let me *go*, I say." What on earth was the meaning of this?

He let her go, gladly. "But, my dear child, what's the notion? Why these curious dramatics?" He was determined to see it through. He would act for all he was worth.

"I have to be dramatic to make you understand." She put the table between them and straightened her hair. She would have cried with disappointment if she had been a girl who had had any luck.

"Understand? Understand what? We settled that this morning."

"I don't agree with you. There's still something to be discussed. To quote from a book that I was reading last night, I have an old-fashioned habit of clinging to traditions; and therefore I'd rather you went through the usual formality of entering my garden through the gate. I can see no reason why you should take a flying leap over the back wall."

"Which . . . in plain English . . ."

"No, I can't put it more plainly than that."

"But you *sold* me the key to your garden gate. I haven't leapt over the wall."

Joan was startled, frightened even. "You're . . . you're joking, just for the pleasure of seeing me squirm."

"I was never so far from joking in my life."

"In that case then we'll cry off this beastly wrestling match. Good night."

(*Concluded on page 190*)

Parfums Ybry

•

Femme de Paris

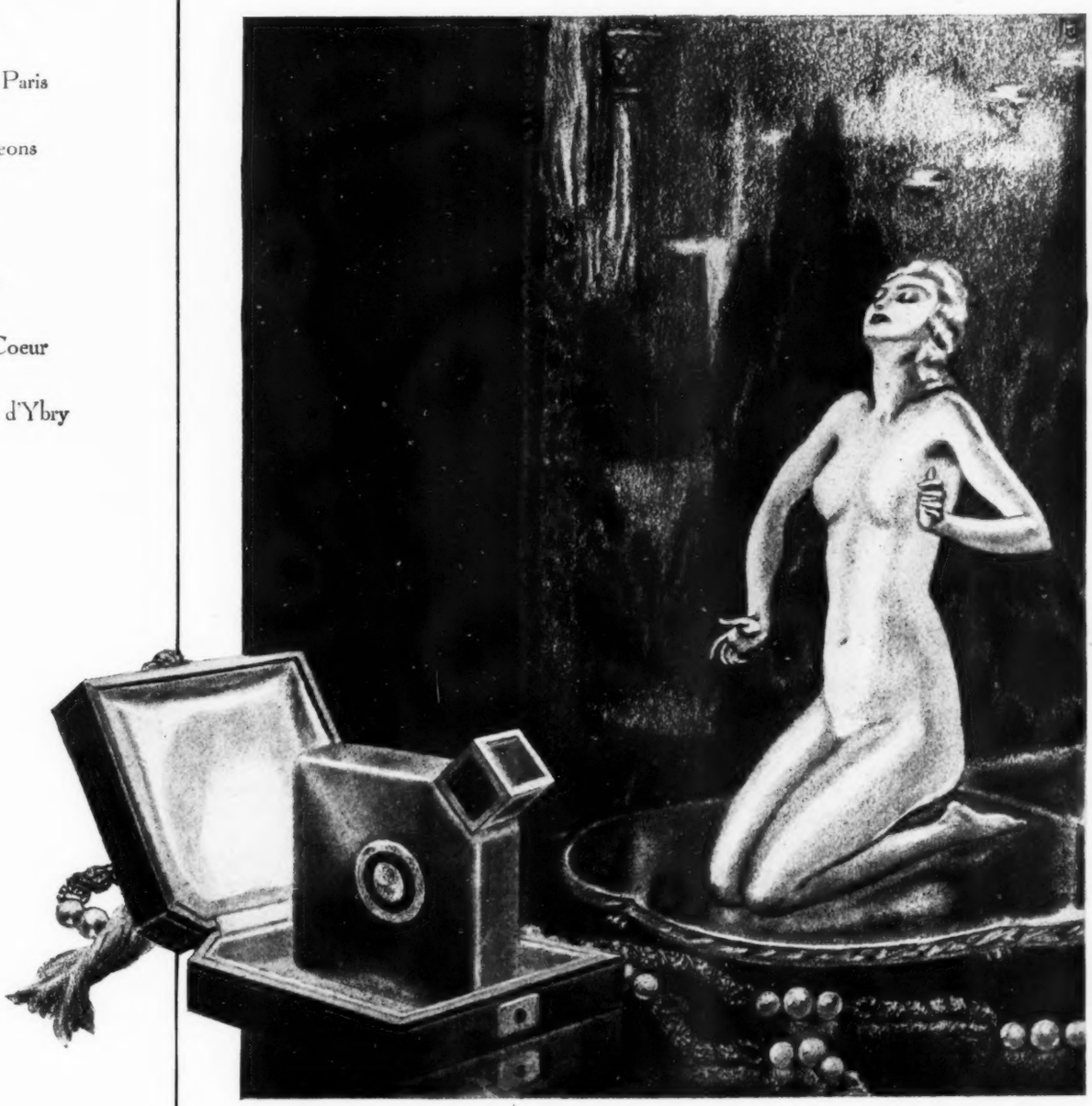
Les Bourgeons

Devinez

Mon Ame

Desir du Coeur

Les Fleurs d'Ybry



Femme de Paris

Les parfums ybry PARIS

Ybry is beauty

. . . . emerald, liquid beauty

catching the soul of woman

and holding her captive.

Femme de Paris (*Woman of Paris*)

immortal fragrance.

YBRY of PARIS - Creators of the costliest perfumes in the world

BATONS DE ROUGE . . . PARFUMS . . . POUDRES . . . TOUS IMPORTÉS DE PARIS

American Salon: FIFTY *West* FIFTY SEVENTH *Street, New York*

Two sheets at a time—just as you use them

KLEENEX
CLEANSING TISSUES
rub cold cream off, not in

STOP using germ-covered cold cream cloths to remove cold cream. They spread dirt, germs, infection. Stop using towels. Creams, oils, constant laundering all ruin face towels. Kleenex cleansing tissues make such practices extravagant.

Now, there's a time-saving, money-saving new package for Kleenex. It comes out two sheets together, ready for use—two velvet-soft tissues in your favorite color: Flesh Pink, Canary Yellow, Sea Green or Pure White. You use them once—remove cold cream thoroughly, safely—then discard the Kleenex. A narrow perforation keeps it just as fresh as the day it was packed. The smart modern box fits your bathroom shelf. The convenience and economy of it cannot be measured.

NOW IN COLORS:

Flesh Pink Canary Yellow
Sea Green Pure White

Send right now for a sample. Learn what it's like. You'll never again be without it. And if you already use it, the new package will be an added satisfaction—it saves you both time and money. You'll love the new colors. Get a box today at any drug or department store. See for yourself! Or fill in the attached coupon and get a sample packet.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name .....

Address .....

H-11

City .....

WARNING

Do you know that even a freshly laundered towel harbors thousands of germs? And—used again and again—it can do dangerous things to sensitive skin? Tests comparing Kleenex with towels and hazardous "cold cream cloths" show that these immaculate cleansing tissues are safer than the most fastidious of usual methods. Your facial beauty is involved. Heed this warning!

NOTHING IN RETURN

(*Concluded from page 188*)

She turned to go into her bedroom, chilled and horrified.

But Meriden made a dart for the door and barred the way. He was greatly excited now. "Oh, bless me, no," he said.

"Let me pass," cried Joan.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing like that."

"I ask you to let me pass."

"But why? You haven't the right to ask any such thing."

"What on earth do you mean?"

The girl was confused, amazed, bewildered, dreadfully pained.

"I was perfectly frank with you this morning and my meaning was clear to you then. You said that you were not one of those girls who takes everything and gives nothing . . . I didn't invite myself here. You asked me to come. Why the change of attitude?"

Joan felt like a deer surrounded by dogs.

"My attitude hasn't changed. We don't seem to understand each other, I'm afraid. When you told me this morning that you wanted me I took it, being really rather ingenuous under my shell, that that was your peculiar way of saying that you wanted to marry me."

Meriden assumed amazement. "Marry you!" he said . . .

"And if we hadn't been interrupted I should have gone on to say that I'd be glad to do so because it's the only possible return that I can make. I was obviously too ingenuous because the mere word marriage makes you gasp, I see."

"I should think it jolly well does."

"Very well, then. Let's swing this discussion from one of sentiment, which I thought it was, to one of business, which it evidently is. Otherwise . . ."

"Otherwise what?"

"I shall go to Mrs. Biggleswade and ask her to order Jackson to fling you out of my room."

Meriden caught hold of her wrist. "That's exactly what you won't do, my dear."

"I'm not your dear and you're a brute," she said.

"Why? I'm a perfectly quiet person who desires merely to carry out a contract mutually agreed upon."

"I made no contract and you know it. I am simply not as sophisticated as you are and believed that you were playing the decent game. Pitiful, and I dare say frightfully amusing; and no doubt you're having the laugh of your life. But I shall pay you back the money if it takes a hundred years."

"You can't. How can you?"

"I can work."

"That's impossible. You're a smatterer. You said so. There isn't a single thing that you can do."

"I can have another try."

"What's the good? You've failed before and you'll fail again; so don't let's beat about the bush and play heroics. I want you and I'm crazy about you; and if you don't take everything and give nothing as you say you don't you can wipe off everything that you owe . . ."

"How?"

"By coming with me on a honeymoon, of course."

He hung upon her answer.

"Oh, I see," she said, after an extraordinary pause, "so that's it."

"But if, of course, you're the ordinary woman, one of the parasites . . ."

"Well, what then?"

"You win, that's all. One more victory to the woman. Your name goes up on the board."

"But not that board, I assure you. When I said that I didn't take everything and give nothing I meant exactly that. Yours is the only way in which I can pay you back. It's only a question as to when it can be arranged." She went over to the table and picked up her engagement book. "But this week's very full. When I leave here on Tuesday I'm due at the Marshalls till Thursday. On Friday I dine and sleep at the Campbells. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday the Churchills claim me. May I drop you a line? Good night."

"Joan . . ."

"Your holder, I think." She picked it up and handed it to him and said "Good night" again.

It seemed to her that she stood knee deep in the chaos of her hopes.

But he didn't leave the room. Filled with the deepest admiration and respect, to say nothing of joy and surprise, he went to where she was standing and spoke with all the emotion of a man who, though beaten, had won.

"All this was a test," he said, "for which I beg that you will accept my most humble apologies. I put you through this atrocious trial because I love you and didn't believe in women. You've proved that I am wrong. You have restored my faith. I have the honour to ask you to be my wife and I hope to God that you will."

He didn't believe that she would and thereby numbered himself again among those numerous men who do not understand the mysteries of a woman's heart and her peculiar pride.

Like a little boat that had been too long battered in the open sea she went into the harbour of his arms with the utmost joy.

IMAGES FOR HIS LADY

HER eyes are tawny pomegranates
That glow in a swart tree.
Her eyes are flecked with starry fates
And dim with cloudy dooms.
Her lips are apple-blooms
Ransacked by a bold bee.
I am the bee who sucks her sweet,
Who dances drunk with honey-sweet
And tumbles down her feet.

She is a mine whence I have drawn
Such ingots as confound the dawn.
She is a sword whose edge is keen.
She is a summer of one rose
And that one rose contains the rest.
She is a planet of pure snows.
I am a lark and she my nest.
She is a water swift with youth,
Wherein I bathe and come forth clean.
She is a queen, a queen, a queen,
My Testament and Truth.

Louis Golding

Women discovered this way of keeping skin youthful

LISTERINE *as an* ASTRINGENT

SO many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

GREAT AFTER SHAVING

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.

"no surgeon would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient"

A $25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

reveals this truth about clogged pores

A leading New York dermatologist recently said to a woman who came to him for advice:

"The pores of your skin may look clean to you but they're really clogged to their depths.

"Even a dry skin, you see, has a certain amount of oil in the pores. This combined with the wax and oil rubbed into the pores by the use of a greasy preparation often attracts dirt and germs.

"Large pores and blackheads develop. Wrinkles and flabbiness follow. The skin looks sallow and old.

"You may be interested to know that improper cleansing makes oily skins show an excess of oil, while dry skins show increasing dryness and roughness."

The great specialist then gave his patient this simple advice:

"Liquids really cleanse pore-deep. Surgeons always use a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient."

Pore-deep cleansing permits the skin to breathe. Natural skin health soon follows. This is true for each type of skin.

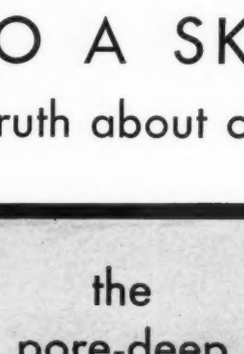
Oiliness is prevented and blackheads cleared up by liquid cleansing. Dry skins are helped by a softening cream. The makers of Ambrosia do not make a cream, but recognize its value for softening, and recommend its use for dry skins after thorough pore-deep cleansing.

Ambrosia, the new sunlit liquid, quickly brings radiant youth even to skins grown coarse through improper care. In less than a week the skin is much clearer and finer.

There is no wax in Ambrosia to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Ambrosia's pore-deep liquid cleansing takes only one minute, a fifth of the usual time.

Correct cleansing treatments for each type of skin are given in a booklet which comes with every Ambrosia bottle. Now at all better specialty shops, drug and department stores, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

the pore-deep liquid cleanser



SOCIAL CALENDAR

for October 1929

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1—Annual dahlia show of the Nassau County Horticultural Society, at Horticultural Hall, on the Pratt estate at Glen Cove, L. I. To continue through October 2.
Wedding of Miss Janet E. Findlay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Findlay of Montclair, N. J., to Alfred Edgarson at Marlboro Inn. Reception to follow.
Brockton Fair Horse Show, Brockton, Mass. To continue through October 5.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2—Horse-racing under the auspices of the Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Association, Rye, N. Y.
Horse-racing under the auspices of the Huntington Valley Hunt Club, Justa Farm, Bethayres, Pa.
Horse-racing under the auspices of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. To continue through October 16.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I. To continue through October 5.
Wedding of Miss Velma Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cushing Stevens to Richard I. Sater in West End Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at Park Lane.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. Stimson at "Two Rivers," Dedham, Mass., for their granddaughter, Miss Grace Livermore.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4—Eastern Outboard National motor-boat championship, Boston, Mass. To continue through October 5.
Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. George R. Packard, of Villa Nova, Va., at their home, in honour of Miss Mildred Packard.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Proctor for Miss Barbara Proctor in Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Adelaide Jefferys, daughter of Dr. William Hamilton Jefferys of Rosemont, Pa., to Dr. Thomas Cresson Garrett.
National Outboard motor-boat championships, Wilmington, N. C. To continue through October 5.
Westfield Horse Show, Westfield, N. J. To continue through October 5.
Wedding of Miss Lucy H. Zippell, niece of Gustavus E. Zippell of East Orange, N. J., to Pierre Crenier at the home of Mr. Zippell. Reception to follow at the Essex County Country Club, West Orange.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Tucker at "Fairfield," Wenham, Mass., for Miss Cecily Livermore.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5—Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Fleming, daughter of Henry Stuart Fleming of Scarsdale and "Stepping Stones," Southampton, L. I., to Ralph Emerson Stone in St. Thomas Church. Reception to follow at the Metropolitan Club.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Johnson Cassatt of Rosemont, Pa., in honour of Miss Alice Vaux.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor Spencer Holmes, daughter of Dean and Mrs. Henry W. Holmes of Boston, Mass., to Harry Brewerton Dunne, Jr.
Dog Show under the auspices of the Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, L. I.
Horse-racing under the auspices of the Huntington Valley Hunt Club, Justa Farm, Bethayres, Pa.
Horse-racing under the auspices of the Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Association, Rye, N. Y.
Wedding of Miss Mary Ella Ide, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alba Ide of Troy, N. Y., to Theodore Voorhees Wood at Troy.
Wedding of Miss Marian Morss to Robert H. Morris in the First Unitarian Church, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Oakes Houghton at Milton, Mass., for Miss Anne B. Houghton.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. James Jackson of Boston, Mass., for Miss Elizabeth Jackson.
Wedding of Miss Anne Mackay Childress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Avent Childress of Scarsdale, N. Y., to Edward Gillett Selden in the Hitchcock Memorial Church, Scarsdale. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.
Wedding of Miss Katherine Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson E. Ward of Bronxville, N. Y., to E. Perkins McGuire in St. Joseph's Church, Bronxville. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9—Yacht races under the auspices of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association at New Orleans, La. To continue through October 16.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant Paine at Weston, Mass., for Miss Louise F. Paine.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10—International Yachting championships, New Orleans. To continue through October 16.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cushman of Boston, Mass., for Miss Mary A. Cushman.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11—Racing dinner at the Norfolk Hunt Club, Medfield, Mass.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Cleveland for Miss Mary Cleveland in Boston.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wigglesworth Grew at Dover, Mass., for Miss Esther Grew.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12—First of Junior concert series of the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, under direction of Ernest Schelling at Carnegie Hall.
Wedding of Miss Bertha Fairfield Smythe, daughter of Mrs. J. L. Nevill Smythe of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Frederic W. W. Graham, Jr., at St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill. Reception to follow at the Philadelphia Cricket Club.
Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Packard, 3d, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., in honour of Miss Mildred Packard.
Racing under the auspices of the Millbrook Hunt, Inc., Millbrook, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Esther Murray, daughter of the Rt. Rev. John Gardner Murray of Baltimore, Md., to Taylor Coleman, in the Church of the Redeemer, Baltimore.
Dinner dance at the Radnor Hunt Club, Radnor, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt S. Griffith of Wynnewood, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hacker Dixon of Newtown Square, in honour of Miss Louise S. Hepburn.
Racing under the auspices of the Norfolk Hunt Club, Medfield, Mass.
Ensign Sweepstake Steeplechases on estate of Langhorne Gibson, Bedford, N. Y.
Racing under the auspices of the Whitemarsh Valley Hunt, Flourtown, Pa.
Racing under the auspices of the Latonia Jockey Club, Covington, Ky. To continue through November 16.

(*Concluded on page 194*)

Brilliant with Palm Trees and Drunk with Flowers

WHY not spend the holidays in North Africa, the latest playground of the international set? ✕ Algiers above a brilliant sea . . . the clothes of Cannes, the shops of Paris and the Arabian Nights, the backdrop of a pirate town . . . the Sahara beyond . . . hot, silent, menacing . . . the sudden gardens of oases, tom-toms and dancers . . . yours in a 12-wheeled Renault! ✕ Carthage, Constantine, Fez, Rabat, the rose-red walls of Marrakech dreaming under an enchanter's moon. ✕ Forty-six smart "Transat" hotels at which to stay, Moorish palaces. ✕ Join one of the Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises across the South Atlantic by the

S. S. "*France*"

Jan. 11..Feb. 12..Mar. 15..Apr. 25

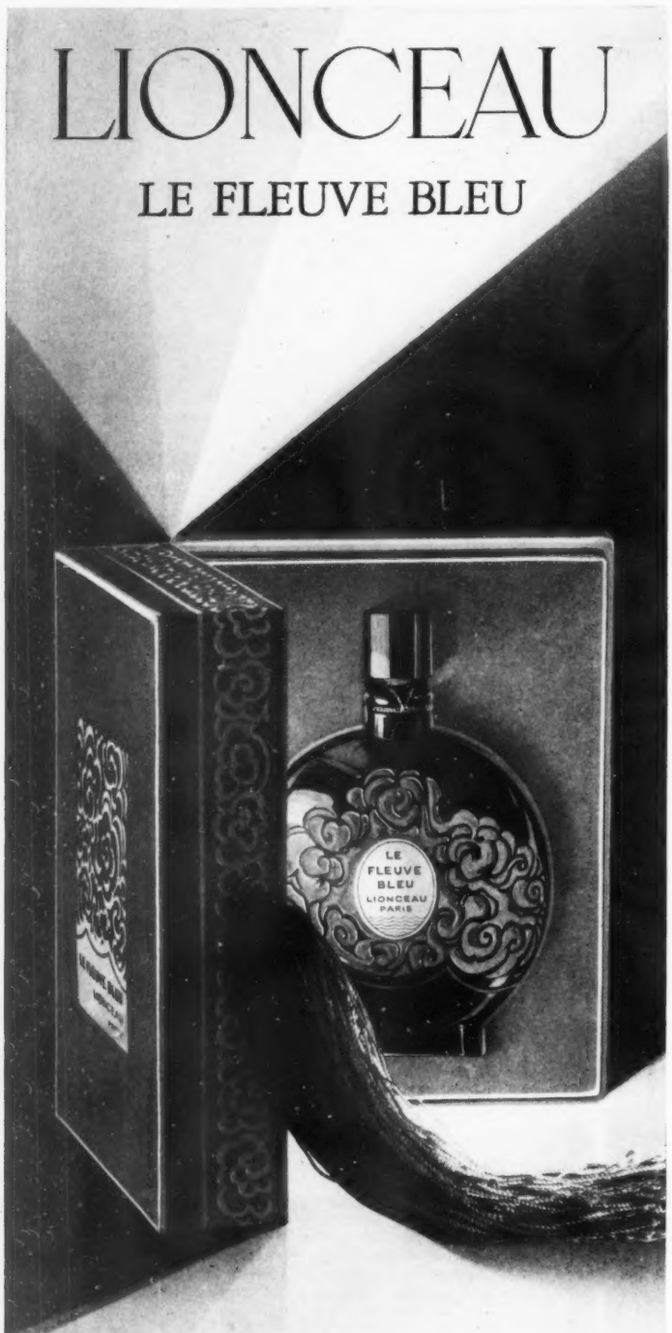
Cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the "*Ile de France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*France*" with people who take the only transatlantic French cuisine for granted, who know that chic and gayety are where they choose to be. ✕ FIVE days in France-at-sea, calling at Plymouth for London. ✕ Then . . . the covered pier at le Havre and the three-hour boat train for Paris. ✕ Overnight, Marseilles . . . twenty-four hours by a French Liner across the Mediterranean to Algiers and all North Africa.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City.

LIONCEAU

LE FLEUVE BLEU



What lovelier fragrance than from wild flowers of field and forest! Created from these beloved odeurs, Le Fleuve Bleu is instantly and universally appealing. To this distinctive charm, it owes its perennial acceptance as the ideal Gift Perfume.

Nestling against cushions of richest velvet in its blue-and-silver case, Le Fleuve Bleu is a rare and precious gem among costly French perfumes. In three sizes. Also Face, Dusting, and Talcum Powders of the same exquisite scent.

MADE, BOTTLED, BOXED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

PARFUMS LIONCEAU

INCORPORATED
MASTER PARFUMERS OF PARIS

Paris
110 Rue Demours

New York
565 Fifth Avenue

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Concluded from page 193*)

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Saltonstall at Topsfield, Mass., for Miss Elizabeth Saltonstall.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Hallowell at Readville, Mass., for Miss Rebecca Hallowell.
Seventeenth annual race meeting Myopia Hunt Club at Willow Dale, Hamilton, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Luella Dorothy Duys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Duys of Larchmont, to Edward C. Conlin, jr., in St. Augustine's Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13—Dog Show under the auspices of the French Bulldog Club of New England, Boston, Mass.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14—Racing under the auspices of the Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club, Media, Pa.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15—Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Emerson at Chestnut Hill, Mass., for Miss Margaret Emerson.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16—Racing under the auspices of the Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club, Media, Pa.
Tea by Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Pratt at Brookline, Mass., for Miss Sylvia Pratt.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Strickland for Miss Eleanor Strickland, Boston, Mass.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17—Racing under the auspices of the Empire City Racing Association, Yonkers, N. Y. To continue through November 1.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. J. West Roosevelt at Ritz Carlton, Boston, Mass., for her granddaughter, Miss Lorraine Warner.
Luncheon by Mrs. Henry S. Howes of Boston for her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Mitchell.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brinton Coxe of Penllyn, Pa., in honour of Miss Alice Vaux.
Yacht races for Gulf Lipton Trophy, New Orleans, La. To continue through October 20.
Dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Fraley of Overbrook, Pa., in honour of Miss Elizabeth Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Atwater Kent.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. John A. Tuckerman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lovering at Essex County Club, Hamilton, Mass., for the Misses Anne Tuckerman and Mary Lovering.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19—Dog Show under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr Kennel Club, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Racing under the auspices of the Fox Tree Hunt Club, Media, Pa.
Racing under the auspices of the Monmouth Country Racing Association, Red Bank, N. J.
Autumn dance of the Marquette Club in the Salle Cathay of the Hotel St. Regis.
Wedding of Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Hull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hull of Stockbridge, Mass., to Benjamin W. Rising, jr., in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Stockbridge.
Wedding of Miss Leona Michel, daughter of Mrs. Leonard Michel of New Rochelle, to Henry E. Bohnig in Eighty-eighth street Protestant Church, New York City. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.
Dance by Reginald W. Bird of Boston, Mass., for Miss Betty Bird.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. Chase at Milton Club, Milton, Mass., for Miss Mary Chase.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22—Wedding of Miss Kathryn Coverly Fischer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Fischer of Brooklyn and Huntington, L. I., to William M. Calder, jr., in Grace Church, Brooklyn. Reception to follow at Hotel St. Regis, New York City.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23—Racing under the auspices of the Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N. J.
Luncheon by Mrs. James W. Wheeler at Chilton Club, Boston, Mass., for Miss Elizabeth Wheeler.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24—Dog Show under the auspices of the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association, Fisher's Island, N. Y.
Society Circus for the benefit of the committee for the crippled of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. To continue through October 26.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cushman of Boston, Mass., for Miss Mary Cushman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26—Second of Junior concert series of the Philharmonic Symphony of New York under direction of Ernest Schelling at Carnegie Hall.
Dance at Pierre's in aid of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.
Racing under the auspices of the Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N. J.
Wedding of Miss Ann Packard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Francis R. Packard of Philadelphia and Media, Pa., to E. Perot Bissell, in Old St. David's Church, Radnor, Pa.
Wedding of Miss Winifred Hewitt Truex, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oakley Truex, to Malcolm Hugh Stonham at the Montclair Women's Club, Montclair, N. J.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Hedge at Country Club, Brookline, Mass., for Miss Priscilla Hedge.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28—Opening performance of the Metropolitan Opera, Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.
Sixth annual Mid-South Tennis Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through November 1.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30—Boston Horse Show, Boston, Mass. To continue through November 2.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Proctor of Boston, Mass., for Miss Barbara Proctor.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Channing and Mr. and Mrs. William Minot of Boston, Mass., at the Hotel Somerset for Miss Anne Channing and Miss Grace Minot.

. . . see your youngest, loveliest self emerge as this amazing new creme restores your skin to the flawless white purity of sweet sixteen . . . . . .

No matter what cremes and lotions you are using now, you can acquire more dazzling loveliness by using Golden Peacock Bleach Creme as your basic beautifier. For this is the only creme that gives you back the natural complexion *whiteness* of youth!

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme works on an entirely new principle. Instead of harshly bleaching and drying the skin, it uses a famous healing and purifying agent to neutralize the dermal elements which normally darken and age a woman's skin as she grows out of her teens.

This is all you have to do

Just sleep a few nights with a fragrant film of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme working its miracle on your face. Awake each morning to find your complexion shades whiter, brighter, more luminous.

And as your skin is rejuvenated to pearly whiteness, all the other enemies of skin perfection disappear as well . . . the blackheads, freckles, blemishes, blotches, out-of-season tan, eruptions, liver spots, moth patches, enlarged pores.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will do all this for you just as it is keeping the skin of world-famous beauties soft, feminine, alluring, with the natural whiteness that men adore and women envy.

This is Your Guaranty

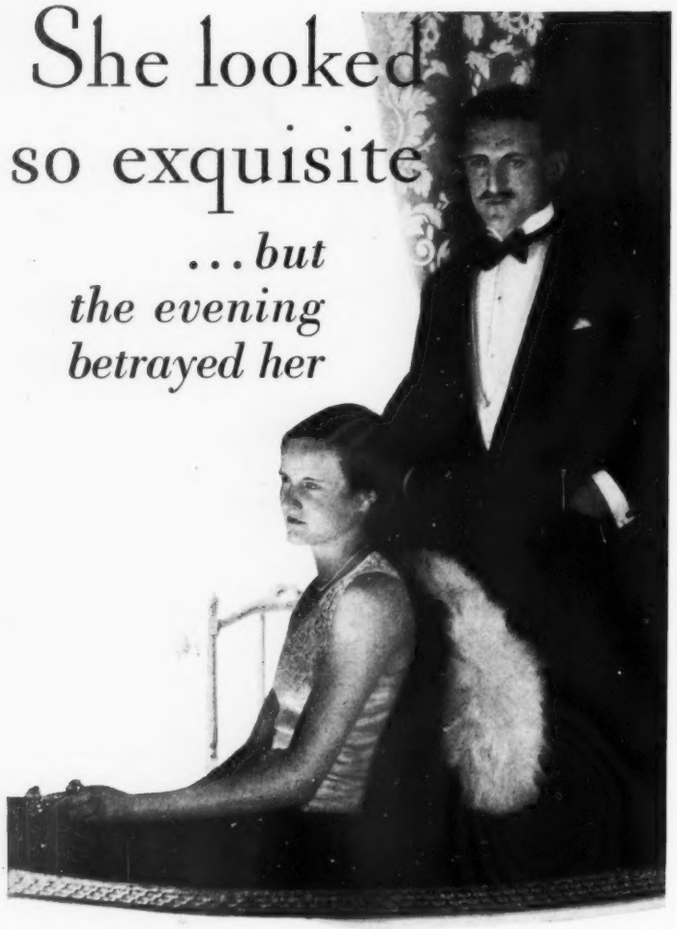
So definite and so quick are the results of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, that we can make this offer—get a jar at any drug or department store . . . use it a few nights, and if you are not absolutely amazed and delighted with the way it brings out your natural beauty, your money will be refunded cheerfully and without question!

Not only to the face, but to hands and arms, neck and shoulders Golden Peacock Bleach Creme restores the fresh, youthful whiteness of the skin.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

She looked so exquisite

...but the evening betrayed her



Unconsciously you may offend people unless you have the continuous protection from perspiration that Odorono gives

SHE never guessed why peoples' enthusiasm for her was so short lived.

The truth is so simple—unless the underarm is free from perspiration you cannot be *sure* it is free from odor.

Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you *continuous protection*. Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

The regular use of Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way. Odorono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly. It is so simple and clean to use, just pat it on with your finger tips or a bit of cotton—being non-greasy there is no messiness or rubbing off on clothing and it leaves no telltale odor to embarrass you.

Careful women have used it for years with utter satisfaction. Odorono frees you forever from the worry that unconsciously you might repel when you wish to attract. And you never run the risk of ruining a costume by ugly, telltale perspiration stains.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use, and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry with two applications a week, used the last thing at night.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)**

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. L-10, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

Madame Martinez de Hoz wears Réboux's scarf and dress of matching material.

PARIS PROPOSES

(*Continued from page 93*)

purplish tinge (plum), are important in what might be called the mode for the street. Black, also, more than holds its own in this connection.

Sports colours are led by the brownish tones, often greyed, due to the tremendous vogue of the mixture-tweeds. Black and white in tweeds and jerseys is very important.

Purple, in various tones, is a colour to be reckoned with. Patou's version, which he calls dahlia, is shown in two tones, one like the darkest variety of the flower, and the other almost petunia. In the dark shade, it looks wonderfully rich in velvet with furs. Lelong uses a deep plum. In almost all the collections there is at least one purple gown, the exact shade hard to name. Some are like egg-plant, others like plum jam or purple ink, still others are like fuchsias. These colours, with the exception of Patou's deep dahlia and the duller plums, are hard to wear. Orange is the complementary colour of purple, and a purple gown tends naturally to bring out the orange in the skin, a pretty disastrous effect for the majority. It may be very beautiful, however, used with a sure sense of colour harmony. I remarked in Patou's collection that a red-haired, white-skinned mannequin looked lovely in the deep dahlia.

The mauves, on the contrary, with the exception of some Parma violets, make but a tentative appearance. Nevertheless, this colour may come to the fore in the evening later on. Dœuillet-Doucet have used it for both the costumes illustrated on the colour page.

As we have tried red, orange, yellow, and blue, it is natural that our thoughts should turn to green and purple. The greens are prominent right through the mode. The deep shades, mixed with black, are as good for the daytime as Harper's Bazar said they would be. Hunter's-green appears for country wear. Odd shades, olive, almond, sage, blue-greens, and the yellow-greens, are found in the soft silken gowns that complete afternoon ensembles. In the evening, the pale clear greens are very important, and a few sharp emeralds and grass greens strike a clashing note among them. Lanvin takes green for her *leit motif*, usually with black. Worth has a new shade, which he calls "pea soup."

As to red, I was surprised by its continued strength in several collections, especially Chanei's, Vionnet's, and Callot's. The reds, this year, are often not obvious. There are, instead, Florentine, terra-cotta, Indian red, rose-red, raspberry, and other shades difficult to name. Patou has a rich crimson. A brilliant gladiolus red is seen for evening. Some striking combinations of red and black are used for coats. Red and black is a favourite combination with Patou. The browned reds, on the order of the famous French wines, but deeper and more browned than ever, are found in many leading houses, especially at Lelong's. My sister called them "dried Burgundy."

Blues have been prominent for so long, that we might expect to see them neglected. However, they are here, if not in first place, at least a good third. In pale shades, hyacinth, ciel, periwinkle, or tinged with green, like aquamarine or turquoise, they are well represented for evening. Deepest sapphire, dull dark blues, indigo, and midnight, are all represented shades. Greyed blues, quite pale, are used for sports clothes. Chanel has a crow-blue gown, all covered with the new oblong spangles going in several different directions. Chalcedony is a lovely blue for evening.

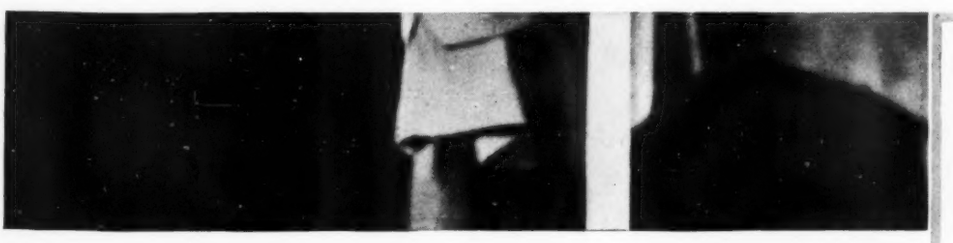
The pale pink appears for evening in chiffon, wedding-ring velvet and panne, also in lace and tulle. Vionnet has a new combination of pale flesh pink and deep browned bordeaux.

Yellow, a lovely open-air colour, is naturally not so strong in a winter collection. But there are some pale tones, of a banana character, which are quite lovely in fur-trimmed ensembles, for resort wear. Chantal has her own yellow, exactly like an evening primrose.

White and black we have always with us. The former is not quite so general in the evening as it has been, but there is no collection without it. Black is still of first importance for both day and evening. It is often combined with ermine for afternoon ensembles, and there are dozens and dozens of black afternoon frocks, often with touches of white. I should say that the majority of afternoon gowns, designed without coats, were black. For the evening, every collection in Paris contains black gowns, and some still show more black than anything else.

(*Continued on page 198*)

Fastidious Youth... smart, active, unhampered, now teaches older women the comfort of this sanitary protection



YOUTH! Smartness! They go together. And they explain why Kotex has become the accepted sanitary protection. Why young women prefer this sanitary pad. For they won't tolerate discomfort. Or a lack of daintiness.

The modern woman wants grace, freedom, the feeling of being well dressed *in every sense.* And she achieves it now despite situations her mother used to consider "physical handicaps." She uses Kotex. As for comparing it with old-fashioned ways—that's unthinkable. If one is truly fastidious, no substitute can give the carefree smartness Kotex permits.

What Kotex accomplishes

Fastidious women want to feel dainty, safe, secure. And Kotex does give that feeling. It deodorizes. It is delightfully soft and so pure that surgeons actually use its fleecy soft filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for dressings as well as sanitary pads in 85% of our leading hospitals. Could anything be more eloquent testimonial than that?

Many girls feel this way

"Since the day I discovered Kotex," one very attractive girl said recently, "I've completely lost the self-consciousness I often used to feel. It's so dainty, so soft and wonderfully comfortable. Mother uses it now, thanks to me. And we both wonder how we ever got along without it!"

So many smart women ask that question. You will, too, once you've tried the new Kotex. It's quite a triumph over any sanitary pad you've formerly used—even over the original Kotex. Some of the reasons why are listed here. Do read them!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 ***In hospitals***—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Safe, secure...*** keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Rounded and tapered corners***—for inconspicuous protection.

5 ***Deodorizes...*** safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 ***Disposable*** completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Miss Norah B. of Thompson
New York City

PRIZE WINNER
July, 1929
Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Thompson Writes:

Marlboro – a Cigarette
For Those Who Can
Afford 20¢ For The Best.

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

Wilkinson Art Quilts
Hand Made

Introducing a lovely new Wilkinson spread; a soft, creamy background of unbleached muslin lightly filled with fine cotton and all hand-quilted; "Mock Forget-Me-Not" design in delicate flower colors. A narrow color edging finishes scallop effect on all four sides. This inexpensive spread—only $32.50 in twin-bed size; $40.00 double size—is adaptable to any colors, and launders perfectly. Especially desirable for Florida or California homes.

Wilkinson bedspreads, quilts, pillows, chaise covers, bed jackets and quilted robes for men or women. Choice of color, fabric, design and monogram.

Season Shops At
PALM BEACH, FRENCH LICK, PASADENA

Call the Wilkinson Representative in your city, or write direct to

WILKINSON SISTERS
America's original makers of fine quilts
Dept. H. Ligonier, Indiana

Patou stresses this suit of loose tweed with its interesting details.

PARIS PROPOSES

(*Continued from page 196*)

A great deal has been heard about the rust, and bright tan tones. I do not find them of first importance, though they are represented. The rust shades are unbecoming to sunburn, which will tend to keep them from general acceptance, at least during the early part of the season. Coppery and mahogany tones, on the contrary, may develop, and they can be very becoming with the right colouring.

Far less beige than there has been for many seasons. Of course, it is frequently combined with browns in mixtures and tweeds. The light putty tones are still present. A putty coat with black frock, the coat trimmed with black fur, looks elegant.

As to grey, some houses, especially Lelong, have gone in for it extensively, and others ignore it altogether.

Furs in General

The astrakhan family is the leader of all the daytime furs, including the lordly broadtail, astrakhan-breitschwanz taken from a somewhat older lamb, Persian lamb, Persian lamb paws, and shaved lamb. Then come other domestic animals, baby calf, baby goat, chevrette (the kid a little older), gaillac, and various kinds of caracul. The new very supple kidskin is also a product of the goat. It is as fine as a man's silk hat material. Other flat furs, used for trimmings and linings, are pony, Hudson seal, and various patchy effects of the underside of squirrel skins. The fur-lined tweed coat is very important and Régny has done it beautifully. Patou's use of the finest broadtail for evening coats is very interesting.

For sports and morning clothes, besides the above, there are many beaver trimmings and nutria linings.

For afternoon ensembles, in addition to the astrakhan family, we still love combinations of white ermine with black, occasionally summer ermine, and the brown furs, mink, marten, and kolinsky. Skunk has made a reappearance as a trimming fur.

The fluffy furs, fox and lynx, are extremely good on afternoon ensembles. Blue fox is still a favourite, especially in the true colour, natural, not dyed. There is a revival of black fox, and yellow and crossed varieties are effectively used. Silver fox is luxuriously gorgeous on velvet.

The most unusual fur of all is Vionnet's ermine, dyed black. This is used for both afternoon and evening, and the effect is extraordinarily rich and lustrous.

The short fur coat is seen in many houses, and Chanel has revived the short fur cape.

The new magnificence of the collections drives home once more how treacherous and dangerous is the art of using furs as trimming. To give richness without too great bulk and clumsiness, and without an oppressive effect, calls for real constructive use of the most beautiful of all winter trimming mediums.

Imitation broadtail is growing better all the time, and many houses have used it both for suits and coats. An imitation wool Persian lamb I find far less successful. Some of the pressed velvets give a plushy effect of fur; one, used by Patou, is like a panther.

Accessories in General

Accessories have become, of late years, an important item in the collections. This year, the most interesting development has been in gloves. Several houses, Régny, Worth, Chanel, Lelong, Lanvin, Chantal, Maggy Rouff, among them, have shown special gloves, both with morning and evening gowns. A great effort to get away from the eternal beige antelope glove for the daytime has been made. A flexible dressed leather, in light beige, and in light tan, has been used instead. The usual shape is a pull-on, often with the wrist widened so as to suggest a gauntlet, and to be worn outside the cuff. Régny's are sometimes edged with fur. Suzanne Talbot continues to show her long heavy antelope gloves, and she has a new type, with the hand in antelope, and the very long wide wrist in caracul, which makes an elbow length cuff on the sleeve of the coat. Schiaparelli showed an unusual glove in the September issue, and has several other models. For the evening, Worth shows a coral red glove, worn pulled above the elbow, with a white frock and coral shoes. Lanvin has black gloves with a red gown. Maggy Rouff's are a pale pink. I have also heard of other pastel colours, pale green or pale blue with matching gowns. Chanel's gloves are in three lengths, short, medium, and half way to

(*Concluded on page 201*)

makes eyes dance

An application of *Murine* before going out in the evening gives the touch that charms. It adds sparkle and radiance to the eyes, and causes them to look larger than they are.

***Murine* is used by millions to beautify their eyes and to relieve irritation and strain caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust.**

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

At All Druggists $1.25

—

Send for Free Trial Bottle

DANGER lurks in childhood hurts

—keep Absorbine, Jr. handy

MOTHERS have learned the danger of neglecting playtime hurts or considering them trivial. Today, they protect the children with Absorbine, Jr., kept within easy reach. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. Use it full strength to eliminate the danger of infection in a bruise or cut. Absorbine, Jr. is always safe and reliable to use. It will not harm tender tissue or skin. .... When little bodies become lame and stiff after a fall, Absorbine, Jr. brings quick relief from pain and soreness. Keep a bottle in the medicine cabinet.

W. F. YOUNG, INC. Springfield, Mass.

PARIS PROPOSES

(*Concluded from page 198*)

the elbow. They are in suède, the colour of the costume, with cuffs and strips of different coloured kid, used in stripes. Her short cravattes with pointed ends are in leather strips to match.

Belts are everywhere. They may be of leather, or of the material of the gown. Sometimes they are mere cords of leather, sometimes made of braided strips. Grosgrain ribbons make some of them for evening. They are almost always worn much higher than they were last season, at the normal waist, or even above it. In some houses, the bodice is still slim and rather long, but the belt is placed so high that the new short-waisted impression is made.

Many collections of daytime and country clothes are shown with bags, often made of the material of the gown. Vionnet has a very big one of calf-skin, with a wide wooden mounting, and places for powder, lipstick and mirror in the inside of the wooden frame.

Muffs are trying hard to return to the mode. Patou's are usually of fur combined with material, and often have purses in the top, thus dispensing with the bag. Maggy Rouff has square flat fur ones. Molyneux's are round, and medium sized.

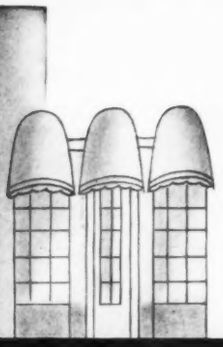
As to costume jewelry, there is rather less of it than usual, but it is not to be ignored. At Vionnet's there are big beads made of pasted feathers, that look like sculptured wood. At Premet's there are new composition necklaces and bracelets that look like coloured crystal. They are particularly pretty in chalcedony blue with black frocks. Talbot uses the same sort of composition in white, and belts her evening gowns with crystal link belts, on a high line. Patou showed his collection to the press with masses of magnificent real jewelry from Van Cleef and Arpels. It was mostly of the "flower" variety, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, used in forms like natural flowers massed together. Many of his black gowns have no trimming at all, but are caught in front with a diamond pin, set on a high line. Lelong showed jointed metal plaques with morning clothes, and a new combination of polished steel and dark exotic wood on leather thongs for sports wear. Chanel has quantities of new glass jewelry, and a very pretty necklace, consisting of a strass cord, from which depend pear-shaped drops of pearl. This is worn lying round the shoulders, away from the collar-bone. Her new diamond buckles, worn on all types of gowns, are like a harness buckle, with an extra diamond eyelet and tongue on each side.

Callot has a new décolleté, cut in an elongated narrow oval down the back, and held together at the top with a carved jade brooch, or a gold one. One of her gowns is draped to one side and held with an immense openwork plaque of gold that looks like the keyhole of an ancient chest. Goupy shows his black afternoon gowns with strings and strings of jade. He likes to use touches of these "stone" colours, turquoise, coral or jade, on his black gowns with matching ornaments. Schiaparelli has a new square pendant on a black silk cord, that is really a powder-box.

While I saw nothing particularly unusual in shoes, worn by mannequins, I might mention that Patou has shown all his country and sports models with oxblood oxfords from Costa. Drecoll-Beer presented their tweeds with tweed overshoes. Schiaparelli showed a shooting suit with thick red and black woollen stockings, and moccasin oxfords of undressed hide.

It is said that all Chanel's mannequins have been requested to let their hair grow. Hairpins *and* long corsets! What are we coming to?

In several of the houses, the mannequins had the blood-red vampire fingernails, that seem to be gaining in popularity. Look at the hands of the ladies photographed by Baron de Meyer in this issue, for example! At Premet's, one mannequin had her blond hair tinted pink, her eyelids turquoise and her nails crimson. By the way, bright green fingernails, and even toenails, are the latest suggestion. What do you think of it?



McAVOY FASHION BOARD

Mrs. Shreve C. Badger
Mrs. William M. Blair
Miss Betty Borden
Mrs. Ambrose C. Cramer
Mrs. John V. Farwell III
Miss Barbara King
Miss Florence Lowden
Mrs. Albert Madlener, Jr.
Mrs. Alister H. McCormick
Mrs. William H. Mitchell
Mrs. John R. Winterbotham Jr.
Miss Muriel Winston

Invite you to the Debutante Section and Blue Green Salon, where Parisian gowns, wraps, sportswear and their reproductions for maid and matron are now being shown. Furs of exquisite quality, ready to be worn, or made to your individual order are being featured in the

Newly Enlarged FUR Shop

McAVOY
615 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO

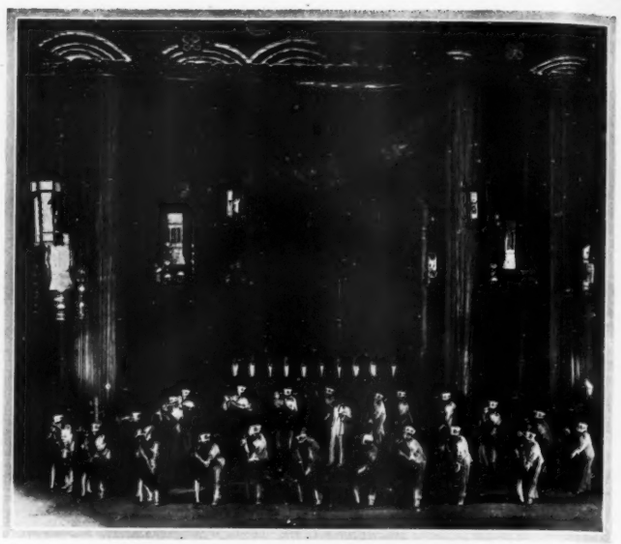
Proven Economy

The real economy of Venus Sanitary Napkins is proven day after day to women who venture a trial. It is shown in the longer wear with certain assurance of comfort and protection.

An important reason for this longer wear and perfect comfort is that they are made of fine surgical cotton—not paper.

The better department stores and many smart specialty shops sell them.

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK



The British naval officers dancing the Charleston in the house of a Chinese potentate.

THE INCOMPARABLE GRAND BALLET RUSSE

Whose coming Début in America will Be Sure to Be a memorable Event.

By IVAN NARODNY

FOR the first time in two hundred years the Grand Ballet Russe will leave its traditional sanctuary in Moscow; and the United States will have an opportunity to see the pride of the Russian rulers and the Soviets in the shadows of the American skyscrapers.

Never in its history, from the time of Empress Elizabeth and Catherine the Great till today, has this unique organization left its home—not even for a short tour to the provincial cities of the Russian Empire. It remained to the outside world a legend beyond the horizon. One had to make the pilgrimage to St. Petersburg and Moscow to see it.

What American and European audiences have seen in the Diaghileff Ballet, in the Pavlova and Nijinsky ventures, were individual fragments, with a few splendid solo numbers or striking ultra modern scenery and setting. They lacked in captivating ensembles, grandeur of style, and, above all, in that atmospheric magic which has remained the secret of the celebrated institutions of Moscow and Leningrad.

As compared with other veteran institutions of the same genre—such as the Royal Ballets of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Milan, and the Grand Ballets of Paris, Berlin, or Vienna—premier place belongs to the Grand Ballet Russe, which has survived the patronizing whims of the tsars and the succeeding hardships of a revolution.

OF ALL the institutions of Russia the Grand Ballet of Moscow and Leningrad is the only one that is basically the same under the rule of the Soviets as it was under the rule of Catherine the Great or Nicholas the Second. While the opera, drama, music, and literature have been violently changed in one or in another respect by the Revolution, the only change in the Ballet is that it has grown a proletarian sprout on the aristocratic stem. But new sprout and old stem are of the same traditional tree. Most of the ballet masters, directors, coachers, ballerinas, and prima dancers of the time of the last tsar hold the same positions at present; most of the ballets in the repertory date from the rule of the Romanoffs.

Though the Grand Ballet Russe is the same towering temple of the Rhythmiarch, the God of Rhythm, as it ever was; yet it has developed a new feature, the Ballet Proletarire. To the static of the aristocratic grace and elegance has been added democratic action.

The proletarian part of the Grand Ballet Russe smacks of the soil. When the curtain of the "*Krasny Mak*" or "Red Poppy," the new typical proletarian ballet, rises, you see, not the familiar bird-like pirouetting ballerinas in their airy skirts and with delicate gestures, as in the old aristocratic ballet; but virile young men, sailors, stevedores, street girls, coolies, adventurers, either working or promenading—all children of Earth.

YOU hear the sounds of a busy oriental harbour, and find the performance more like a realistic play without dialogue than a traditional ballet. The "Red Poppy," by Reinhold Glière, is the typical proletarian ballet, as the "Sleeping Beauty," by Chaikowsky, is the typical aristocratic ballet of the past. The one is the ideal of the imperial, the other of the proletarian era; here, dynamic beauty, there, static elegance and grace; both creations of the same rhythmic genius, both magnificent in their specific ways. Consequently, the Grand Ballet Russe is now a dualistic phenomenon; extremes of the old aristocratic and the new ultra modern, classic restraint and kinetic dynamics.

The glorified ideal of the Grand Ballet Russe is no longer solely the spectacular adagio, the graceful pirouette, or the subtilized step of a stereotyped ballerina with the charms of an ethereally moving corps-de-ballet of immaculately dressed white and pink girls. To it has been added the dynamic movement of the masses, the dramatic gesture of the hammer and the scythe, emblems of the Soviets.

When, a short while ago, I visited the Soviet Republics and observed the peculiar position of the celebrated institution of the ballet, I asked Reinhold Glière, the composer, for an explanation.

"The new feature of our ballet is a turn to the Left," replied the composer. "The imperial ballet of the past was based on an aristocratic gesture, a turn to the Right; the proletarian ballet is a gesture toward the masses, what the public needs, the turn to the Left. There—everything romantic, dainty, and elegant; here—everything dramatic, with animated action. The imperial ideal was based on dreams and poetry; the proletarian, on actualities and struggle. The new Grand Ballet Russe displays them both."

The esthetic dualism of the Russian

(*Concluded on page 204*)

Courtesy Fashion-Bilt Gown, Inc.

This design is called "The Rose"

WACHENHEIMER Real Stone Jewelry . . . the choice of those who revel in beauty . . . appreciate the genuine . . . demand the modern.

Ask your jeweler to show you this genuine stone, Sterling Silver, ensemble jewelry.

WACHENHEIMER
Real Stone Jewelry

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

It is not too early to order Gifts to be monogrammed in time for the Holidays. Our Offerings are Unusual.

Illustrated Brochure sent upon request.

All monograms additional to the prices here quoted

H. Sulka & Company

512 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LONDON
27 OLD BOND STREET

CHICAGO
6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

PARIS
2 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE

exquisite

BOULEVARD

Moiré successfully courts Fashion's favor in this exquisite dress oxford creation by Andrew Geller. In black, brown or blue moiré and mat kid.

Style Brochure on Request

ANDREW GELLER

exquisite footwear

525 FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-THIRD

PERIQUE

"color-of-the-month" for OCTOBER

Exclusively in

Artcraft

SILK STOCKINGS

"That Are Superior"

NEW YORK OFFICE - 358 FIFTH AVE

STEP BY STEP • LIKE THE SHOES IN A FOOT-WEAR FASHION PARADE • SOMMER'S FALL SHOES MARCH ALONG, WITH BAG TO MATCH WELL IN HAND, EACH FETCHING ENSEMBLE CLAIMING ITS SHARE OF YOUR ATTENTION

SHOE 22.50
BAG 12.50

CONFIDENTIAL • EVERY SOMMER'S SHOE IS DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FOOT LOOK SMALLER

SOMMER'S INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

PERMANENT WAVES OF DISTINCTION

J. SCHAEFFER inc
permanent wave specialist • Bryant 7615
590 FIFTH AVENUE Bet. 47 and 48th St. NEW YORK

THE INCOMPARABLE GRAND BALLET RUSSE

(*Concluded from page 202*)

Ballet is a unique phenomenon, a true mirror of the essentially dualistic nature of the Russians. Why it has survived in this and no other form of art in such a graphic manner is a mystery.

Just at present the romantic features of the past imperial ballet occupy the attention of the dance devotees of the world. The brilliant ballerinas always played a conspicuous rôle in Russian art, drama, literature, and social and public life from the time of Peter the Great until Nicholas the Second. The best known of the romantic heroines of the classic ballet are Flora Istomina, during the rule of Alexander the First, Ekaterina Semenova during the reign of Alexander the Second, and Mathilda Ksheshinskaya, a contemporary. Flora Istomina was a celebrated prima ballerina of the Grand Ballet Russe when Napoleon was a guest of the Tsar. In honour of the distinguished visitor was staged a gala performance of the same "Coppelia" that American audiences will witness in the coming season as one of the repertory numbers of the Imperial Ballet. Istomina was dancing the rôle of *Coppelia*. She so impressed the Great Emperor that he whispered to his imperial guest, Alexander the First:

"How I would like to be her partner!"

"*Mon cher ami*, I shall be happy to present Mlle. Istomina with my compliments as a guest ballerina to Your Majesty's Grand Ballet next season," replied the Tsar with a generous gesture.

Flora Istomina never had an opportunity to be Napoleon's *Coppelia* in actuality, as the following year all friendly relations between the Tsar and Napoleon were severed; and the pretty ballerina became an inspiring muse of a group of patriotic Russian poets and officers when the Grand Armée of France invaded Russia.

Glinka, the composer, wrote his famous opera, "A Life for the Tsar," under the amorous spell of "enchanting Istomina," as he called her. Alexander Pushkin, the celebrated poet, wrote to his friend: "Istomina is the apotheosis of romantic womanhood and says more in her speechless art than all the chattering belles of St. Petersburg put together . . . All my poetry is the result of her enchanting dancing . . . She is my Madonna . . ."

Pushkin's devotion to Istomina led to a duel in which he was killed. Griboyedov, the Russian dramatist, fell in love with Istomina and insulted his rival, a certain Grand Duke; in consequence he was banished to Siberia.

Flora Istomina, like Mathilda, Ksheshinskaya, was a strong inspiration to the early Russian Revolution, in 1825, her beloved Captain Yakubovich being the leader of the famous Decembrist Rebellion. She was a muse of the early Russian intelligentsia and radicals.

ANOTHER romantic figure among the ballerinas of the Grand Ballet Russe was Ekaterina Semenova, an unusually pretty, emotional, and marvelous dancer of the period of Alexander the Second. She was a pupil of Didelot, the founder of the romantic ballet of the nineteenth century, and a ballet master of the Grand Ballet Russe. Semenova's adagios and floatings in the air were so phenomenal that both Alexander the Second and Turgeneff, the novelist, felt the spell of her rhythmic magic and wrote love poems to her. The Tsar presented to her one of his crown jewels, and almost precipitated a public scandal. "Oh, but what is a crown jewel in comparison with Semenova's rhythmic witchcraft!" he explained to his Prime Minister, Count Loris Melikov.

While visiting Russia Balzac saw Semenova in the rôle of a prima ballerina in "Esmeralda," a ballet that is still in the repertory of the Grand Ballet Russe—to a new orchestration by Reinhold Glière—and wrote to his admired Princess Radziwill: "Here, a ballerina has actually bewitched me . . . There is something superhuman in her marvelous art . . . She floats more in the air than she moves on the ground . . . Her body is fluid rhythm and poetry mixed . . . I must confess that the most marvelous creation of nature is Mlle. Semenova's toe. Her art belongs to the category of alchemy."

Rhythmic alchemy and levitation were the dreams of Semenova, a tradition that has survived in the Russian Ballet. To float in the air is the ultimate desire of all the Russian ballerinas.

"The aristocratic spirit of our ballet was based on the courtly steps of a Minuet, a Gavotte, an Allemand, or Saraband," explained to me Mr. Glière, "whereas its proletarian character is based on an Irish Jig, a Spanish Fandango, a Hungarian Chardash, a Russian folk dance, or a jazz; in other words the inspiration of the folk arts. In the case of the former everything is rouged, ribboned, tinseled, and daintified. With the new part of the ballet everything is action, condensed and simplified."

The explanation opened my eyes and inspired me to make my personal observations. The ballets of the imperial era display the atmosphere of ballroom, boyar life, castles, romantic types, and royalty. The settings of the proletarian ballet are back yards, streets, harbours, factories, city flats, moujik life, the struggle for existence, and everything that goes with the kinetic life of today. In the imperial ballet, the romantic ballerina is the central figure, with her rhythm to the Right; in the proletarian ballet the central figure is either a heroic man dancer or the masses, with a gesture to the Left. The art of the Right and the art of the Left thus contrasted are an unusual phenomenon, a monopoly of the Grand Ballet Russe.

The institution that portrays the spirit of the past and the present, the imperial and the democratic ideals, as magnificently as is done by the *Gosudarstvenny Ballet*, or State Ballet, of Moscow or Leningrad is a unique combination of traditional academic and radical modern art. It evolved out of arguments somewhat like this:

"Let us do away with the antiquated salon ideals of dainty poses and set smiles, and adopt the ideology of our syncopated existence! Down with the worship of a ballerina's toe! Let us add to it the alchemy of all the human body, the condensed dynamic spirit and conventionalized realities of today!"

The reformers of the imperial ballet became, not the spectacular cubists, red futurists, or ultra-modernists, but the academic radicals; A. Bulgakov, Reinhold Glière, M. Kurilko, V. Tihomirov, L. Lastchilin, and others. The first outstanding proletarian ballet, the "Red Poppy," was written by Reinhold Glière, to the scenario of M. Kurilko, staged by V. Tihomirov and L. Lastchilin—all academic authorities of the old aristocratic order. Consequently, the contemporary official *Gosudarstvenny Ballet* of Moscow or Leningrad is not a modernistic venture in the spirit of Montmartre or Munich, but an academic neo-classic structure, a unique combination of the popular democratic and the aristocratic, the melodic and the kinetic, the graceful and the grotesque in rhythmic art.

A new note of something dynamic and epic has been added to the aristocratic languor of the past. In the new ballet episodes move with the swiftness of a modern film against a melodically pleasing background. The contrast between the new and the old form—the "Red Poppy" and the "Sleeping Beauty"—is amazing. Both are kept in the spirit of the time, without the least attempt at reflecting any bias in either one way or the other. The dualistic esthetic turns, to the Right and to the Left, are treated with all reverence.

The secret of the Grand Ballet Russe is the rhythm of everlasting love—that bewitching something which has held captive not only Catherine the Great, Nicholas the Second, but also Nikolai Lenin; and likewise Ivy Lee, Dr. Christian Brinton, and Theodore Dreiser during their recent visits to the U. S. S. R.

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'Maybelline' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best."
Sincerely, Irene Rich

For dark, long LASHES *instantly*

Irene Rich recommends genuine Maybelline ▲

The natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes is accentuated and made to "register" by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier . . . Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millions of women in all parts of the world have found Maybelline *delightful*, easy-to-use and *perfectly harmless*. Try it. Just a brush stroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your Lashes will *instantly* appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.

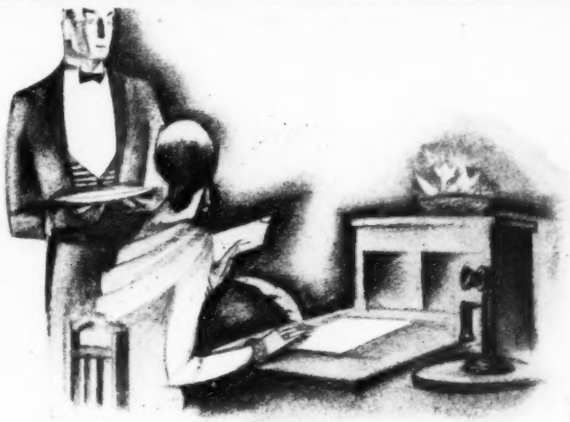
Solid Form

Liquid Form (waterproof)

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

SOLID or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at any Toilet Goods Counters.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier



Your ORDERS By MAIL or TELEPHONE

HOW satisfying to the busy Hostess to know that her Mail or Telephone orders will receive the same individual care and attention that a personal visit would command—and also to know that Dean's has a way of packing and shipping that insures the safe and prompt arrival of even distant orders.

Dean's

22 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

TEL. REGENT 3900 ESTABLISHED 1839

This is the Information Bureau, where many questions about Paris meet with expert answers

"When Good Americans Die, They Go to Paris"

And during their lifetimes, good Americans go to Paris—fascinated by its old-world charm, its new-world variety and allure. It is always interesting, always different, never tedious or monotonous.

For up-to-the-minute information about every aspect of this kaleidoscopic city, Harper's Bazar Information Bureau is the Sine Qua Non. In its attractive rooms, situated at 15, rue de la Paix, at the corner of rue Daunou, it is glad to welcome you, and to help and advise in every possible way.

"Your face need Not show WRINKLES"

~ Catherine McCune

After years of specializing and treating thousands of cases, I have perfected treatment for wrinkles in the face, crowsfeet from around the eyes, age-lines about the mouth, the chin, the neck.

This method is pleasant and easy to use—and so very inexpensive. You can use it while you sleep or for 10 or 15 minutes in the day. Lifts the supporting muscles of the face, rests them, revives their strength so that the flesh "firms-up". Wrinkles, pouches, heavy chins and other age-signs are surprisingly improved.

The method is fully described in a wonderful little book which costs you nothing. This simple home treatment cannot be purchased in drug or department stores. You can regain or retain a youthful face and a fresh, smooth loveliness of skin. Write me today and I will send you my book of epoch-making beauty secrets FREE!

Book Free—Mail Coupon

Catherine McCune,
Continental Oil Bldg.
Denver, Colo.

Please send your FREE book without obligation to me.

Name. .....

Address .....

EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN

Algiers

The Mauretania en route for colour

Paris gone tropic . . . dapper French soldiers threading their way through throngs of Arabs . . . the muezzin's whine to prayer . . . the latest scrap of song from a Montmartre music hall . . . veiled women . . . chic Parisians eating the delectable *couscous* up in Khasba, the old city . . . continental gaiety on the incredible edge of Africa.

The Mauretania calls at Algiers with the same discrimination for the colourful moment that distinguishes her entire Mediterranean itinerary. She has the old comfort, spaciousness, and indefinable air that made her so popular. She is remodelled and beautifully equipped. And she calls at Madeira, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Alexandria and Haifa when each of these ports is most glamorous and interesting.

The Mauretania sails from New York February 20th . . . returns via Southampton.

N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up.
N. Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria . . . $350 up.

CUNARD LINE

Something Else Under the Rising Sun . . .

Japan . . ancient as the gods . . . delicately beautiful as a fairy-tale . . . wonder-throbbing as only the real East can be . . . Who doesn't dream of those temples at lovely Nikko when the valleys are scarlet with maples and cryptomeria and the temple gongs go softly and long . . . of listening to the blind piper at Kamakura when you're walking up the cliffs from surfing . . . of playing golf and tennis at Miyanoshita, perched on the top of its scented sun-dappled hills . . . ?

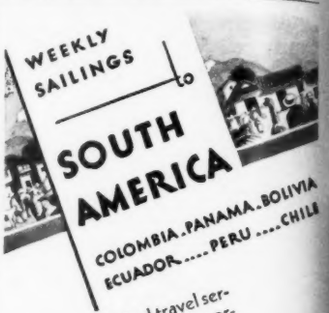
The Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau knows its Nippon . . . it knows that two *yen* go to a dollar, and how to make them go twice as far . . . It can tell you what to order for tiffin on the Ginza in Tokyo and about hotels and places everywhere in the flowered islands. And of course you know by now that travel without a preliminary visit to the smart and easily convenient Bureau is like unto eating *sukiyaki* without bamboo sprouts . . . It is just not done! All the information of the Bureau is free.—572 Madison Ave., New York.

SO NEAR! And yet you'll find in Pinehurst, N. C. a new world of pleasure where everyone enjoys himself. It is impossible to do otherwise in this sportsman's paradise.

From the moment you turn lazily over in bed to watch the holly trees and fragrant long-leafed pines nodding cheerfully outside your bedroom window, pleasure fills every minute of your stay. What a wealth of entertainment in this Lotus-land of sports lovers—golf on 5 famous D. J. Ross courses (with new grass tees), riding in beautiful country, polo, tennis, archery, shooting, aviation, racing and other diversions—all in a climate that is health's best friend.

For reservations at the Carolina Hotel (opens Oct. 28) or illustrated booklet, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort



AN unparalleled travel service backed by an organization with 75 years' experience. The business man will appreciate the fast, accurate schedule and the atmosphere of the modern hotel at sea. The pleasure traveler will delight in the well-managed activities at sea and ashore, the luxurious surroundings, the competent service and the excellent food.

The famous "Santa" fleet consists of the new motorships "Santa" Maria, "Santa" Barbara "Santa" Inez and "Santa" Rita, and the popular steamers "Santa" Teresa, "Santa" Elisa, "Santa" Cecelia and "Santa" Cruz.

18-DAY TO 3-MONTH TOURS

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square New York
Phone BEEkman 9200

WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

AND WHO CAN BLAME IT ? ---

SUMMER'S not a *memory* at the CAVALIER, but a *glorious, shining reality.* Come, take another fling at it. Dash through the waves again, gallop through the pines, smash a gleaming golf-ball through the blue Virginia skies. . . . . .

Like many a guest, Summer lingers at the CAVALIER. With golf, riding, swimming, archery, fishing, boating, dancing, or just loafing to do, days glide by . .

Come down to the CAVALIER and back to Summer. Through Pullman from the North and West. Good roads lead everywhere. For bookings, write direct or to American Hotels Corporation, 25 W. 45th St., New York City . . . .

C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

THE CAVALIER

VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

azar

OLIVIA
CHILE

y to
NTH

RS

XEROX